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July 13, 1966

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WET LOOK
Page 59

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WOOLWORTHS



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OUR COVER

● Staff photographer Keith Barlow chose the surf at Sydney's Bondi Beach as a perfect background for these Wet Look fashions—and models Sue de la Motte (left) and Tina Body didn't mind frolicking in the surf on a cold winter's day. They said it was fun! For more slicker rain fashions see page 59.

The Weekly Round

ONE of the forensic-medicine doctors whom Robert Jackson stars in his book, "The Crime Doctors" (see our centre lift-out), played a vital part in one of World War II's most ingenious plans.

The plan largely depended on the truth or fallacy of Sir Bernard Spilsbury's opinion that he had no peer as a pathologist.

Jackson writes: English barrister Ewen Montagu, Q.C., then an officer in Naval Intelligence, had a brilliant idea for misleading the Germans into thinking that the full weight of the Allied invasion of Europe would fall on places other than the north coast of France.

He proposed that a body dressed as a British officer and carrying bogus plans should be floated from a sub-

marine at a spot where it would be washed up on the coast of Spain.

At that time Spain was full of German agents and Montagu was sure that within hours of the finding of the body — ostensibly from a crashed British aircraft—the bogus plans would be in German hands.

The snag was that the only available body was that of a man who had died from pneumonia, a disease which would have left water in the lungs.

"If a post-mortem was performed," Montagu asked Sir Bernard, "would the pathologist discover that the water in the lungs was not sea water and ruin the whole plot?"

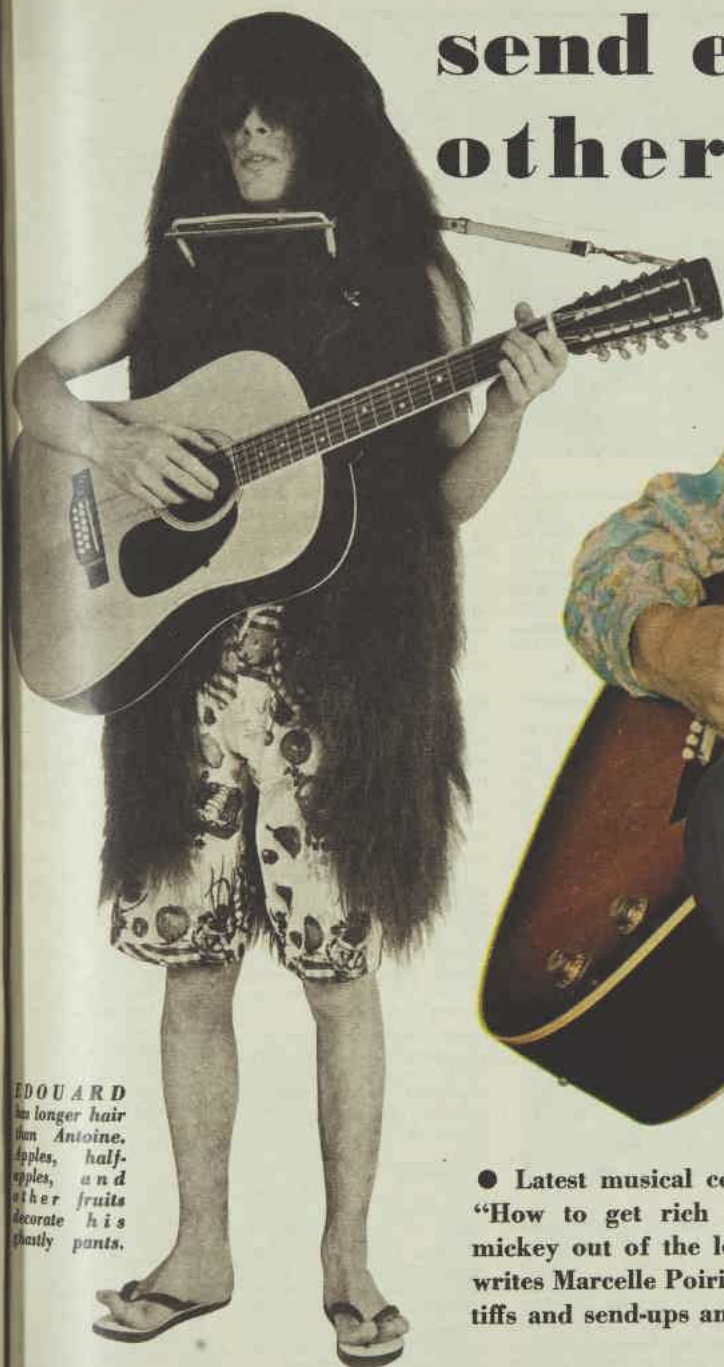
Spilsbury told him not to worry. "To detect that would need a pathologist of my experience and there aren't any in Spain."

He was proved right!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 13, 1966

Paris pop singers send each other up

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EDOUARD has longer hair than Antoine. Apples, half-apples, and other fruits decorate his chastly pants.



ANTOINE, the first French long-haired pop singer, with mouth-organ fixed to chest ready for use, flowered shirt, and a guitar.

● Latest musical comedy in Paris is "How to get rich while taking the mickey out of the long-haired boys," writes Marcelle Poirier, amused by the tiffs and send-ups among pop singers.

UNTIL a few months ago, none of the top pop in France had long hair.

Indeed most of the really long-haired men in Paris are British, Swedish, or German beatniks who invade Paris in the summer and live like tramps under the bridges over the Seine, in the heart of Paris.

Then suddenly Antoine burst upon the city.

He is a tall (6ft.) lanky lad, with shoulder-length wavy hair cascading around his pale face. He wears a flowered shirt, plays a mouth-organ hung around his neck, and a guitar, and sings his "Elucubrations." (The word means "written meditations," "divinations," or, more rarely, "nocturnal studies.")

His meditations put to song are topical.

He sings of "The Pill," Brigitte Bardot, motorways, and his own long hair.

His songs are vaguely inspired by American protest singer Bob Dylan. His irony, however, is gentle, and the things he protests about not of world-shaking importance.

He makes a lot of noise to hide the fact that he sometimes sings off-key, and says so.

He has become the rage and is continually starred in TV and music-hall programs. His discs are spinning gold for him.

Antoine is in fact a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde — he is the son of a very dignified bourgeois civil servant, and he has just been sitting for a degree in engineering at the "Ecole Centrale," France's top technical school, which turns out crack technicians.

He was actually taking his exams while appearing in the evenings at the famous Olympia Music Hall.

Antoine deliberately set out to become a top pop singer. He thought it would

be good to earn a lot of money quickly, and that the adulation would be fun.

He studied the form and decided that the first long-haired singer in Paris was sure to make a hit, if only as a curiosity.

He told me that two years ago he started to let his hair grow.

While it was beginning to cover first his ears and then his collar, he carefully studied the Rolling Stones, the Beatles, and other popular singers.

Floral shirt

He said he had seen "A Hard Day's Night" seven and a half times.

From his studies he evolved a sort of package deal. He wrote diluted Dylan - cum - Carnaby Street style songs, bought a flowered shirt, and presented himself as a star.

His formula took him to the top in one bound.

Antoine plans to continue his double life as long as his popularity lasts. In October he is booked to sing in England, Canada, and the U.S.A. He is rewriting his songs in English, and his English is good.

At the same time he will start a three-year graduate course in economics at the Sorbonne.

Antoine's tongue-in-the-cheek, get-rich-quick technique has now inspired an imitator — Edouard.

Edouard is stealing Antoine's thunder with his knee-length hair, his flowered Bermuda shorts, and his songs called "Hallucinations," accompanied, of course, by a guitar and a mouth-organ.

He, too, is raking in the chips, with 5000 discs sold a day.

Antoine, who set out to take the mickey out of the other long-haired pop-singers, is now the biter bit,

and he does not find it funny.

He tried unsuccessfully to get Edouard's records banned.

Paris is now waiting for the announced appearance of Nestor, who will carry the joke a little further.

Nestor will have a mouth-organ, a flowered guitar, and Lady Godiva hair which covers him entirely.

He will sing his "Ablutions."

Deadly rivals

Antoine is, however, not only the butt of his imitators — a deadly rivalry has sprung up between him and the Ye-Ye idol Johnny Halliday.

Halliday is a rocker, with long side whiskers, lame dinner jackets or leathery wind-cheaters, and sprayed-on pants.

When he became famous six or seven years ago, his appearance shocked the public as much as Antoine's today, but Halliday is now an experienced professional and he has surprised everyone by going right to the top again since he returned from two years' military service.

ANTOINE can play his mouth-organ without taking his hands from his ever-present guitar.

So far the battle between the two is fought in songs. Antoine treats Halliday as old hat and a curiosity to be shown in a cage at a circus.

Johnny Halliday replied in a song "Cheveux Longs, Idees Courtes" (Lots of hair and no ideas), which to Antoine's intense chagrin has become No. 1 of the Top Ten, while Antoine's new "Elucubrations" is only No. 3. The other night, during a TV show which brought the two together, they had a real slanging match which nearly finished the show.

Paris is now waiting for the sequel to Antoine, Edouard, and Nestor, and to the Antoine - Johnny duel. Music, maestro, please!



MY SISTER OF THE SAMPAN

• During a long day's work, West lived with East . . . in a brave, tiny boat which is home for a family of five

"IT'S not too late to change your mind," the Commander's wife told me as we stood in her modern kitchen with the pre-dawn blackness outside pressing against the windows.

At that moment there was nothing I wanted to do more than to get out of what had seemed a good idea in the comfortable quiet of her lounge, but which was something else again in the reality.

I was dressed in baggy black cotton trousers, black cotton slippers with rope soles but no socks, and a longish, tight-sleeved, high-necked black cotton jacket over a warm angora sweater.

The sweater was a concession to my Western fragility, as Hong Kong harbor was swathed in a clammy grey mist. It was midwinter and I was embarking on an experience rare to Westerners — to spend a day on a sampan, to see how the daughter of my friend's amah lived.

Clutching my shallow straw coolie hat, I drank hot coffee with thick cream and prepared to forsake my familiar life for 14 hours.

A navy car drove me without walking distance of my destination. Here the thin, dour amah motioned me to follow her through an unreal scene of swirling vapors into the city of sampans moored side by side, bow to stern.

I stepped from sampan to sampan, collecting well-deserved abuse for rocking the boat.

Many women

The curses were all from women, for this sampan city, like most of Chinese-populated Hong Kong, abounds with women — toiling, voluble, energetic women and their industrious children.

Although most sampans are permanently moored together to provide housing in the overcrowded city, there is an entire, more inaccessible area where working sampans gather.

A sampan is a small modified junk. A small poop rises in the stern behind a rounded bamboo cabin reminiscent of a dog kennel.

A heavy rudder, a pair of long oars, and a slatted lateen sail make up the craft's "power."

In smaller craft a hatch in the cabin opens into the hollow keel below, in which the entire family sleeps, wrapped in quilts, like puppies in a basket.

All cooking is done on a brazier on deck, sanitary facilities are non-existent, and fresh water scarce.

I was gasping and panting from the exertion of clambering over the congested boats, but told myself the exercise was at least keeping me warm. I marvelled that the Chinese women in their thin cotton garments seemed not to feel the rawness of the weather. They were not only cheerful but remarkably neat in their standard "uniform."

Three toddlers

We came to the outer edge of the sampan city and the amah flung out an arm to grasp my shoulder and brought me face to face with her eldest daughter. She grunted and hissed, gave me a slight shove forward, and then was gone, picking her way back to shore.

"Good morning," I ventured inanely.

The woman opposite me obviously did not understand.

She could have been anything from 18 to 40. She had beautiful, naturally arched eyebrows and a determined, firmly chiselled mouth, and a baby was strapped to her back in a black cotton sling.

Nothing could have been further removed from the squat, muscled peasants of the paddies than this willowy, graceful woman who nodded curtly at me and applied herself to the oars, standing upright between them, manœuvring the craft into open water.

Because all women are supposed to be sisters under the skin, I thought of her as my sister of the sampan.

She was neither friendly nor unfriendly, just busy. I had the hopeless feeling there was no way for me to reach her, and that she had no interest in me.

I was on my own. No, not quite. No sooner had I sat cross-legged under the furl sail than three toddlers emerged from the bamboo kennel. To my consternation, the smallest began to crawl toward me, while the two others, pint-sized both, went about their chores.

On a yacht, I would have been apprehensive that one of the children might fall overboard, but their mother didn't even glance at them as they trotted about the un-railed deck.

The tot reached me, grabbed my ankle. I hoisted it to my lap, discovering "it" to be a he. I was appalled at his near nudity — a

ragged vest and a makeshift nether garment remotely resembling rompers — but there were no goose-pimples on his arms, and his slanted black eyes were clear and alert.

I glanced at the mother, who nodded approvingly at me, but did not smile. Well, I thought, I wouldn't be smiling either if I had to push the heavy oars.

A flotilla of sampans headed seaward where the liners and cargo vessels enter the port and await a pilot. Sailors in those ships would be our boat's customers.

Food plays the largest role in this sort of trading, especially fruit and fresh vegetables. As Hong Kong is a free port, cigarettes also sell well.

Fresh eggs are much in demand and many sampans

mangoes. The woman had an arrangement with a farmer to peddle what he produced.

Fruit was the specialty of the sampan, but, as I learned during the day, other articles were for sale — wrist-watches, binoculars, cameras, radios, transistors, pocket-knives.

Porthole sale

By 8 a.m. we were in the desired position.

In the distance the skyscrapers and mansions of Hong Kong began to show flirtatiously through the thinning mists. The sun came out, watery but warming, and the spray began to dry and cake on my cotton outer apparel.

On a sampan you are unbelievably close to the water, so close you feel perched on top of the waves.

By SUSAN YORKE,
novelist, traveller



carry hens in wire cages slung aft and taken on board in rough weather.

The tot had curled up comfortably, and warmly for both of us, and went peacefully to sleep.

I was being taken on this outing for ten Hong Kong dollars (about an Australian dollar) — the cost of rice and vegetables for the entire family for a week.

There was no place to sit except on the hard deck.

The kennel-cabin, about 5ft. long, was also a store-room. Crates of merchandise were carefully stacked to balance the boat.

Fruit cargo

In the open harbor the water was choppy, and we bobbed wildly in a drunken dance to the big ships. Half a dozen gold bracelets glinted along the arms of the woman as she rowed; gold hoop-rings swung from her earlobes.

(I'd been told that sampan bank accounts are kept upon the person of the owner, or his wife, if a team exists. The more gold bracelets and necklets a woman wears, the better her financial position. Every woman wears gold earrings, however tiny.)

Our cargo was mainly

By contrast, freighters that looked puny viewed from a harbor flat were now towering constructions of steel and rust and peeling paint.

Now began the business of selling. Faces appeared at the open portholes of the freighter we had rowed to. My sampan sister held up a basket with six fat mangoes.

The other hand showed three fingers and she screamed, "Dollar! Hong Kong dollar!"

I think this was the only English she knew.

The sailors roared and gesticulated in the time-honored bargaining code. Around us, other sampans were offering their wares and a deafening clamor set in.

But my sampan sister had marked her client and kept after him.

The sailor lowered a net. She placed the six mangoes tenderly in it and held on to it firmly until bits of copper and silver fell to the deck.

Her children ran to scoop up the money and, still clinging to the net, she examined the coins and then let go of the mangoes with a shriek of satisfaction. At once she turned her attention to another porthole.

I signalled to the child

who held the coins to show them to me. They consisted of two U.S. cents, a French franc, an English sixpence.

My illiterate sampan trader had to be thoroughly up to date on international coinage!

I counted the mangoes that had to be sold.

She had only 30, including the six already sold. This meant that if she sold the lot, her take for the day would be a bit over one Australian dollar.

Because she had to go to the back-hill farm to collect the fruit, there was not much time for selling.

In between, she had to shop for food, cook, tend the children, and keep the sampan in good condition.

We now struck a slow period. "Our" ship moved off and we had to row to another and start again.

All this time one of the youngsters, a girl, sat docilely by the fore side of the cabin, apparently staring apathetically into the water. I now discovered how mistaken I was.

Crawling about in the cabin (only the children could stand up in it) to escape the sun and glare of the sea, I saw a shallow basin containing five small fish, already neatly gutted. The little girl was obviously chasing our midday meal. I judged her to be between three and four years old.

"Early" meal

It was now about noon and I was glad my sampan sister paused for a meal. Later, I learned this was a concession to my paid-for presence — she would have waited until all the mangoes had been sold.

The woman cooked on deck over the brazier, using fuel that I assumed was harbor debris: chunks of wood, a lump of coal, even paper.

We had the morning's catch fried in a bit of oil, boiled rice with unidentifiable greenery in it, served in thick china bowls with chopsticks, and hot sweet tea.

I divided a big bar of chocolate and offered it around.

What a reception it got! Just as I was about to crumple up and throw away the wrapper, waxed inner paper and goldfoil, the woman took the wad from me and patiently smoothed out each sheet. Later I

learned that cooked rice was kept in the waxed paper.

The afternoon was heavy going, mangoes selling two or even one at a time. By the time the last was mercifully gone (I was ready to buy myself just to call quits), the sun had lost its warmth and a chill breeze blew.

Rowing the sampan against this side wind was quite a feat, but the woman seemed as fresh as ever.

We sheltered in the lee of a liner and there had our evening meal — more rice, small fish. High overhead a dinner-gong sounded!

With dusk, the shore lights came on, the neon in a rainbow of colors, the Peak lights like a carpet of stars blinking on the hillside. The toddler again slept in my lap.

The little boy lit stern lanterns fore and aft as well as small port and starboard lights. The woman bundled her children to bed, swaddling them in greasy quilts and stowing them in the hold, and rowed with unflagging energy back to the sampan city.

I thought with dread of the coming scramble over the sampans of the floating city. My gratitude and relief were great when I made out the silhouette of the car and then the figures of the old amah and my hostess.

I climbed stiffly up the ladder to the pier, while the woman and her another screamed amicably at each other. Then the sampan bobbed off into the darkness.

"Well," asked my hostess, "how did it go?"

"How does she do it, day after day?" I marvelled as I crawled into the car's interior. "I'm dead beat."

"She's used to it," my hostess replied. "You're not. She'd panic in a plane, suffocate in an office. You're used to all that."

"The children," I muttered tiredly, "I gave them chocolate. They loved it."

"It'll be years before they taste it again," she said.

As the car took me toward a hot bath and cocktail, I looked down at the harbor.

Although I now had a glimpse of the sampan life, the sampan people had no concept of the life I led. I was still a one-way street with limited, lopsided communication, no matter how high the goodwill. Possibly the next generation would be more knowledgeable.

THE MINI ASCOT

● Royal Ascot got a fashion lift this year when bright young things — and a good sprinkling of bright young mothers, too — decided to go mini-skirted. Their swinging hemlines, rather than the traditional riot of exotic headgear, were the conversation pieces of the four-day race meeting last month. These pictures typify the youthful fashion scene.

AUSTRALIAN visitor to Ascot, Margaret Chambers, left, of Perth, wearing a green-and-black spotted mini-skirted dress with a filmy hat of black organza.

VIRGINIA DOWTY, below, daughter of Sir George and Lady Dowty, Cheltenham. Aged 14, she was one of the youngest of the mini-skirted at Ascot, in a floral patterned dress and petalled hat.



THE POPULAR short skirt of current fashion reached new heights at Royal Ascot. This young racegoer, above, was one of the with-it girls whose skimpy dresses attracted plenty of attention.

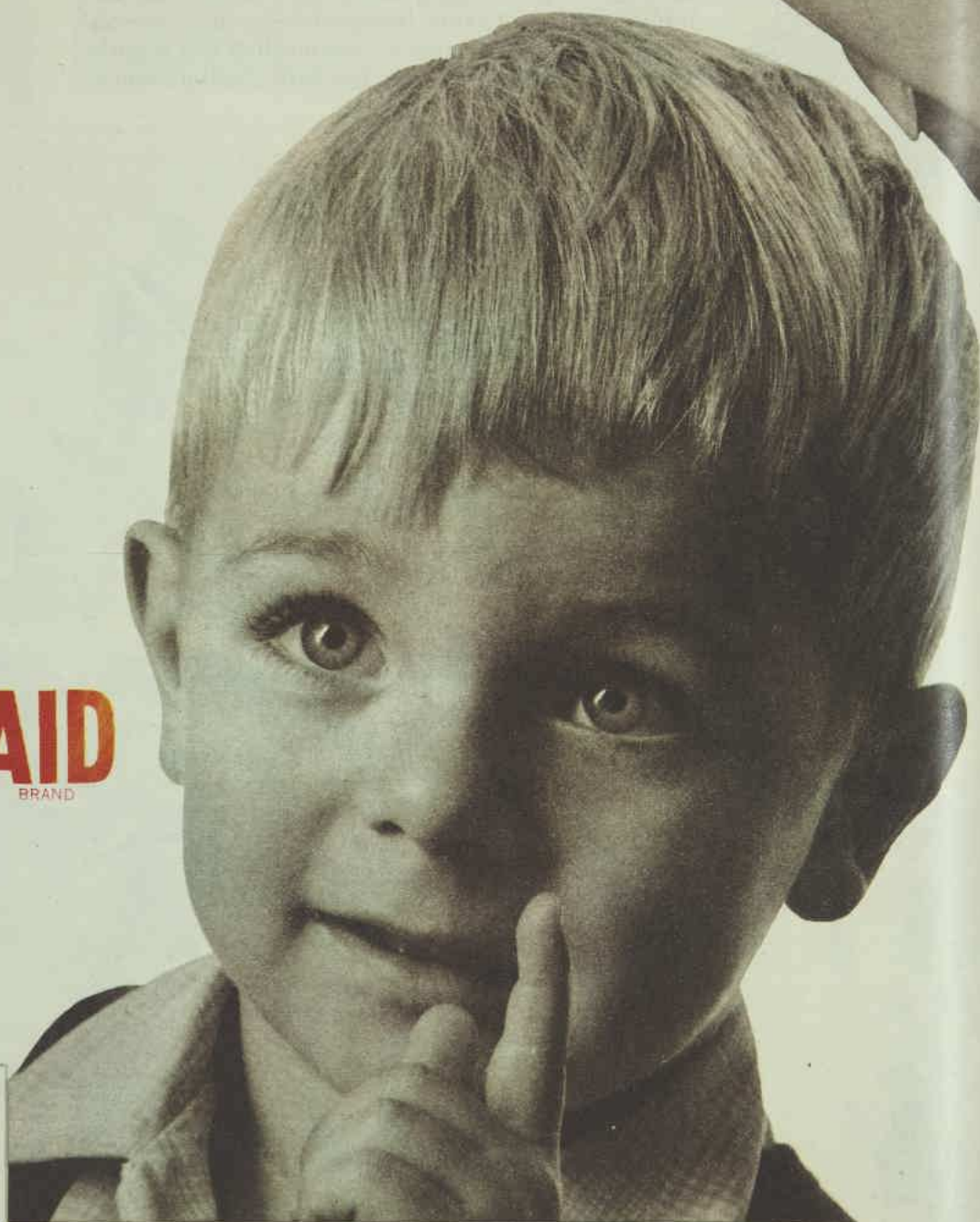


JULIET DUNN, of London, left, arriving at Ascot in a lightweight lemon mini-coat. When the weather warmed up, Miss Dunn, picture above, got a helping hand from her escort, Desmond Stoneham, to remove the coat, which covered a striped mini-skirted dress matching her head-hugging bonnet.





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On 50th birthday, a brand-new life

● "When I am 50, I will turn 180 degrees and make something new in my life," Bruny Erika Heckle decided years ago — and on her 50th birthday she was aboard a ship off Gibraltar on her way to Australia.

MRS. HECKLE sold all but a minor interest in her interior decorating firm in Hamburg, Germany.

She left her collection of antiques and paintings behind as well.

"I thought it might be wrong to take things over from my old life," she said.

Today she lives in the Sydney suburb of Manly, in a flat overlooking the Pacific — far from Hamburg's busy wharves.

Aristotle Onassis, Stavros Niarchos (Charlotte Ford's husband), Alfred Krupp of the German steel family, Baron von Thyssen, and Germany's most powerful publisher, Axel Springer, were some of Mrs. Heckle's clients during the 24 years she decorated ships, houses, and directors' boardrooms all over Europe.

Slender, with a finely featured, expressive face, Mrs. Heckle speaks with a slight, charming accent.

Her elegant features became pained at the suggestion that she should discuss the work she had done.

"We must protect our customers from indiscretion," she said. "It is their property, no longer ours. They want, in their private houses, that you shouldn't speak of money and what has been done."

The Onassis ships were a slight exception to her rule

of silence. Mrs. Heckle decorated the millionaire's private yacht, Christina, and four other ships.

The dance floor on the Christina was of mosaic in an ancient Cretan pattern of maidens on sacred bulls, she said. A special mechanism lowered it to become the bottom of the swimming-pool, which was filled by a spray of fountains.

At 18, Bruny Heckle was heralded as a future German film star "with the voice of Garbo."

This, however, was "just at the moment when the Jews

work for a firm of architects and decorators. Three weeks later the boss proposed and they were married soon afterwards.

She spent the war's final months in two concentration camps as a political prisoner, being liberated in 1945.

She brushes off any suggestion of heroics over her imprisonment. "In the end, the Nazis went hysterical," she said. "I hadn't been a hero. I just didn't want to be told what to do."

Although she had no formal training as a decorator, she grew up in a home

full of fine antiques, objets d'art, paintings. "My father was a famous collector," she said. "He felt that his collections must be perfect in everything. I grew up in art with his things around me."

Mrs. Heckle believes that contemporary taste is the same world-wide. "Taste is international in decoration, as it is in couture — as in the atom bomb," she said. "No matter how much money a client can spend, without intelligent planning, a house can be a shambles."

Mrs. Heckle reflected: "It must suit you, not your friends or parties."

"One autocrat tycoon's wife asked my help," she said. "I have only one wish. I have

five children, from 15 to 25, and I need one corner, a bench with a table, where I can sit my whole family together on a Sunday afternoon and have coffee and cake and play some games, and I can see them all."

Mrs. Heckle said that decorators must remember the shortage of home help. "Now you are lucky if you have weekly help," she said, "so you can't build a dream house that you can't care for."

"One woman for whom I was decorating a penthouse told me, 'I don't want to be in trouble with servants. I must have this flat in my hand.' So they live in American-style — do-it-yourself."

Mrs. Heckle expects to start a business in Australia, dealing in Continental fabrics and antique furniture.

She tapped her golden sapphire engagement ring: "This gem gives protection against unfair business!" she said.

As for the Ceylon sapphire in her signet ring carved with the Putlitz coat of arms: "This stone protects your soul — and your heart in love. This is important, lest your love come to such a passion that it drives you to a bad end with jealousy and unhappiness."

The significance of her unmatched earrings — one black and one white pearl? "It is like my soul, like all our souls," she said, smiling, "half black, half white."

By JUDE AINSWORTH

had to leave, so the director went to America" and her film career ended abruptly.

Mrs. Heckle had two strikes against her under the Nazi regime. She was born a baroness into the old aristocratic family of Putlitz, with a title dating to the 11th century and a royal charter to take and protect all the country east of their castle "as far as a wild goose can fly."

Also, before the war she had applied for British citizenship.

Her anti-Nazi feelings were becoming rather well known by 1936, when the Government withdrew her working permit. She went to England for a year or two, returning to Hamburg to

full of fine antiques, objets d'art, paintings.

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● Mrs. Bruny Heckle. Her hat is a St. Laurent original; her white wool coat is French, too.

HAPPY ENDING TO WORLD TOUR

● Friends whom Mrs. M. R. (Matt) Haub, of Arncliffe, N.S.W., and Mr. Leonard Manuel, of Broken Hill, N.S.W., made on our 1966 World Discovery Tour attended their recent Sydney wedding.

It was the first romance of our 1966 tour. Mrs. Haub, a widow, and Mr. Manuel, a widower, met on February 10, when the tour ship *Orcades* sailed from Sydney.

They were standing side by side at the ship's rail, waving goodbye to relatives and friends.

Their wedding in the Registrar-General's office, Sydney, was followed by a luncheon at the Carlton-Rex Hotel.

Three of the bride's daughters — Mrs. Leo Campbell, who attended her, Mrs. Charles Kirkwood, and Mrs.

A. Westernhagen — were hostesses.

Another daughter, Mrs. R. Pocock, of Holbrook, N.S.W., and a son, Mr. George Haub, could not be present.

The bridegroom was attended by his nephew, Mr. John Percy.

Youngest guests at the luncheon were two of the bride's grandchildren, Megan Westernhagen and Christian Kirkwood.

Tour friends among the guests included Miss Bertha Marks, Mrs. H. Bennett, and Mr. G. Minett, all of Sydney.

Miss Marks and Mr. Minett helped organise a surprise party for Matt and Len on board the *Orcades* to celebrate their engagement.

Others who arranged the engagement party came from other parts of New South Wales, New Zealand, and Queensland.

Mr. Manuel bought the engagement ring in Naples and the couple announced plans to marry when they returned to Australia.

On the 23-day Continent tour, Len and Matt vied with each other in taking color films and they will be able to relive the tour through their pictures.

On the tour of Scotland, Matt visited Miss E. Harris, the aunt of her son-in-law, Mr. C. Kirkwood, of Sydney.

During this time Len toured Cornwall and Devon, then joined Matt for a few



● Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Manuel, after their wedding, with (from left) best man Mr. John Percy, Mr. Manuel's nephew, and three of the bride's daughters, Mrs. A. Westernhagen, Mrs. Leo Campbell, Mrs. Charles Kirkwood. The wedding ring was bought in Glasgow.

days' stay with Miss Harris.

Because they felt shy about getting married in Sydney, they thought they might get married quietly in Scotland while staying with Miss Harris.

They bought a wedding cake; then found they were not able to be in residence in Scotland long enough to marry.

They left a layer of the cake with Miss Harris for

her and her friends to cut and toast bride and bridegroom while the wedding was taking place in Sydney.

The wedding cake, cut in Sydney, was decorated by Matt's son-in-law, Mr. A. Westernhagen.

The bride's family were delighted with their mother's romance.

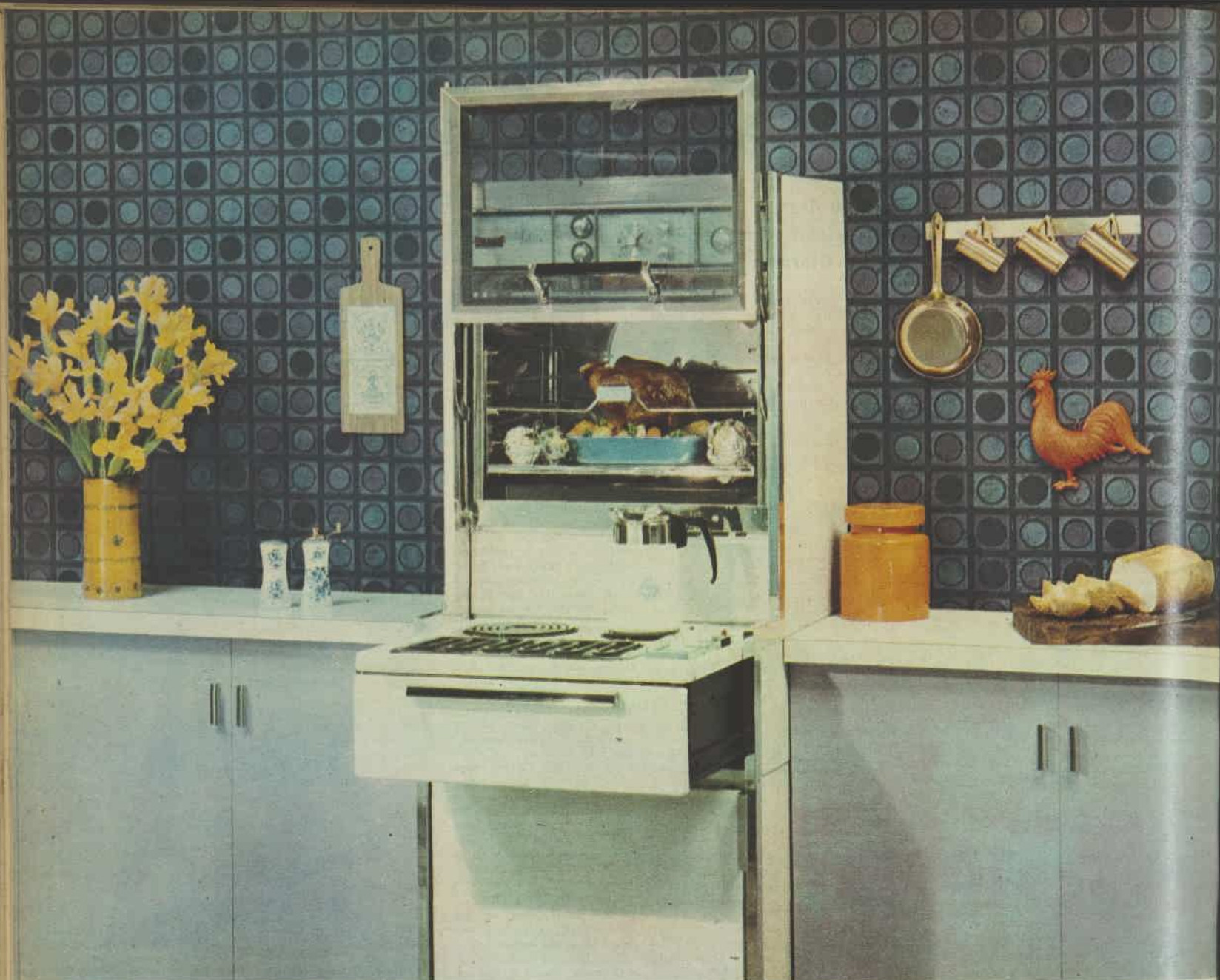
"We would have been terribly disappointed if Mum had decided to get married

overseas," said Mrs. C. Kirkwood.

After a brief honeymoon in Sydney, Len and Matt are to spend a few days with Matt's sister, Mrs. J. Wilson, of Trangie, N.S.W. They will then make their home in Broken Hill.

Next year they hope to go to New Zealand to visit friends made on the tour.

— JOYCE BOWDEN



EVERHOT 'MONTCLAIR' FULLY AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC RANGE

Only the **EVERHOT** Montclair gives you an eye-level oven with a full-view door that glides up and a cooktop that glides out!

Everhot is the electric range with the touch of genius . . . for luxury, design, engineering, satisfaction . . . for all the features you've ever wanted. Eye-level oven ☐ full-view glide-up door—first in Australia ☐ fully automatic or non-automatic, whichever—whenever you please ☐ glide-out cooktop with out-of-the-oven griller ☐ rotisserie and so much more! Everhot can be installed in your kitchen in one of three ways—set in on the optional base-cabinet, wall hung or bench mounted. Has Everhot won your heart? Then talk turkey with your nearest electrical dealer.



- ☐ Turn the switch on. Oven's floodlit. See the whole oven at a glance through the full view, double strength door. One-way glass hides the interior when the light is off.
- ☐ Conveniently placed hotplate controls at side of cooktop. Hand height. No reaching across steaming utensils. Infinitely variable settings for all cooking needs. Signal light tells when any hotplate is heating.
- ☐ The rotisserie gently turns roast or poultry at the right speed to maintain browning, tenderness. Pre-set, if you wish, to operate by automatic oven timing control.

ANOTHER PRODUCT THROUGH PROGRESS FROM DRAFFIN EVERHOT LIMITED.

BROOKWOOD* FULLY AUTOMATIC
VERMONT* NON-AUTOMATIC

● "I'm really a 'dinkum Aussie' now," said Sister Mary Cherubina, as she left the stage of the packed Playhouse Theatre, in Canberra, clutching her naturalisation certificate, a Bible, and a posy of flowers.

● Dutch-born nuns study their naturalisation certificates. From left, Sister John Cantius, Sister Mary, Sister Mary Cherubina, Sister Mary Stephen, Sister Jane Frances, and Sister Mary Willemina.



"DINKUM AUSSIES" ALL

● With Sister Mary Cherubina at the Playhouse Theatre were five other Dutch nuns of the Society of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph who were making history by being the first group of six nuns of one nationality to be naturalised at one ceremony.

SISTER Mary Cherubina (Aafje Paauw), Sister John Cantius (Anna Ammerlaan), Sister Mary (Elizabeth Drieman), Sister Jane Frances (Anna Schraeven), Sister Mary Stephen (Huberta Pronk), and Sister Mary Willemina (Elizabeth van der Voort) came to Aus-

tralia in 1960 from their mother house at Hertogenbosch, in The Netherlands.

Five are now teaching at St. Benedict's Primary School at Narrabundah, a Canberra suburb.

Sister Mary Stephen teaches at the Griffith Girls' High School in Canberra.

"Ours is a teaching order and we teach in India,

Africa, Indonesia, and Australia," said Sister Mary Cherubina.

All the nuns speak excellent English.

"We couldn't speak English very well when we arrived," said Sister Mary Cherubina. "We could read and write English in The Netherlands, but we had little opportunity to speak it.

"Not only that, we found Australian English wasn't quite the same as we had learned."

The sisters now have no difficulty in teaching the nine nationalities at St. Benedict's.

Many of the children are migrants, or the children of migrants, and come from Malta, Switzerland, Poland, the Ukraine, Italy, Hungary, Spain, The Netherlands, and England.

Sister John Cantius is the school's music-teacher. She teaches the flute and recorder as well as the piano.

"I have 40 pupils and a waiting list of children wanting to learn the piano," she said.

Although she already was a qualified music-teacher, Sister John Cantius insisted on studying for and taking Australian music examinations.

During the naturalisation ceremony and the swearing of the Oath of Allegiance, the faces of the sisters and the rest of the 112 people who were taking Australian citizenship were solemn.

But after the ceremony the foyer of The Playhouse was filled with well-wishers who gave the sisters bouquets and presents to celebrate the fact that they were now Australians.

● Sister Mary Cherubina (left) supervises a spelling test at St. Benedict's Primary School at Narrabundah, a Canberra suburb.



● Sister Jane Frances with her kindergarten class at St. Benedict's. Five of the sisters are at this school; the sixth teaches at Canberra's Griffith Girls' High School. They all now speak excellent English.



ROYALTY – THE CURRENT



● *Royalty's matchless pageantry at its height at the Trooping the Color on Queen Elizabeth's official birthday last month.*



CONTROVERSY

● The Monarchy has been the centre of controversy in Australia in recent weeks. Among the questions raised were: Is the Monarchy outmoded? Should Australians swear allegiance to the Queen?

THE anti-royal groups have put forward much argument but only vague suggestions for an alternative to the Monarchy.

They—like many before them—are up against the impossibility of finding an alternative to this attribute of the British Commonwealth.

For the Monarchy is matchless; matchless in its pageantry, as shown here at the Trooping the Color in London; in its close family feeling that sets an example for all families; in its apartness from politics and trade; in its symbolism of the enduring worth of the solid virtues in a changing world; in its historical progression linking past with present.

What do YOU think? How do you feel about the Monarchy? Do you have reservations about it? Or do you say — and mean it — God Save the Queen?



● The Queen and Edward.



● Earl of Snowdon, with his son, Viscount Linley, and nephew Prince Andrew in one of the royal coaches that add to the pageantry.



● Close family feeling. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother with Princess Margaret and her son, Viscount Linley, on their way to watch the ceremony on Horse Guards Parade.

trust Meds— the super absorbent tampon!



Most women who buy tampons
prefer Meds* *because*

Meds Tampons are super absorbent...
give complete protection...
are more comfortable.

Meds Tampons give you
"five days of new freedom."

Meds Tampons—like Modess*—
are made by Johnson & Johnson.

Johnson & Johnson
The most trusted name in Personal Products

AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

*Reg'd. Trade Marks

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

IT'S so difficult for committees to think up a new gimmick to raise funds for their particular charity, but I heard this week of one that did find something.

Instead of the usual "opening" of an art show, the members of the Total Care Foundation (which works for Multi-handicapped People) are having a "closing."

At this closing on July 15 (when wine and cheese will be served) the 120 ticket holders will choose from 140 paintings as their number is drawn.

The exhibition, which features work by artists including David Strachan, Emile Mercier, and Weaver Hawkins, is on show at the Commonwealth Savings Bank Chambers in Martin Place for ten days before the party.

I RANG Mrs. Keith Arnott at Edgecliff to ask her about the house they've just bought at Beecroft and heard that the family are excited at the move. It's a lovely old two-storey Victorian house called "Mindaribba" with a slate roof, a half-acre of garden, a tennis court, and a swimming-pool. They are hoping to move in at the end of July.

CHATTED with lively Mrs. Katie Galbraith in Double Bay village at the weekend and she told me she had just returned from a wonderful ten-day stay at "Haddon Rig," Warren, with her sister, Mrs. Pauline Falkner, who was recuperating after an operation. Mrs. Galbraith was bubbling over with news of her temporary job in interior design which she'd just started and which she is finding absorbing.

BRIEF trip to Australia for Mrs. "Scotty" Cramer, the former Nancy Arnott, and her husband, who are spending a fortnight at Menzies Hotel. While here they and their daughter, Julia, have seen a lot of Mrs. Cramer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Arnott, and many of Mrs. Cramer's former Abbotsleigh school-friends. They live at Charlotte in North Carolina, where Mr. Cramer is vice-president of the Bank of Wauchovia.

IT will be an early start on July 9 for the ladies' committee of the Australian Medical Association, who'll gather hundreds of camellia blooms from their gardens early in the morning and then go into Menzies Hotel to decorate the ballroom for their dinner dance that night. President of the AMA, Dr. E. A. Booth, and Mrs. Booth will welcome more than 400 guests. Proceeds will go to the Save the Children Fund.

SUCH a cute invitation in my mailbox this week invited me to a swinging night at the North Sydney discotheque "Here" on July 13. Sent by the Dolls Unlimited Committee, which raises money for The Spastic Centre, it featured a quaint doll with long plaits, big eyes, and a VERY mini mini-skirt, which designer Robbi Brown said she had patiently glued on to ninety bright red pieces of paper. Other committee members helping to organise the party (which will include a "go-go" parade of mod clothes by eight models, who will dance their way about the catwalk in groups of four) are Annie Bill and Libby Blackett.

I FELT so disappointed I was unable to accept the invitation of the Wellington Town and Country Hostesses to their first ball to be held at the Showground on July 15 — it sounds as if it will be such fun. There are sixty hostesses headed by Anne Crick, and the 500 guests will go on the following night to a recovery party in the woolshed at the home of Anne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crick, of "Mayfair," Wellington.

INTERESTING letter from Indiana in the United States from Mrs. Neil Stanton tells me of the birth of her first child (a girl, to be called Diane Michele) at the Home Hospital in Lafayette. Mrs. Stanton, the former Jennifer Park, of Queenscliff, is living in West Lafayette, where her husband, Dr. Stanton, is assistant professor of Electrical Engineering at Purdue University. He was previously at the University of New South Wales.

DATE for your diary... the Storybook Ball with a Cinderella theme to be held at the Chevron Hilton Hotel on July 9. Arranged by the St. Margaret's Hospital Committee, the ball will help raise funds for the new hospital to be opened at Darlinghurst in December.

WEDDING in December for Adrienne Andrews and Lucio Lussu, whose engagement has just been announced. Adrienne, who went overseas in March, and Lucio, who lives in Woollahra, Sydney, spent Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Giuseppe Lussu, at their home in Udine, Italy. Adrienne is the daughter of Councillor Peter Andrews and Mrs. Andrews of Toorak, Melbourne. She will come home via America in August.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. James Whitehouse after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with their attendants, from left, Mr. James Bath, Mr. Robert Whitehouse, Mr. John Collins, Mr. Jonathan Bell, Miss Caroline Middleton, Mrs. Michael Cox, Miss Susan Hill, Miss Libby Morrow, pageboys Paul and Mark Brown, and, at front, flowergirl Amanda Brown. The bride was Miss Rosemary Bath, daughter of Commander and Mrs. John Bath, of Double Bay. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. A. J. Whitehouse, of Wollstonecraft, and of the late Mr. Whitehouse. They will make their home at Double Bay.



OFFICIAL LUNCHEON. Lady Wilton, wife of the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Committee, Mrs. Dean Rusk, wife of the United States Secretary of State, and Mrs. William McMahon, wife of the Treasurer (left to right), at the luncheon party given at the Canberra Rex Hotel by the Commonwealth Government for wives of senior delegates to the 11th SEATO Council Meeting.



ALSO at the SEATO luncheon were (left to right) Mrs. Michael Stewart, wife of the British Foreign Secretary, Mrs. J. Luke Haslett, wife of the New Zealand High Commissioner, Lady Johnston, wife of the United Kingdom High Commissioner, and Mrs. K. Holyoake, wife of the New Zealand Prime Minister. Mrs. McMahon, in the absence of Mrs. Paul Hasluck, was hostess at the luncheon.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Phil Gardiner, Mrs. R. Nuttall, and Mrs. Dawson Hare (left to right) enjoyed lunch in the sun at the Castle Cove home of Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis when the 1966 International Ball Committee arranged a luncheon and film afternoon with a Swiss theme for the United Nations Association of Australia (N.S.W. division). President Mr. O. D. A. Oberg welcomed 70 guests.



BELOW: Mr. Bruce Ward with London visitor Miss Rosemary Godwin at the opening of an exhibition of paintings by Brisbane artist Mervyn Moriarty at the Rudy Komon Galleries.

BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. George Paul after their marriage at St. Peter's Church, Watsons Bay, with the bride's attendants, from left, Miss Angela Wallis and Mrs. Arthur Saucis. The bride was formerly Miss Suzanne Wallis, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wallis, of Vacluse. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Paul, of Vacluse. After a holiday in Europe, they will make their home in Edinburgh for three years.



NEXT WEEK

★ This is a Peach Gateau, a superb dessert cake— BUT ...



... there are cheesecakes and sponge cakes, loaf cakes and layer cakes, plain cakes and fruit cakes — ALL sorts of cakes in our

COMPLETE CAKE COOKBOOK

... it's a handy 16-page lift-out

And:



★ We've ten helpful, colorful suggestions on

How to make a few flowers look marvellous

And:

★ Are men better cooks than women? Well ... let's not argue! Just wait till you read about the four enterprising Melbourne men who prepare regular dinner parties for their wives (recipes, too).



And:



★ Princess Alexandra's new baby will wear a hand-knitted jacket in a delicate fern lace stitch—and your baby can have

one because we have the pattern.

And:

★ In color: you'll see the spacious home acclaimed by the State Electricity Commission of Victoria as their HOUSE OF THE YEAR.

WORLD DISCOVERY TOUR TAKES IN BARGAIN PORTS

THE jewel cities of the Orient, Hong Kong and Singapore, both famous for their duty-free shopping facilities, are two early ports of call during our World Discovery Tour 1967.

This wonderful 18-week group tour abroad — at the remarkable price of \$1392 (£N.Z.585) per person — takes in a fascinating and varied itinerary through 18 countries, from the Far East to Europe, via Suez and the Mediterranean.

Arranged and planned by World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., leaders in the group travel field, the tour begins when the one-class P & O-Orient liner Himalaya departs from Sydney on February 2, 1967.

The tour ends on June 6 when the P & O-Orient liner Oriana arrives in Sydney.

A call is made at Brisbane (where Queensland passengers embark) before the exciting stopovers in Hong Kong and Singapore, where there is ample time for sight-

seeing and shopping for those long-awaited luxuries such as cameras, silks, and pearls.

(Western Australians, South Australians, and Victorians may join the Oronsay and travel to Sydney to begin the tour at no extra cost. New Zealanders board the Himalaya at Wellington on January 27.)

As shore excursions at the ports of call are not included in the tour cost, it is advisable to book for them early.

Same cost

This will help you pre-determine more closely the amount of pocket-money you will need.

After Bombay, the Himalaya has a stopover at Aden (another duty-free port), Port Said, Naples, and Barcelona, on the Spanish Costa Brava.

The 1966 World Discovery Tour, which ended recently, was quickly booked out, with nearly 700 members.

The 1967 tour costs exactly the same, and already more than two-thirds of the available places have been booked. The whole of the Himalaya (1300 berths) will be at members' disposal.



● A shopping scene in Singapore.

This means a tremendous choice of cabin accommodation. The tour is costed to allow for four-berth cabin accommodation, but two-berth cabins, with and without private facilities, may be reserved for between \$26 and \$166 extra in the Himalaya and between \$26 and \$130 extra in the Oriana.

The basic price also includes an interesting 23-day coach tour through eight

European countries, a seven-day coach tour of England and Scotland, a total of 11 nights' accommodation in London at well-situated hotels (bed, breakfast, dinner), and specified sightseeing tours round London.

A tour director will travel to and from England with the group.

After the Himalaya's arrival at Tilbury on March 11, there are a few days for members to go on the sightseeing tours round London before they begin the 23-day Continental coach tour.

In order to co-ordinate the tour, some members will begin the English-Scottish seven-day tour, while others will have a 22-day "free period" at leisure.

This free period, at the members' own expense, will enable them to visit relatives or friends or perhaps join a supplementary tour to Denmark, Spain, Holland, or the Devon-Cornwall area.

It is possible to obtain, in advance, low-cost accommodation in London for a special rate of \$4.90 daily (twin-room, bed, breakfast) if bookings are made before December 1, 1966.

Activities for this free period should be booked at the same time as the main tour booking, as this determines to some extent the departure dates for the European and English coach tours.

The return voyage, of the entire tourist-class section of the Oriana, is via Suez with calls paid at Athens and Colombo.

VISIT THREE CONTINENTS ON OUR CHRISTMAS TOUR

OUR White Christmas Party Tour 1967 will be novel and intensely interesting.

It begins with the P & O-Orient liner Arcadia making its inaugural voyage via South Africa, South America, and West Africa to Europe in October, 1967.

The cost of this 16-week holiday abroad can be as low as \$1268 (£N.Z.535).

The Arcadia leaves Sydney on October 19 to call at Melbourne, Adelaide, and Fremantle.

Then calls are made at Durban and Cape Town, in South Africa, before the ship crosses the Atlantic to beautiful Rio de Janeiro.

Recrossing the Atlantic, the Arcadia pays a short visit to Dakar, in Senegal, and later to Casablanca, in Morocco, and Lisbon, in Portugal.

After the ship reaches Tilbury Docks on November 28, the tour director will assist members quickly through Customs, Transport to the London hotel is provided for.

Sightseeing

The next day there is a full day of sightseeing.

From November 30 to December 15 all members will have a free period in which they may do further individual sightseeing in or out of London.

From here tour members have a choice. They may join one of two coach tours

on a 17-day tour of eight European countries.

One tour is designed to have the Christmas period in Lucerne, Switzerland, and the New Year in Rome, while the other has Christmas in Rome and New Year in Paris.

Countries to be visited include Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, France, and Monaco.

The tour is costed to allow for accommodation in tourist four-berth cabins in the Arcadia to Europe and in the P & O-Orient liner Canberra for the return voyage.

However, it is possible to reserve two-berth cabins, with or without private facilities, for the round voyage, from \$84 to \$208.

Or you may travel first class in a single, two-berth, or bedstead cabin, with or without bath or shower and toilets, for from \$230 extra — just \$12 more than the best tourist accommodation.

If you prefer to delay your sailing from Sydney by one month you may join the Canberra when it sails on November 18, 1967.

This ship calls at Melbourne and Fremantle, then Singapore, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Naples, and Lisbon.

The Canberra tourists arrive in Southampton on December 15 and have the following day sightseeing round London.

The next day they link up with the Arcadia passengers and they, too, have the choice of spending Christmas

in Lucerne, Switzerland, or in Rome.

The cost of this 12-week holiday, travelling and returning in the Canberra, is \$1099 (£N.Z.467).

Here again it is possible to obtain first-class shipboard accommodation for the entire round trip for from \$178 extra — just \$8 more than the best tourist accommodation.

All the tourists on both European tours link up on January 13 to return home in the Canberra via Suez.

Extend time

If you want to have the advantages of group travel but wish to extend your time abroad you may return in the Oriana, leaving on February 8.

It is possible to defer your return even until April 30, 1968, by joining other P & O-Orient liners.

HOW TO BOOK

Details of these itineraries are in the tour brochure, which you may obtain NOW through the General Sales Agents listed below or your travel agent. Ask, too, for the "Supplementary Tours" brochure.

NEW SOUTH WALES: A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841.

VICTORIA - TASMANIA: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne. Telephone 67-7481.

QUEENSLAND-NORTHERN TERRITORY-NEW GUINEA: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek St., Brisbane. Tel. 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie St., Adelaide. Telephone 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Westfarmers Travel Services, 569 Wellington Street, and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Telephone 20-959.

DOGS when unsoundly bred present problems for their owners. Strains within each breed have their particular potential troubles as well as their great strengths and virtues, so when you are choosing a pup, whatever the type, it's as well to—

WATCH FOR THESE WEAKNESSES

By RITA DUNSTAN

WANTED, red setter pup; must be healthy, well-bred, with lifetime guarantee against hereditary blindness."

It's rather a tall order for any breeder, but that's the way I intend to advertise when we're ready for another pup.

And we intend to take our time before choosing a dog to succeed our wonderful red setter, Rick, who was with us for six years.

Rick was an aristocrat from his chocolate-brown nose to the tip of his long "feathered" tail and was very much admired.

Everyone in the district knew him and most passers-by had a word to say to him as he loped ahead of us, his red coat resplendent in the sun and his white plastic shopping basket held proudly aloft. A walk wouldn't have been a walk to him without that basket, though he could only carry it when it was empty.

Need I say children loved him? And he loved children with a gentleness that would set an example to most human beings.

In short, he was the perfect pet in every way. But he had one big, sad fault which became obvious only in his sixth year, and that was hereditary blindness.

Gradually his sight became weaker until it was gone altogether, and though we protected him as much as we could, he became at last a danger to himself and to others. I need not dwell on

what his sudden absence did to us all, especially the children.

A few weeks' holiday got them away from the house, but on their return they began to press for another pet. We had all said, "Never again. Nothing could replace Rick," but it now seemed best to try to fill the gap.

Foolishly, to please the children, we hurried into buying a homeless little border collie cross about eight weeks old from a stray dogs' home.

We bathed him, took him to a veterinary surgeon for inspection and injections, and fed him the best food.

But after a few weeks he became so ill — presumably from some trouble he had before we picked him up — that he had to be destroyed.

Vets' concern

All this set me thinking on the cruelty of careless breeding of dogs, and the miserable fate in store for puppies who are abandoned to mix with other poor creatures who may have infectious ailments.

I had it all in mind when I went to see the South Australian president of the Australian Veterinary Association, Mr. Pat McCormack, who was host this year to the association's national conference in Adelaide.

Mr. McCormack, an Adelaide veterinary surgeon, said

that hereditary weakness in dogs was discussed at the conference.

Vets everywhere were concerned about the increasing incidence of dog ailments resulting from inbred deformities.

"Our aim is to get together with canine breeders on this problem," he said. "Naturally they are anxious to keep breeds sound."

Mr. McCormack said hereditary complaints in dogs had been known for decades, but could be stamped out through selective breeding.

He listed some of the recurring weaknesses in well-known breeds:

- **Samoyeds and labradors**—Prone to hip dysplasia (deformity of the hip). Breeders throughout Australia are making a concerted effort to eliminate this trouble.

- **Red setters**—Blindness.
- **Poodles**—Eye conditions, tooth and ear trouble.

- **Spaniels and other long-eared dogs**—Prone to ear conditions such as moist ears or canker.

- **Toy dogs**—Tooth trouble when the dog does not shed first teeth before growing the second. This results in a double row, so temporary teeth have to be extracted.

- **Pekingese, boxers, bulldogs, pugs, or any other dogs with deep folds in the face**—Can be prone to skin troubles. Because of the short, pushed-back nose, they

are bad risks if anaesthetic must be administered. (Labradors often have deep folding in the face. Mr. McCormack says people choosing a labrador should select one with a smooth face). Protruding eyes in these breeds can be troublesome because they are exposed to injury.

- **Alsations**—Temperament is a problem caused through indiscriminate breeding. The ban on the importation of alsations is no help in this problem because it prevents the introduction of new strains for breeding. Alsations should not be chosen unless the owner is prepared to take on the responsibility of correct training.

(Mr. McCormack said terriers and poodles were among other breeds that could present temperament problems. The alsation was not necessarily more savage than the smaller dogs, but he had a bigger, more dangerous bite.)

- **Wire-haired dogs**—Prone to skin trouble in summer.

- **Pekingese**—The incidence of cleft palates is high, also hernias in puppies (hernias are caused through the elongated shape of the peke's abdomen).

- **Dachshunds**—Apt to suffer back injury. "A poorly engineered dog," says Mr. McCormack. "They stretched the span too far!"

- **Afghans**—Trouble with coat in summer; require extra care.

- **Greyhounds** (these go back to Egyptian times)—A very efficient machine; very little trouble with them,



RICK, the red setter.

but they are not an ideal pet.

I asked for advice to would-be dog owners on the final choice and treatment of dogs.

Care of pups

Mr. McCormack said that any dog, whether a mongrel or a thoroughbred ("and mongrels can be good pets"), should not be taken from its mother until weaned and feeding well by itself. Normal weaning time is six weeks, but the pup needs time to learn to eat solid foods.

Pups should be kept in isolation until they are 12 weeks old and ready for vaccination against distemper and hepatitis.

Ideally, young pups should be given anti-serum (against distemper) to protect them until they are old enough for the vaccination.

Normally, the reliable breeder will have de-wormed the pup at four weeks, but the owner should do this again, and it is generally in order to use a preparation from the chemist unless a veterinary surgeon suggests other treatment.

But — a note of caution on dogs taken from rescue homes. Sometimes puppies with a heavy worm burden don't "take" the vaccination against distemper.

They can become infected, yet look perfectly healthy until the end of the incubation period, when they become ill.

Hundreds of pups presented as gifts have to be destroyed in the weeks following Christmas for this reason, Mr. McCormack said. Few people realise that, even after vaccination, the pup is not immune to distemper for two weeks.

The isolation period should continue until two weeks after the vaccination.

Perhaps the most important thing of all is to choose a dog which suits your requirements and your accommodation.

"If you haven't plenty of room, please don't select a big dog like an alsation, labrador, or a setter," Mr. McCormack says.

"To keep a big dog confined is not only bad for its health but is very cruel."



ALSATION



POODLE



PEKINGESE

Creamy Carnation milk doubles your coffee enjoyment



Of course you enjoy a good cup of coffee. But add Carnation Evaporated Milk and you double the enjoyment! Creamy Carnation makes every cup of coffee richer, tastier. That's because Carnation Evaporated Milk is twice as rich as ordinary milk. And, Carnation is half the cost, half the calorie count of cream. Try Carnation next time you have coffee! It's so simple to use. Just punch and pour, stir and enjoy. Carnation . . . the milk 'from contented cows'.



COMPACT

THEY'RE ALL GOOD SCOUTS

THE CERTIFICATE OF MERIT, one of the highest awards in Scouting, was recently presented to Mrs. A. A. Strode, Cub Master of the Miss Vale Group, for outstanding services to the movement.

Scouting's in the family. Mr. Strode, who is District Commissioner for Boy Scouts of the Gibraltar District, N.S.W., has previously received the Medal of Merit. Their eldest daughter, Mrs. Pamela Hawks, of Berry, is a cubmaster and so is their youngest daughter, Christine. The Strode family have been associated with Scouting for 20 years, and are active in community affairs.



★ ONE SWALLOW DIDN'T 'MAKE' HER SUMMER

A HOT summer day, a party outdoors, and an important guest to keep happy. That was the situation two-year-old Heather Woodcraft, of Sussex, England, found herself in. What better way of keeping a Pyrenean Mountain Dog happy than by letting him lick your ice-cream?

But after one "lick" Heather had no cone left.



LAST LAUGH

In Melbourne a pickpocket stole a woman's purse containing only a few pennies. However, the silly butterfingers lost his own \$100 ring in her pocket.

★ Coronations are solemn events, but not without their humor. In 1838, at the crowning of Queen Victoria, the Bishop of Bath and Wells accidentally turned over two pages of the service book at once, and prematurely declared the service ended. This service book, with notes describing what happened, is in the Westminster Abbey Treasures Exhibition.

Her garden covers seven acres

■ Eighteen years ago Sheila Abnett was a Land Army girl helping to grow food for a hungry post-war England.

Today, Sheila is still on the land — she's a full-time gardener at Cypress Gardens holiday centre, on Lake Mulwala, Yarrowonga, Vic.

Her job is to care for the seven acres of gardens at the centre, and this includes planting new flower beds, pruning shrubs, weeding, watering, and cultivating new plants.

In her spare time Sheila also filters the 33ft. swimming pool on the edge of Lake Mulwala.

But life is not all work for Sheila at Cypress Gardens. In her "idle" moments she is learning to water-ski from her boss, Bert Foster,



● Sheila Abnett at work in a flower bed in the huge gardens she helps maintain.

Old lamp keeps his memories alight

■ When Henry Rose, general manager of a big Sydney hotel, visited Israel in April, he didn't expect to meet anyone he knew.

But to his surprise he kept meeting residents who, as young men, had also fled from Nazi Germany during the 1930s.

All told, Mr. Rose met his long-lost friends.

At a reunion dinner his fellow-escapees presented him with a clay oil-lamp believed to have been made between the fourth and sixth centuries A.D. (See picture, right.)

The four-inch-long lamp was recovered from an Israeli archaeological dig, Mr. Rose said.



"Goodness knows how long it is since the lamp has been lit," he added. "Nevertheless, even unlit it will help keep memories burning brightly."

FOOTNOTE: In an Israeli museum Mr. Rose learned that, at the touch of a button, a display of the Dead Sea Scrolls slides into a nuclear-bomb-proof shelter.

STORIES WANTED

■ War widows, ex-servicewomen, Repatriation and TB patients, and Service and TPI pensioners have been invited to submit entries in the Story Writing Competition being sponsored by the Returned Services League in conjunction with the Repatriation Department of N.S.W. Prizes are amounts up to \$100 for a story of 3000 words. Your nearest RSL Sub-branch or the Repatriation Department will give further details.

who taught film stars Van Johnson, Cyd Charisse, and Esther Williams to water-ski at Cypress Gardens in America.

Sheila has kept up a life outdoors since she came to Australia from a small village near Maidstone in Kent, England, eight years ago. In Kent she worked at the Morning Promise Horticultural Research Station, advising on pruning and pollinating.

She and her husband, Frank, an engineer, were brought out by the Rotary Club at Yarrowonga.

Her love of the land led Sheila to spend six weeks in N.S.W. last year droving 300 cattle and 1700 sheep from Deniliquin to Hay — a distance of about 100 miles.

She lived in a wagon for these six weeks with Loma Wright, one of the few women drovers in Australia.

Sheila is also a keen actress and has played the lead role in several plays produced by the Yarrowonga Theatre Group.

She also holds the yellow belt in judo.



"MOD GEAR" — 41 YEARS AGO!

★ Today's teens think that thick-heeled, ankle-strapped shoes — worn with white stockings — are a brand-new fashion. Well, just look at this "stable" of legs photographed at Sydney's Randwick races in November, 1925. . . . What's new, pussycat?

About the only differences: White stockings, synthetic now, were silk. And, of course, there were no mini-skirts!

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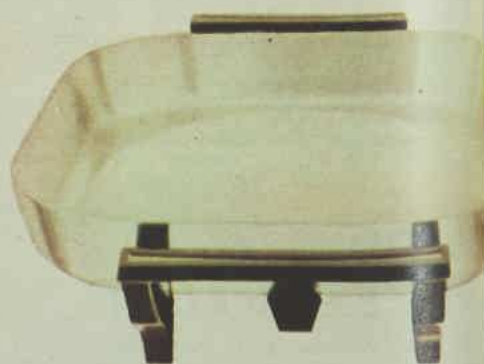
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Page 18

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**THE
FRYPAN
PEOPLE**

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS TFE NON-STICK FINISH
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 13, 1964

**"It is a country weighted like a sailor's shroud,
with puritanical religious movements, of which
the politicians are dead scared."**

'Project '66' looks at New Zealand

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Next to Nowhere," a "Project '66" documentary about New Zealand, will be telecast on TCN9 on Sunday, July 10, at 10 p.m.



● Cameraman Sandor Siro filming students at the Ponsonby multi-racial school in New Zealand for TCN9's "Project '66" documentary, Sunday, July 10, 10 p.m. The students are from the Cook Islands, a New Zealand protectorate.

NEW Zealand's two tiny islands evoke different pictures to different people. To Suzanne Baker, TCN9's Special Projects Division producer, New Zealand is way out — next to nowhere.

I asked her why she called the documentary she produced by this rather lonely name.

"Because it is, literally, next to nowhere," she said. "It starts at Bluff, a seaport on the southernmost tip of New Zealand's South Island, where a tourist milepost shows the distance to everywhere."

"Geographically, Sydney is closest, with the South Pole next. Someone once said they thought Sydney was just about the same distance away as the edge of Antarctica."

"With the exception of its famous tourist resorts, the country has a sense of remoteness, a sort of bleakness."

"It looks rather bare and sad, very windy and watery, the antithesis of Australia's bleakness that is all desert and dust storms."

Poet's views

More poetical is the prose description of the country given in the documentary by one of New Zealand's best-known poets, Denis Glover.

"New Zealand is a country weighted like a sailor's shroud, with puritanical religious movements, of which the politicians are dead scared."

Mr. Glover goes on to say that he thinks New Zealand fits into the world "right at the bottom end."

A Christchurch University student gives yet another thumbnail sketch of New Zealand's Welfare State: "It is like living in a nursery



● Stars of the BBC-TV production "Alice in Wonderland" are, from left, Alison Leggatt as the Queen, Wilfrid Brambell as the White Rabbit (a far cry from his Albert Steptoe role), Anne-Marie Mallik, a 13-year-old schoolgirl, as Alice, and Peter Sellers as the King of Hearts.

sometimes, and we are sick of it," he said.

I cannot say that New Zealand as the subject of a documentary excites me, but Suzanne Baker did talking about "Next to Nowhere."

"One of the most unexpected things to come out of the trip," she said, "was the average New Zealander's opinion of Australia."

"Before I went, I thought that most New Zealanders rather despised Australians, but I found this to be wrong. Many of them said they wished they were more like Australians, had more of their push and drive."

The thing that surprised me was that Suzanne believes New Zealand has a Maori problem.

"The Maoris have certainly come a long way, but they are now pushing to get ahead more," she said.

"One of the things I found, for instance, is that some boarding-houses won't take Maoris, and there is also a new suburb of Auckland for white people only."

"The story about the white man and the Maori living in perfect harmony is far from true."

"Next to Nowhere" is the first Project documentary to be filmed in color. It is an experiment undertaken by TCN9's Special Projects Division with a view to selling color documentaries internationally.

Television

The New Zealand documentary has proved to be a most successful experiment. It gives an excellent monotone print for Australia's black-and-white TV, and is to be previewed by TV interests from both the United Kingdom and U.S.A.

Both countries, where color TV is on the up and up, are on the lookout for color film.

It looks as if "Next to Nowhere" will be a historic "Project '66" one way or the other.

Alice and the Forsytes

TREATS in store recently announced by BBC-TV are "Alice in Wonderland" and John Galsworthy's famous novels, "The Forsyte Saga."

As far as Australian viewers seeing them, they are still in the "this year-next year-sometime-never" class, although the "never" could be cancelled, because traditionally Australians will see them "sometime" on ABC-TV.

I am more excited about "The Forsyte Saga," a 26-part serial, than Alice, which is one gigantic two-to-three-hour-long drama.

"The Forsyte Saga" has only just been cast, and most of the players are unknown to me with the exception of Kenneth More, who plays Young Jolyon.

Stage and movie actor Eric Porter, 38, is cast as Soames Forsyte, Irene is played by Nyree Dawn Porter.

News of the serial makes me want to read the "Saga" again. It is a long time since I first read it, but I can remember being almost 'hypnotised' by the gracious living in England, and the carryings-on and intrigue in the family.

The cast of Alice includes two well-known names — Wilfrid Brambell (better known as Steptoe) in the role of the White Rabbit, and Peter Sellers as the King of Hearts.

Alice is played by school-girl Anne-Marie Mallik, who has never done any acting before except in Christmas party charades.

Mrs. Hope (Katherine Blake), the widowed mother of one of his pupils (Alan Baulch), whom George admits he did hit in the classroom, was George's face-slapper.

Upset about having hit the boy, Makreynian goes to Mrs. Hope's home to apologise, and gets to know her.

It was a story of devious emotions, sad and pathetic, set against the joyous background of the Greek wedding of George's brother.

One of the things I particularly liked was the dignity of all the people in it. It was a moving TV hour.

★ ★ ★
AMERICA'S NBC is in the news, too—they are filming the royal palaces and art treasures of Great Britain for an hour special. Filmed in color, it includes segments on Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. The big query is: Who does the talking? The Queen? After all, Jackie Kennedy and Lady Bird Johnson have both talked about their homes!

Too good to miss

"LOVE STORY" (ABC-TV, Fridays 9.20 p.m.) is adult television that should not be missed, as everyone knows who saw the first series last year on ATN7.

"Chase the Shadows" was the first story. It started with a resounding slap across the face, but ended satisfactorily. It was a simple story, expertly produced and skillfully acted.

Lee Montague, who played the role of a Greek-Cypriot schoolteacher, George Makreynian, working in England, gave one of the performances of the TV year.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "I don't know what the world is coming to! My sister in America had to call in an electrician recently. There was nothing wrong with the lights or the wiring in the house — it was her daughter's electric toothbrush that wasn't working. Then she has an electric shoe-shine brush, an electric blanket, an electric manicure set, a hairdryer, and, believe it or not, an electric pencil-sharpener. And that's not counting the electric fan, heater, stove, and refrigerator. I think the time is coming when my sister will have to have a qualified electrician living in."

MOMMA'S MORAL: Remember the good old days when radios plugged in and tooth-brushes didn't?

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 13, 1966

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"BIG VALLEY"

VIEWERS all over Australia will agree with Barbara Stanwyck that "Big Valley," in which she stars as Victoria Barkley, is **REAL** entertainment. Playing Mrs. Barkley, the matriarch who rules Big Valley, she is a strong woman in a period Western. "If you want someone to tiptoe down the Barkley staircase and politely ask where the cattle went, get another girl!" she told the producers. They didn't. In the series a man attempts to assault her TV daughter. She kills him — and that's the sort of TV she likes. "I don't play romance any more. That part is over," she says.

—NAN MUSGROVE

BELOW: The Barkley offspring. From left, Audra (Linda Evans), Eugene (Charles Briles), Nick (Peter Breck), Jarrod (Richard Long); front, Heath (Lee Majors).



● Barbara Stanwyck as Mrs. Barkley.

● "Big Valley" may be seen on TCN9 Sydney, 9 Brisbane, Mondays, 7.30 p.m.; GTV9 Melbourne, Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m.; NWS9 Adelaide, Wed., 7.30 p.m.; STW9 Perth, Wed., 9 p.m.



Television

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A tablet specially designed for sweet tooths that aids in weight reduction is now available. You can now slim and stay slim by taking one or two tablets after the main meal each day to dispel and neutralize the fatty unsaturated content of the food eaten and lessen body weight until normal.

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Hire a wedding dress?

AS a bride-to-be, I am appalled at the high cost of getting married, especially at the cost of a wedding dress. When I suggested hiring a wedding dress, I was met with gasps of horror, stony silences, or accusations ranging from being unsentimental to not loving my fiancé. I point out that hired dresses can be delightful, save time and worry, not to mention cost, but am constantly told "a girl must wear her own dress." Shall I stick to my guns or bow to convention?

\$2 to "Help Needed" (name supplied), Glen Waverley, Vic.

Names to be remembered (by nurses)

I WAS horrified to read a recent letter from "Nurses" saying that it was impossible always to remember patients' names. When I did my training in England not so long ago I had to know every name of the 30 or more patients within a few hours of starting duty in a new ward. If nurses cannot remember every patient's name, then I feel there is something lacking in their training, and I do not know how they can be expected to take responsibility.

\$2 to Mrs. S. A. Philpott, S.R.N., Kenmore, Qld.

Question of dress taste

MY question to other readers is whether women should dress to dress themselves or to please their husbands. I personally prefer to buy clothes I like. I think it is a mistake for a wife to let her dress sense, and thus her true personality, be submerged by her husband's taste.

\$2 to Mrs. R. Cotterill, Banksia, N.S.W.

Good old (square) days

WHAT has happened to the surprise parties we used to have years ago? I was telling my teenage daughter about the fun we used to have, with everyone bringing a plate to help with supper, and how we would all gather round the piano for a singsong, followed by a few games. She roared with laughter and said: "Gee, Mum, what a lot of squares you must have all been!"

\$2 to "A Square" (name supplied), East Malvern, Vic.

Not even dirty!

MY nine-year-old son slunk moodily into the kitchen, looking even dirtier than usual. "Get into the bath," I barked. "That's what I've been trying to do," he protested, "but she's in there." He was referring to his pretty teenage sister. "Been in there for hours, in fact." He opened wide his sea-green eyes and stared at me, puzzled. "And do you know what, Mum?" he said. "She wasn't even dirty!"

\$2 to "Belle" (name supplied), Redcliffe, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

A JOURNALIST I know, a man of 35, had a distressing experience.

He wanted to write an article on discotheques. But when he went to one, they wouldn't let him in because he was over 30.

The manager said it would give the place a bad name if old people like him were seen there.

This strikes me as unfair and rather heartless.

How would a go-go girl from a discotheque feel if she tried to join a Ladies' Bowling Club and was told she was too young?

Naturally she would be upset. That is how my friend felt when he went away from the discotheque that rejected him.

I was hoping to get into one of these places myself. Now it looks as if I'll never make it.

A young man told me: "You might be allowed in if you let your hair grow and dyed it black, Dad."

But even if I got inside, the stewards would soon notice my stiffness in the joints as I did the frog, or whatever it is they do.

TOO OLD AT 30

Then they would ask to see my birth certificate, and the game would be up.

Crash! Another senior citizen hurled out into the street...



Age limits cause much heart-burning. You learn this first when you are too old to get into the pictures half-price and not old enough to see Adults Only films.

I know an unfortunate woman whose life has been one disqualification after another.

In her youth she was a bright student, but was over-age for the Quiz Kids' program.

NO OLIVE BRANCHES

• In Miami, U.S.A., this month a bride's mother announced a \$20,000 "Wedding of the Doves." The bride was to have descended a staircase surrounded by live doves in gold cages, with a cloud-machine puffing white vapor about her head. After the rehearsal the bridegroom disappeared.

"Observe her mother," runs the old advice (More picturesquely put, but that's the gist), And bridegrooms sometimes do but often don't — Love clouds their vision in a kindly mist.

Some of them flinch in those last frenzied weeks, Or while they're waiting in that right-hand pew, But most choke back their doubts (the best man helps); They make their vows and bravely see it through.

Here's an exception. Did his future life Pass in a flash like drowning in reverse? Christenings and birthdays, twenty-firsts, debuts, Spectaculars — for better? No, for worse!

Their silver wedding suddenly he saw, Not with those doves in cages — hawks instead! His bride grown older, emulating Mum — One silent scream of horror and he fled.

— DOROTHY DRAIN

Thank you, Queensland

AS a pair of "Pommies" on our first trip to central and coastal Queensland, we would like to say "thank you" to all the big-hearted, hospitable people we met on our 4000-mile journey. Three things impressed us — the litter-free towns and picnic places everywhere; the clean and well-equipped toilet facilities; and, although this may seem a strange thing to notice, the well-cared-for cemeteries.

\$2 to A. Grierson, Willoughby, N.S.W.

She was a music-lover, but grew too old to get concession tickets for Youth Concerts.

She was pretty, but couldn't enter for the Miss Australia contest because she was married.

Now she is ineligible to go in for newspaper competitions because her husband works on a newspaper.

She likes dancing, but as she has turned 30 she can't get into discotheques. And she is not old enough yet to be chosen to dance with Bobby Limb at the end of "Sound of Music."

The go-go crowd has declared war on us over-30s. It is my belief that we must fight back.

Let us make a rule that no man under 30 is allowed to wear a black Hornburg hat or become a selector of the Australian cricket team.

And no female under 30 is eligible to become a Lady Mayoress or enter the scone competition at the Sydney Easter Show.

A few setbacks like that will make the disco set laugh on the flip-side of their face.

What to do for a godchild

MRS. BROOKS asks what she can do for her godchild when she is on a limited income. By far the most important thing she can do — and it need not cost her a penny — is to see that her godchild receives good basic training in the Christian faith.

This is what godparents promise to do during the baptismal service, and it is their responsibility to see that they carry out their duty to the best of their ability.

\$2 to Mrs. L. Palmer, Dapto, N.S.W.

MY sister's godmother was a well-to-do woman. Each birthday, sister received a gift; but she never saw her godmother. Mine was in the lower-income bracket, but I was the lucky one. Each year, on the anniversary of my baptism, she would give me a treat — either invite me to her home for a special tea or provide an interesting and enjoyable outing. These were special occasions, but the warm hospitality of her home was there for me at any time I chose. When I was confirmed she gave me a white prayer book, which I later carried on my wedding day.

\$2 to "Grateful" (name supplied), Wodonga, Vic.

BEING one of a large family I was always excited when my birthday came round, because my godmother, who was on a limited income and supporting an invalid husband, always came to visit me. Sometimes she managed to bring a small inexpensive gift, such as a jigsaw puzzle, a coloring book, or small packet of sweets. But what I really appreciated was the fact that she came to see me. Her warm smile and her interest made my day.

\$2 to "One of Them" (name supplied), Frankston, Vic.

MY youngest child, who will be ten in August, has a wonderful godmother. Every year since his birth she has given him a beautiful hand-knitted pullover for his birthday. He is very fond of and grateful to her.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Daucher, Benalla, Vic.

I AM on a limited income. I live next door to my only godchild, who is a squatic. I help him with his school work. When he comes home from school each day I always welcome him with a drink and a scone and butter — his favorites. I help him save his little earnings and encourage him at all times.

\$2 to Mrs. R. Johnson, Tumut, N.S.W.

MY suggestion for an expensive gift for a godchild, if a girl, is a charm bracelet, adding a charm to it each birthday. She will then always have something to remember you by. For a godson — or daughter — a book every year is usually much appreciated.

\$2 to "Godmother" (name supplied), Belair, S.A.

FIVE SUCCESS HATS

FROM PARIS . . .



● Tiny pink satin toque by Gilbert Orcel adds a rose-and-bow trim at centre front for a new springlike effect.



● Lanvin's kerchief hat is an easy-to-wear style, inspired by the head scarf, and now all the rage in Paris.



● British bobby's helmet (right), designed by Simone Mirman for Molyneux, is a riot that's being copied in all kinds of fabrics. Left, another best-seller because it's young and can be worn at all times of day—Jacques Estere's gay tricorne.

● These five new-season hats designed by top milliners for couture showings have captured the heart of Paris. They portray the new, imaginative trend toward young, easy-to-wear styles for day and feminine sophistication after dark. Seen most often in Paris, and this-minute in every sense of the word, are demi-helmets, kerchiefs, little caps, and (surprise, surprise!) the versatile tricorne pictured at the foot of this page.



● Glamorous and feminine satin pillbox by Jean Barthelet has an elegant waterfall rose trim. Paris describes this as a practical and dressy style for dinner and theatre.

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Life will be simpler, experts say TOMORROW'S WORLD

IT'S the future — say, 1984. It's eight in the morning, but I'm still dozing and doing my morning worrying in the sleeping device in our cave-like small-windowed bedroom.

I reach out to flick a lever on the videocom, which has been making sleep-wrecking noises. My wife's face shows on the little oval screen.

"Listen, love," she chirps cheerfully, "you'll have to hop out of your cocoon right now if you want to get to work on time."

"You can't take the auto-copier this morning, remember? I'm using it right now to taxi the kids over to the rocketdrome. I'll bet you forgot they're lifting off for Mother's for the weekend. We're leaving in a few minutes."

Her mother lives in Cape Town.

"Okay, pet," I grunt, "I'll wheel out the old turbocar."

I'm padding toward the sonic cleaner (we don't use water much for bathing or cleaning any more), feeling sorry for myself over having to spend a whole hour going a mere 100 miles on the electronic highway, when the picture box starts up again.

"I've just slipped your bacon and eggs into the hi-freecook. Make it snappy, they'll be done in seven seconds. 'Bye."

If all this sounds as if I've flipped, you're just not with what's going on in the labs and brains of forward-thinking U.S. engineers these days. Everything I've mentioned is either already in existence or is being worked on.

Looking back a bit may help you see ahead. How many people, 20 years ago, had air-conditioning and television, rode in jet aircraft, ate frozen dinners, saw close-up pictures of the surface of the moon, and worried about nuclear bombs?

Change rooms

Here are some of the ideas that may change your family's life.

The house you'll live in: According to Professor Vincent Scully, of Yale University, houses will shrink in size as the population explodes and makes building land more scarce. The houses (if you can still call the "machines for living" of 1984 houses) may consist of mass-produced room-size units snapped together to make multi-room dwellings. These room units will be delivered by truck, and they'll be movable when a family decides to pull up stakes or wants to trade-in a room or two for a new model.

Moulded of fibreglass-reinforced plastic (large yachts are made of this stuff now), they'll have double



walls with space for insulation, air-conditioning, piping, wiring, etc., between their inner and outer skins.

Furniture: Some furnishings could be moulded into the walls at the factory. A bed may be a mattress-shaped fabric air casing tucked away in the wall until you press a button to have it pop out, inflating itself as it emerges.

A radiant-heating panel in the ceiling above the bed can keep you warm without blankets. You'll sleep between soft and cool disposable sheets of a type which is already being tried out in some hospitals.

The kitchen: Many of the electronic delights of the future will live in the kitchen. A microwave oven will bake a cake in four minutes, fry the breakfast bacon in seven seconds. Such ovens are in use now in some restaurants.

By
RALPH STEIN

Many of the dishes will be disposable, but some of them will still be washed — without water. Sound waves will shake the dirt off, as they do for tiny rocket-guidance mechanisms too delicate to trust to water or solvents.

I asked an engineer who designs such ultrasonic cleaners if it would be possible to clean dirty small boys that way.

"Why not?" he said. "It might feel kind of tingly, though."

Technologists forecast still another system to make less work for Mother — an automatic recipe-maker. She would have a file containing hundreds of punch cards, each representing a recipe. She'd press a button to select the dish she wanted to cook.

When the right card popped out she'd slip it into a slot and the ingredients would be dispensed, mixed, and cooked.

House cleaning: This chore will almost disappear. All dust-bringing air will be pumped into the house through electrostatic filters, part of the central air-conditioning system.

Dirt brought into the

house, such as mud from children's shoes, will be vacuumed by a system already available — hoses plugged into wall receptacles connected to a central vacuum.

Communications: Person-to-person television over the phone lines is an accomplished fact. In the future, Dad, home-bound in the car or helicopter, will be able to take a look at the chaos in the family room before he decides he has to work tonight after all.

Long-distance two-way television, say from an aircraft over Athens to a house in Adelaide, will be possible through a whole galaxy of Telstars girdling the earth.

Turn on oven

Communication satellites will have another function, too. If you want to send a message from the other side of the earth in your own handwriting, a facsimile scanner will transmit your writing to a Telstar, which will then bounce it back to the facsimile reproducer (which is part of the family TV set). In moments your children will be reading your "wish you were here" postcard.

A more prosaic device will be a signaller Mum could use from any phone booth. This, after she dialled her home number, would transmit a series of audible tones each of which would trigger a different home task.

One could turn on the oven, another start the automatic mower (which would follow an electronic cable buried under the lawn), still another tone might open a wall flap to let the cat out.

How you'll get to work: Monorails and hydrofoils will be widely used. Cars may be zipping toward at 200 mph, following an electronic cable embedded in the roadway.

Drivers using this system will be able to read the electronically printed newspaper unrolling out of a slot in the dashboard as their cars are automatically steered and braked.

All this sounds fine — but will some engineer of the future please figure out a way of zipping me to the office without extracting me from that sleeping machine?

● Here is a shopping reminder list. Cut it out and paste on cardboard. Pierce the perforation dots and hang it on a string or tape inside a cupboard. We have left some blank spaces for your additional items.

CUT HERE

SHOPPING LIST

FOOD

- | | | | |
|----------------------------|---|-----------------------------|---|
| Acids — citric, tartaric | Cream of tartar | Jams, jellies | Raisins, sultanas, currants |
| Almond meal or icing | Crumpets | Juices | Rice |
| Arrowroot | Curry powder or paste | Junket tablets | Rolled oats |
| Asparagus | Custard powder | Lemon spreads | Sago |
| Baby foods | Dates | Lentils | Salt |
| Bacon/ham | Desserts—packaged, canned | Macaroni, spaghetti, etc. | Sauces, pickles, chutney |
| Baked beans | Dried fruits — apricots, etc. | Malt, malted milk powders | Sauces, sweet — caramel, etc. |
| Baking powder | Drinks, cordials | Margarine | Seasoning |
| Barley | Dripping, lard, shortening | Marzipan | Smallgoods |
| Bayleaves | Eggs | Mayonnaise, salad dressings | Soups |
| Bicarbonate of soda | Essences — vanilla, almond, lemon, etc. | Meats — fresh and canned | Spices |
| Beans — canned, dried | Fish, fish pastes | Milk | Split peas |
| Biscuits, sweet and savory | Flour — plain, self-raising, wholemeal | Mushrooms — canned | Spreads, savory |
| Bread, buns, cakes | Food colorings | Mustard | Stock cubes |
| Breadcrumbs | Frozen foods | Noodles | Sugar — crystal, castor, icing, brown, loaf |
| Breakfast foods | Fruits — canned, dried, mixed, glace | Nutmeg | Sweetening — tablets or liquid (low calorie) |
| Butter | Fruit juices | Nuts and nut products | Tapioca |
| Cake mixes | Gelatine | Oil — olive, salad | Tea |
| Capers | Gherkins | Olives | Tomatoes — canned, puree, paste, juice |
| Cheese, cheese spreads | Ginger | Onions — fresh, pickled | Vegetables — fresh, canned, quick-frozen, dried |
| Cherries—glace, maraschino | Golden syrup | Pastry — packaged, mixes | Vermicelli |
| Chocolate | Gravy — cans or powders | Pastes — fish and meat | Vinegar |
| Cinnamon | Herbs | Peanut butter | Wines |
| Cloves | Honey | Peas | Yeast |
| Cocoa | Horseradish | Peel | |
| Coconut | Ice-block mixes | Pepper, cayenne, paprika | |
| Coffee | Ice-cream, ice-cream mixes, toppings | Pie cases, pie mixes | |
| Confectionery | | Potatoes, potato crisps | |
| Cornflour | | Puddings | |
| Corn | | | |
| Cream | | | |

CLEANING AND WASHING

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| Ammonia | Starch |
| Bleach | Steel wool |
| Blue | Turpentine |
| Borax | Vacuum-cleaner bags |
| Caustic soda | Water softener |
| Cleaners — bath, oven, window, floor, etc. | Wool shampoo |
| Deodorisers | |
| Detergents | |
| Dishcloths | |
| Disinfectants | |
| Dusters | |
| Kerosine, kerosine pump | |
| Methylated spirit | |
| Mops, brushes | |
| Polish — boot, metal, stove, furniture, floor | |
| Sandsoap | |
| Scourers | |
| Soaps | |
| Soap powders | |

MISCELLANEOUS

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| Adhesive plasters | Razor blades |
| Aluminium foil | Saline powder |
| Bird seed | Serviettes — paper |
| Candles | Shaving cream |
| Cigarettes and tobacco | Stamps |
| Clothes pegs and clothes lines | Stationery |
| Dog and cat food | Tissues |
| Electric light globes | Toilet rolls |
| Envelopes | Toothpaste, toothbrush |
| Fish food | |
| Freezer bags | |
| Gloves — household, gardening | |
| Headache powders or tablets | |
| Insect repellents | |
| Lighter fuel and flints | |
| Lunch wraps | |
| Matches | |
| Oil, household | |
| Poultry foods | |

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It is the world's largest-selling tonic food drink, hot or cold, winter and summer.



QUIZ

20 Give yourself ten points for each correct answer and 20 extra points if you answered the bonus question correctly. If you scored 20 or less, consider yourself still a private in the Battle of the Sexes. 30 to 50? You're starting to catch on to the other sex. 60 or more? They can't fool you!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 13, 1966

When Cecelia realised that her youth must soon
surrender to old age, the thought of spinsterhood had
no fears for her as she contemplated the future

Tonight I know

A sophisticated short story

By Chiquita Sandilands

I WISH I had stayed at home tonight. I wish I had done what I do on so very many Saturday nights in London—watched the frightful old film on television, polished my best silver pieces, finished reading last Sunday's papers, and taken my supper to bed on a tray.

Not exciting for a Saturday, you may think, but I like it. I have come to look upon Saturday as an oasis, not an arena. Time was when I would have thought it the end of the world if I hadn't had a date for Saturday. But time passes, and now I am grateful for a quiet evening with a long lie-in in prospect for tomorrow. I had forgotten that other time—or not forgotten but unknowingly outgrown it.

Now, sitting here at my dressing-table, I remember. The light above my head is very bright, a brilliant bulb carefully angled to illuminate my face when I do my make-up.

All my cosmetics are spread out across the dressing-table, and I could find each one of them without the light. They are never moved from their own appointed place, but taken up and put down exactly so.

That happened gradually, too. When I first set up in London as a bachelor girl, I was one of four. There were Paula, Anne, Frances, and me. We shared the dressing-table then, and a worse muddle I never hope to see. Looking back on it, it appals me, but then I enjoyed it.

We all had a choice of four shades of everything, and most of what we tried looked good. We used to clean that dressing-table by blowing hard along the surface to take off the top layer of powder, and then rubbing violently between the pots and jars with a face tissue. Messy, I agree, but we were always in such a hurry, particularly on Saturday nights.

When Anne left to get married, we inherited all her half-jars and used them right up. But by the time Paula went off, Frances and I found that our range had somehow closed up a little. What looked well on me made her look like a clown, and I couldn't use any of her colors without looking consumptive.

Then Frances went to America, and that was when my jars took their appointed places. I could not now tell you when I had the electrician in to place this bright light over my head, but it must have been when I found that I needed to look quite closely to be sure that my face and neck were the same color. Before that time, it either hadn't mattered or they just were the same color.

Before tonight I hadn't given that dressing-table a thought for years. I just used it day after day and that was that. It was the same with the wardrobe, where four interchangeable collections of garments used to hang. Frances, Paula, and I could exchange, anyway. Anne was too sizes smaller and enjoyed sole rights to her skirts, sweaters, pants, blouses, and coats.

Now my wardrobe is a careful affair of padded hangers, plastic covers, light garments on the left-hand side, heavy clothes and my fur coat on the right. How strange to consider that I can't abide the idea of anybody rummaging through my wardrobe and that I wouldn't dream of doing it to anybody else's! And yet — and yet, until tonight I never realised I felt that way.

Any more than I realised what it meant when Mrs. Robertson, my cleaner, remarked a few weeks ago that she was "used to my little ways." I didn't know I had any little ways, not as she meant it.

She meant about the wardrobe and the dressing-table, as well as the flower arrangement in the hall, my chosen disposition of the ornaments on the bureau, the manner in which the groceries are set out in the pantry, the milkman's order, and the biannual changing of curtains and covers.

When, oh when, did I develop my little ways? Was it before or after I found that I got a bad headache if I didn't eat regular meals, before or after I stopped taking so much bread or potatoes, before or after I began using hormone cream for my neck?

I don't know. I just don't know. I hadn't any little ways when I shared this flat with Paula, Frances, and Anne. When they went, and I had a salary good enough to keep on the big flat by myself, I didn't feel so different from the crowded days when we were four.

To page 30



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MEET • FAIRY WEBB

WOOLWORTHS
WONDERGIRL &

the
moon-baby
bit

Yet, tonight, I know not
only that I am a mass of
little ways, but that I am
set in them. That's why I
wish I hadn't gone out to-
night. I didn't really want to
know. If I had stayed at
home with my silver, my
week-old newspapers, and my
bacon and tomato sandwich,
I wouldn't be sitting here
beneath the bright light that
shows up the soft, relaxed
muscle beneath my chin.

Tonight, I went to a party
at Paula's house — Paula,
who was a bachelor girl when
I was, but who later married
a geologist. Although we had
kept in touch spasmodically,
I hadn't seen her since a few
months after her wedding,
eleven years ago. She and
the geologist had gone to live
in West Africa. Their first

Continued from page 29

two children were born
there, and their third in
England.

I thought the baby must
be about six months old by
now. When I reckoned it up,
of course, I found that the
little thing is nearly two. This
is always happening to me,
this finding that a lot more
water than I thought has
flowed under the bridge.

Anyway, I put away the
pretty matinee jacket that I
had intended to take as an
offering. It will come in
handy for another baby. In-
stead, I took Paula a bunch
of gladioli, which she used
to like.

I found Paula changed —

goodness me, how she has
changed! I never thought to
see her a matron, but that's
what she is now. She is
obviously perfectly happy,
though harassed and with one
and a half ears permanently
cocked for sounds from the
nursery. The geologist had
matured very nicely, and
seems hardly less devoted
than he was eleven years ago
— but it was a shock to the
system.

Paula kissed me when I
arrived, then handed me over
to the geologist. "Darling,
take Cecilia in. She knows
everybody, so you won't
have to introduce her."

To me she said over her

shoulder, from halfway up
the stairs: "You don't mind,
do you? I must just see to
the children now, or we shall
have yells later on. I'll see
you in five minutes."

"The joys of parenthood,"
said the geologist wryly, help-
ing me off with my coat. "Our
youngest has been a bit of a
trial to Paula, I'm afraid. A
bad sleeper all the time—we've
only just got him to go
through the night."

"I know where he gets that
habit from," I said, laughing
at what I had just remem-
bered from way back. "Paula
used to get up and pad round
at all hours—eating oranges,
if you please!"

"She wouldn't do that
now," the geologist said
heavily. "Once she gets her
head down she's away for as
long as the little brute will let
her."

Now, I am not the im-
mature sort who hankers in-
cessantly for lost merriment
and juvenile pleasures. But,
somehow, the thought of
Paula grabbing at sleep, hav-
ing to wake untimely at the
order of an infant, depressed
me more than words can say.

I didn't realise then, as I
have come to realise a few
hours later, that habits of
rising and retiring have to be
numbered among my little
ways.

The geologist opened the
door of the drawing-room and
ushered me in. "Now, I think
Paula's right. You know prac-
tically everybody, Cecilia."

The awful thing was that I
didn't—not at first. I was
occupied with thinking that
the company looked middle-
aged. Then, as gradually as all
the other revelations of this
evening have come upon me,
I realised these were my con-
temporaries.

There was Anne over there
and Frances standing by the
fire. There were sober-looking
gentlemen whom we had
known as students with little
money and less sense. There
were wives of former boy-
friends and husbands of
schoolfriends. There was a
great big woman in a tweed
dress whom I recognised at

FROM THE BIBLE

● You are salt to the
world. And if salt be-
comes tasteless, how is
its saltiness to be re-
stored? It is now good
for nothing but to be
thrown away and trod-
den underfoot.

— St. Matthew 5:13.
(New English Bible)

last and with difficulty. She
was a cousin of Paula's who
had once stayed with us for
weeks when she was suicidal
with unrequited love for a
Burmese painter.

And there was one, of
course, standing there with
a glass of punch in one hand
and a home-made canape in
the other, sticking out like
a sore thumb. For it was like
the Ark in that crowded room,
with everybody seeming to
be two and two, two and
two. I was the last of the
bachelor girls.

I found myself a chair
and waited for somebody to
recognise me. I wanted a few
moments to myself, so that
I could wonder how I had
come so far and never had
an occasion like this before.

I worked it out and dis-
covered the reason — when
you are nearly thirty-five, you
don't just go to parties any
more. You go to cocktail
parties given by people you
meet in business; charity balls
accompanied by whatever
man is taking you about at
the moment; to Christmas
parties given by relatives who
have always looked a hundred
years old, anyway; and to par-
ties given for a specific reason
by people you know casually
where you meet people you've
never seen before.

A party like this hadn't
happened for years. They
used to happen just like this
— a collection of long-stand-
ing friends and acquaintances
gathered in a small room,
drinking punch and talking
earnestly. But the years had
picked everybody up, worked
on them, pulled them this
way and that, altered them
not quite out of recognition,
and most cruelly replaced
their changeling shapes as I
found them now.

To page 37



There I was, sipping coffee
at a sidewalk cafe, drinking
up the winter sun... dream-
ing of a Tropic holiday.



"If you're
not in orbit,
moon-baby,
may I share
your table?"

"Welcome, earthling!
Two coffees, then
I'll show you the
mysteries of our
planet."

IT WAS WES, TAN
TERRIF... BACK
FROM ABROAD.

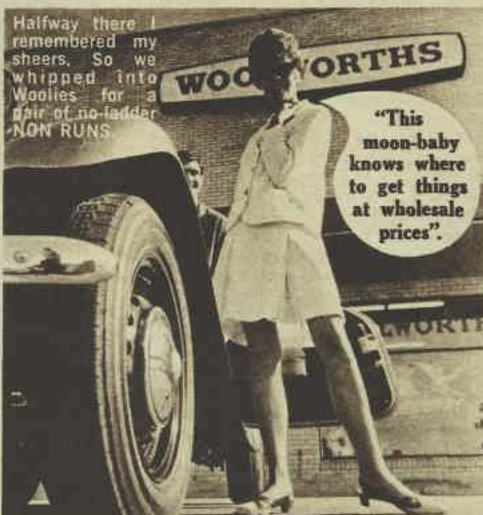


It was fun-chatter, way-out... wonderful. I promised
to show him the Luna Mountains in my Astrobus. I
out Moon-baby'd him at every turn.



Marvellous carefree day. We climbed
round the shore of a marvellous
lake... picnic'd and lazed in
a make-believe
world... Moon-
baby and
Earthling
One.

But even
Moon-babies
have to
make plans
so we filled
the G, picked
up a cold
chicken...
and headed
for the hills.



Halfway there I
remembered my
sheers. So we
whipped into
Woolies for a
pair of no-ladder
NON-RUNS

"This
moon-baby
knows where
to get things
at wholesale
prices".

Dear Diary...

What a way-out, wonderful day to
happen. What a test for those
Fairy Web NON-RUNS! Bush
track to my inland lake... snags
galore... and never a ladder!
Hardly a mark! It's true! Woolies
do buy the most expensive 12/-
type non-runs... and sell them
at 6/6. Shopping at Woolies is
like getting expensive things
Wholesale, isn't it?

Fairy Webb



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2-way stretch fits tall
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High hemlines, too!
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Micromesh seamless in
newest colours. 5/6

FAIRY-WEB NON-RUN
15 denier Guaranteed
ladder-proof! Weeks of
wear with normal
care! 6/6

A very special day

"Bill and I are engaged,"
Priscilla said excitedly.



I started off as just a perfectly ordinary day. I went down to breakfast when they sent Georgy up to get me. Georgy said it wasn't fair, he always had to come and get me, and for all he cared I could starve. I didn't take any notice of him; after all, what does a boy of eight know about writers? That's what I'm going to be, a writer, and everyone knows that writers live in a world of their own and don't care about meals and things like that.

So that's why I never go until they send Georgy for me. By the time I got there Georgy was back in his place wolfing his wheat-germ. Any sort of food is Georgy's favorite, as long as there's a lot of it. Mother was wearing slacks and one of Daddy's shirts again, so I knew she was still being a naturalist.

Perhaps I'd better explain about that: she's not always a naturalist. Sometimes she's an artist, or an outdoorsy sportswoman, or a sophisticated woman of the world. Once she was a shy, sensitive recluse, but that only lasted for a couple of days—it was boring and she missed people too much.

As I sat down at the table, Daddy said, "I wish you would come when you're called, Dorcas."

I felt a bit of a fraud, because what I was really doing was waiting for Georgy to come. To change the subject, I asked where Priscilla was. Mother said she had been out late and she was letting her sleep.

Daddy grinned at her, "You seem to be dressed for a field trip, Professor. Can I come, too?"

Mother beamed at him. "What a lovely idea—let's all go. We'll have a picnic. Would you like that, Georgy? Dorcas?"

Georgy had his mouth full of egg, but he nodded very enthusiastically, and I said it would be super. We were happily making plans when Priscilla drifted in.

She said "good morning" to nobody in particular and sat down and stared at the tablecloth.

Georgy gulped the last of his milk and shouted, "We're going to have a picnic 'Scilla— isn't that beaut?"

She just sat there. Georgy looked at Daddy; I could see he was going to tell on Priscilla for not answering him, but Daddy put his finger to his lips and Georgy didn't say anything. Nobody did. Then Priscilla looked from Daddy to Mother and said loudly, "Bill and I are engaged!"

"Darling, how exciting!" Mother said. "Tell us all about it."

Daddy gave her arm a little squeeze. "Well, well. That's quite a surprise. Don't look so worried, kitten, I'm very happy for you. Bill's a nice boy."

"The thing is," Priscilla said uncertainly, "we want to get married soon—before Christmas. Bill's firm is sending him to Perth in January, for two years. If we get married at Christmas I can go with him."

"I don't see why not. It will mean a bit of a rush getting your things ready, but we'll manage. Oh, dear, we'll all miss you so terribly," Mother said sadly.

"But it's only for two years. Then we'll be coming back here to live. I'm so happy and relieved! I thought you'd both say I'm too young."

"You're the same age Mother was when she married me," Daddy said. "And if you're quite sure about it, I don't see why you shouldn't be just as happy. How do Bill's parents feel about it?"

"I don't know. We only decided last night. His boss

told him yesterday about the Perth trip," she said. "I'll ring them," Mother decided, "and ask them to come to dinner tonight."

"What about our picnic?" Georgy demanded.

"Oh, Georgy, I'm sorry," Mother said.

Georgy's face crumpled up and he ran from the room. Mother sighed and went after him.

"I hope they can't come tonight, Daddy," Priscilla said, "although I suppose they'll have to come some time, and we might as well have it over and done with."

Daddy looked at her sharply. "You sound as though entertaining them will be an ordeal. It's not as if we'd never met them. It's true that Mother and I don't know them very well, but I know that they are fine people. I thought you liked them."

"Oh, I do," Priscilla was looking worried again. "Only they've never met us as a family—they might think we're a bit queer."

"Queer? What on earth do you mean?"

"Well they might!" Priscilla looked angry, too. "Georgy will sit and eat as if he's been starved and Dorcas will just sit and listen to every word everyone says."

They had both forgotten I was there, and when she said my name I expected them to wake up and send me out, but they didn't. She went on, "And Mother. When they meet her this time, she'll be doing the earnest student of nature bit—and next time she'll probably be something quite different."

"If you are criticising your mother, young lady, you certainly are too young and silly to get married," Daddy was furious. "Whenever they are fortunate enough to meet her she will be what she always is—herself. You silly little owl," he said, "don't you realise how lucky we are? Mother throws herself wholeheartedly into whatever she's doing, and without her wonderful enthusiasm how much fun we would all have missed! Whatever her hobby may be, her first and abiding interest is always us and our welfare and happiness."

There's no one like Daddy for putting you right about things . . . he certainly put Priscilla back in her box—she looked as if she was going to howl. She didn't, though, because Mother came back then.

"Action stations everybody!" she cried, "We've got a lot to do. I've rung the Andersons, and Bill is bringing them for dinner. They are very pleased about the engagement and Mrs. Anderson said some very nice things about you, Priscilla."

While she talked, Mother was hurriedly clearing the table. "And in the meantime we have a date with Georgy for a picnic lunch."

Well, that was yesterday. Georgy had his picnic, and it was a good one. We hurried home so Mother could make some special things for dinner . . .

Mr. Anderson thought they were very special — he ate twice as much as Georgy, so Priscilla didn't have to worry about him. She didn't have to worry about me, either. I couldn't help listening, but I made a particular effort and talked a little bit, too. Mrs. Anderson is super! She's a potter and she's going to show Mother how to do it. She and Mother have all sorts of plans; they might join the Little Theatre together next year.

It was certainly an interesting day, and something happened to make it rather important, too: I'm going to be a bridesmaid!

(Copyright)

A short short story by F. I. PHIPPS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 13, 1966

A 'SWEET' WAY TO GIVE health-giving VITAMIN C



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— Margaret Merrill

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*Their interests were mutual, so it was
no wonder he found her indispensable
... a romantic short short story*

GIRL SATURDAY

By DOROTHY M. ROSE



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KEY IN HAND, Nancy Briggs hesitated outside Ward Teller's apartment door, glad no one was in the hall of the old brownstone to witness the uncontrollable flush of her cheeks. Bittersweet, this prospect of seeing where Ward lived, learning more about the personal side of him than she did as his private secretary all week. But she was only acting as a sort of Girl Saturday today.

He'd been dictating to her yesterday when the phone call came that had so upset him.

"You mean you can't do the apartment at all today, Mrs. Miller...?" he'd asked, and struck his free hand to his forehead, listened a minute, then spoke sympathetically. "Sure, I understand. You take it easy, now, and I hope you feel better..."

After he hung up he slumped back in his chair. Nancy had almost giggled at the consternation on his rugged face. A bachelor apartment, denied the ministrations of its Friday cleaning woman, probably was a minor catastrophe. Nancy had sat silent, waiting for him to become conscious of her presence again.

"Lila's arriving tomorrow...!" he'd explained finally. "All the way from the Coast, with her folks. Her father's driving east on a business trip..."

And Nancy hadn't felt like giggling any more. Lila was a reality, then. He'd said the name as though everyone in the world should know who Lila was. Nancy did, though not through Ward. In a big office, the vital statistics about so attractive a man as Ward Teller were bound to be known. Lila was the girl, the one. Ward had grown up with Lila, gone to college with her. If they weren't engaged, they were nearly so.

Until yesterday, Nancy had been able to relegate the far-away Lila to the background, fill in the foreground of the last six months since Ward had joined the firm, with day-dreams. She and Ward had had no actual dates, but they had such a spontaneous, easy relationship in the office

over hastily grabbed suppers when they worked late. They often shared a cup of coffee together, too, when they ran into each other at an evening, the Greenwich Villagers who live near each other do.

"That apartment's a mess yesterday." Ward had moaned. "I took office work home every night this week."

And he was flying to Washington that afternoon, Friday, on business, back Saturday afternoon. Nancy knew. She'd made his reservations.

Ward had gone on muttering "Lila and her folks won't be staying with me, of course. No room. I'll take them out to eat while they're in town. But I wanted cocktail makings on hand, and the stuff that goes with them. I left a note for Mrs. Miller..." He'd shaken his head.

So Nancy had had to offer. And here she was.

She inserted the key, stepped inside, glanced around a minute, then laughed. His dwelling offered no discernible affirmation of the many facets of Ward's nature that she had sensed. The rooms were simply a masculine domain, and a mess, as he had warned.

Nancy threw off her coat. She'd have to be out of here by noon. The superintendent would admit Lila and her parents when they arrived later.

NANCY located the vacuum cleaner, emptied ashtrays, picked up strewn clothes, washed dishes, and dusted. And as she worked, progressing from room to room, recognisable reflections of Ward's personality emerged.

The prints of sailing vessels on the walls were charming, the records on the turntable some of her favorites. And she couldn't resist pausing beside the chess table in the living-room. Yes, Ward would play chess, himself against himself, when alone. Nancy studied the setup of chess pieces, moved one of the bishops.

A minute later, peering unseeingly into the empty refrigerator, Nancy straightened. And what about Lila? What would she be like?

Nancy could almost visualise her. The girl Ward Teller loved would be tall, tall and dark and poised, highly intelligent, probably slow to speak, but worth listening to when she did. Ward's note to Mrs. Miller had instructed her to purchase an unusual wine, dry and subtle. Nancy was familiar with it. And as accompaniment a girl like Lila would enjoy an imported, tangy cheese, spread on those paper-thin Swedish wafers.

Nancy dashed out to shop, hurried back, stored the food, laid the wine on its side in the refrigerator, and had just shrugged into her coat and rummaged Ward's key out of her purse when the doorbell pealed. Nancy froze. "Oh, no..." she breathed. It couldn't be! It mustn't!

But it was. The three people Nancy opened the door to were definitely a middle-aged man, his wife, and their daughter. Three pairs of eyebrows shot up, three pairs of eyes took in Nancy, looked

her up and down before they riveted on the key in her hand.

"You weren't expected so early..." Nancy cried. Oh! Absolutely the worst thing she could have said.

Lila's eyes, speculative, left the key.

Part of Nancy's mind noted: Lila wasn't tall and dark. She was short and fair, fluffy, like her mother. Given another 25 years, even less, would Lila be as heavy as her mother? Oh, how unfair! Nancy repented.

"Ward just asked me..." she began. Now, why had she called him Ward, instead of Mr. Teller? She rushed to explain: who she was, why she was here. She went on in detail about the sick cleaning woman, where Ward was,

when he would return. When she'd finished the recital, she caught herself starting it all over again.

They were polite about it. Nancy had to admit that, once she'd fled. Lila had recovered nicely for a girl who had the wind knocked out of her.

Nancy spent the rest of Saturday and all of Sunday in an agony of embarrassment and anxiety. She'd only meant to be helpful, but she'd certainly got Ward into hot water with his girl. Lila hadn't believed her story for a minute.

Monday morning Ward passed Nancy's desk with the briefest of nods. That meant he'd surely endured a long weekend of endless explaining.

When his buzzer sounded, Nancy went in to find him seated in his

swivel chair, looking out the window, his back to her. She sat down stiffly, notebook in hand.

After a minute, when he didn't speak, she ventured "I'm awfully sorry..." She saw the quick nod of his head, the wave of his hand. Things must have gone even worse than she'd thought. Maybe he was going to fire her. Maybe she'd never see him again! "Six months is a long time," he finally said to the window. "Lila was bound to meet someone else..."

Nancy stared at the back of his head. Oh, poor Ward! Oh, those little fluffy blondes! They were the sort who broke men's hearts and thought nothing of it.

"Naturally," Ward was saying. "Naturally, she wanted to tell me

in person. Lila's a great girl. She wouldn't break that kind of news in a letter..."

He swung around to face Nancy. "Any more than I would write to her about what's been happening to me..." Why, he was grinning! "It made it a lot easier for her to tell me," Ward said. "Finding you there, I mean. She thought you looked as though you belong..."

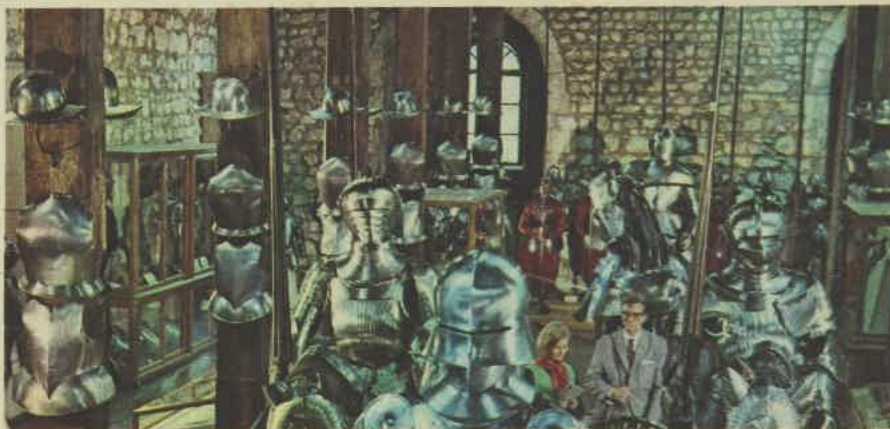
Nancy colored and started to protest.

Ward raised his hand. "Well, you did move my bishop, didn't you..."

They were right for each other. She knew it! A Girl Saturday could be promoted to a Mrs.-All-Week.

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AUSTRALIAN Home Journal OUT NOW 20c

BUILT ROUND

● Architect Gabriel Poole designed his own home in Sherwood, Qld., round a central, tree-filled courtyard. All the rooms open on to, or overlook, either this or one of the two smaller additional courtyards.

WHEN Mrs. Gabriel Poole's grandmother presented her with a baby grand piano, Mrs. Poole and her husband, a young Brisbane architect, decided to build an extra room to accommodate it in their pleasant courtyard-type home.

Now the music-room is one of the most attractive rooms in their three-bedroom home. They also built into the room a divider unit of black bean timber with radiogram, writing-desk, and bookshelves.

A subdivided front garden of "Hazelmere," one of Brisbane's fine old residences, provided the site for the Pooles' new home.

There were four large jacaranda trees, two guava trees, and one black bean tree on the site. Gabriel Poole designed his home to sit among these trees.

That was three years ago, when he was a fifth-year Architectural student.

The design allows all the rooms to open on to or overlook courtyards. Two bedrooms open directly on to the main courtyard through large sliding panel doors — one solid timber and one louvred. These doors are an attractive feature, and apart

from giving excellent ventilation they add shade and coolness for summer.

The construction of the house includes concrete floors, concrete-block walls plastered inside and finished with Tyrolene render on the outside.

Incorporated in the main bedroom are separate walk-in dressing-rooms for husband and wife. Long glass sliding doors open from the bedroom on to the front garden, which is screened from the road by a white concrete wall.

Kitchen, laundry, and sewing-room are concentrated in one corner of the house. Mrs. Poole said this had proved a very practical arrangement, and because the site was small and shaded by trees an automatic dryer was installed in the tiny laundry.

Long glass doors in the living-room open on to a rear courtyard and also on to the spacious main courtyard at the front. This series of tree-filled courtyards and also the design of the house make the Pooles' home very cool for the Queensland summer. In the winter the trees shed their leaves and the sun shines directly through.

Two of the bedrooms have cork-tile floor, and green reconstructed quarry-stone tiles have been used in the passageways, bathroom, and toilet.

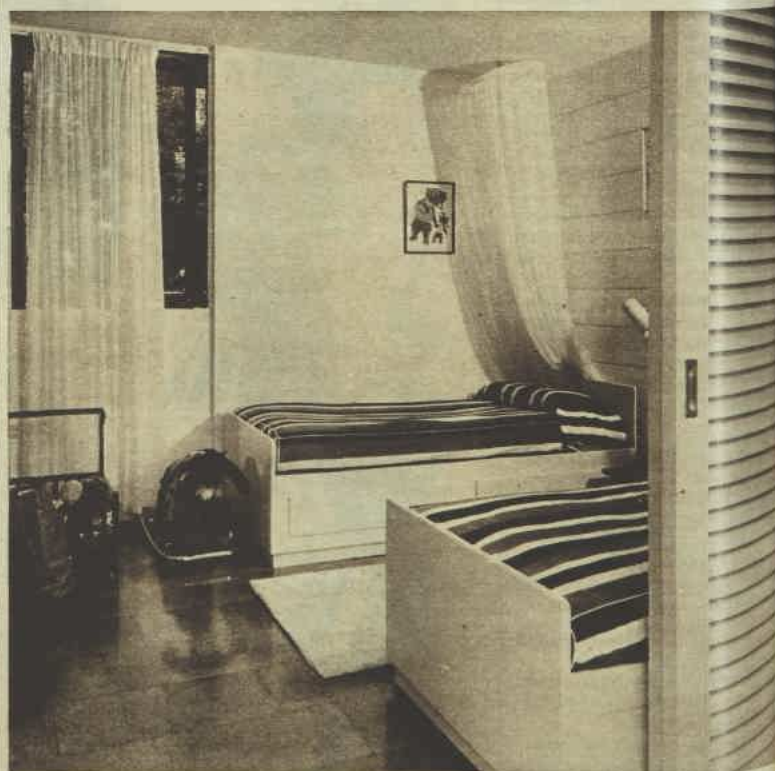
In the interior, the walls are white throughout, and the ceilings are ice-blue.

The area of the house, including the carport, is 1800 square feet.

— Jean Bruce

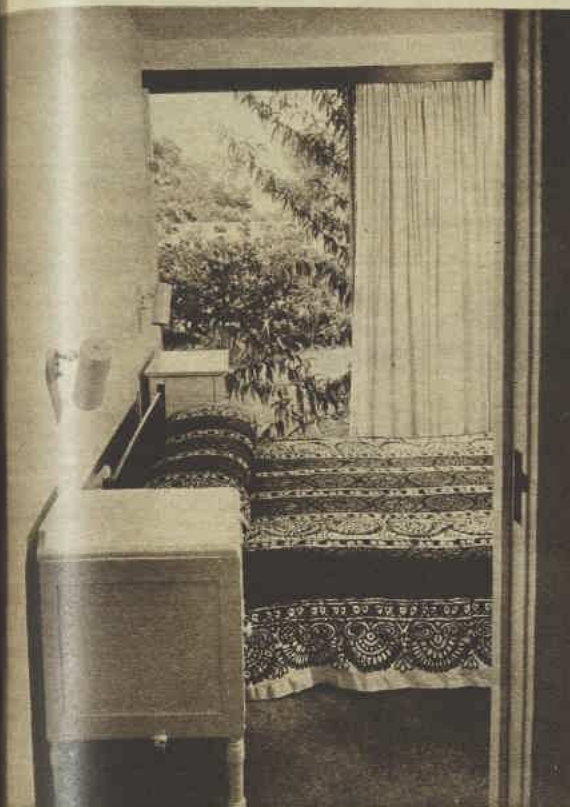
● HOUSE of the WEEK

Pictures by Bob Millar



CHILDREN'S ROOM in Mr. and Mrs. Poole's home at Sherwood, Qld. Cork tiles cover the floor. Not shown is a full-length built-in wardrobe.

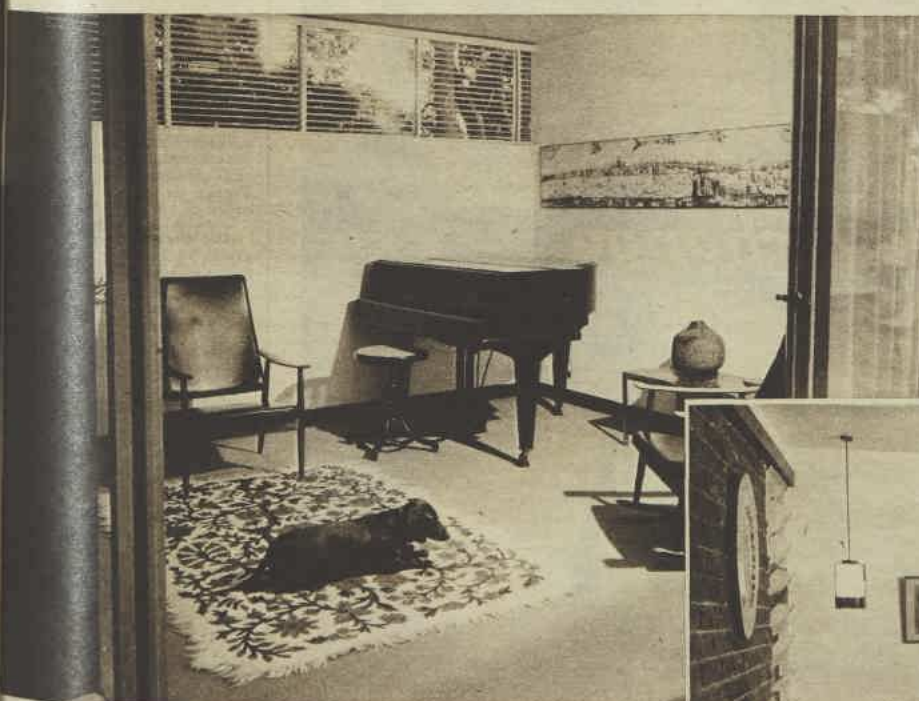
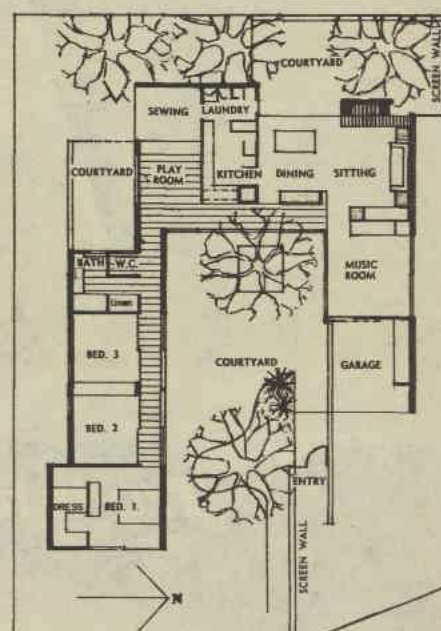
A TREE-FILLED COURTYARD



MAIN BEDROOM has sliding glass doors leading to front garden, which is screened from street by a white concrete-block wall. This room has separate walk-in dressing-rooms for husband and wife.



COURTYARD home is screened from the street by white walls. Main bedroom is at left of picture; the other two bedrooms in this wing open across a tiled passage to main court.



MUSIC-ROOM was added to accommodate a gift of a baby grand piano. Furniture in this room, including a divider unit, is of black bean. Bengy, family dogshund, is seated on the rug.

SITTING-ROOM, which incorporates (at front of picture) the dining area, opens on one side to a private rear courtyard, on the other to the tiled passageway and main court.





● Porcelain, old silver.

Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies some interesting antiques for our readers.

COULD you please identify my plate and silver boat-shaped sugar basin? — Mrs. B. C. Ralph, Armidale, N.S.W.

The plate (left) is a fine example of English Derby porcelain. The naturalistic manner in which the iris is painted, and the inscription and factory mark—jewelled crown, crossed batons, "D" and the numerals "313"—indicate that the plate is late 18th century. It was painted by "Quaker" Pegg (William Pegg) about 1795-1800. The Derby works was founded by William Duesbury in 1756. The elegant sugar basin, with movable handle, bears the Dublin hall-marks for the year 1803

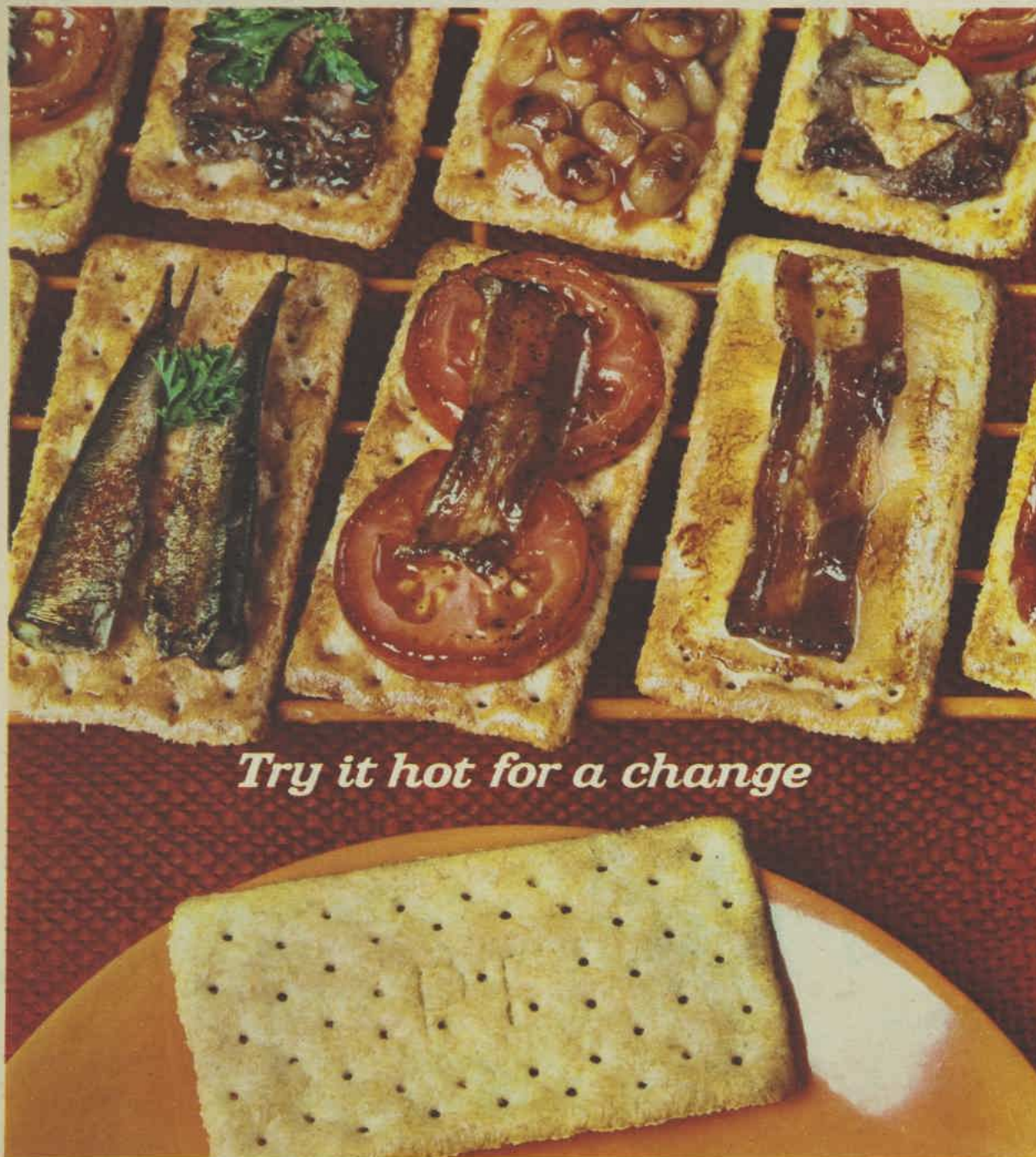
and was made by James Scott. The "bright-cut" engraved border is typical of the period.

★ ★ ★
ON the back of a pair of Wedgwood plates I own are the marks "Fallow Deer, Wedgwood, Etruria, England," as well as the letters "G" and "L" and "4 H.A." When were the plates made? — Mrs. A. F. E. Grant, Beaconsfield, Tasmania.

Your plates (right), which are decorated in blue and white, were made about 1925-30. The decoration, which is a transfer under the glaze, is a reproduction of an early 19th-century design.



● Blue-and-white plate.



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HOME HINTS

● These household hints sent in by readers, win a prize of \$2 each.

DON'T throw away those old caps that have lost their handles. Keep them to make individual steamed puddings. After filling caps with the pudding mixture, tie grease-proof paper over the tops as you would with a pudding basin.—Mrs. S. Carter, Flat 6, 305 High St. Thomastown, Vic.

★ ★ ★
To keep baby's bassinet neat and tidy, put the mattress in a pillowslip instead of using a sheet. This saves the time spent in tucking in a sheet, as the pillowslip remains in place.—Mrs. J. Fogg, 140 Denison St., Bondi Junction, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
If desiccated coconut has become dry and shrivelled, steam it gently for a few minutes. It will regain its whiteness and softness.—Mrs. Dorothy Fry, 8 Gibbon St., Cronulla, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
For the home dressmaker: A ironing plunger can be used as a marionette guide for pinning garment hems. It will stand alone, leaving the hands free for pinning. Mark length of skirt on plunger handle with chalk, then move plunger round the skirt hem as you pin.—Mrs. Ivy Hodges, 4 Garlick Ave., Newtown, Geelong, Vic.

★ ★ ★
To roast vegetables in a hurry, place them in baking dish in the usual way but cook on top of the stove with a medium heat until the bottom halves of vegetables are cooked. Then, without turning, put into a hot oven to cook the tops until golden brown.—Mrs. P. Tooma, 21 Russell St., South Brisbane.

★ ★ ★
Add one tablespoon custard powder to each cup of self-raising flour when making pikelets, for a really delicious flavor.—Rosemary Johnston, 39 Anzac Ave., Toowoomba, Qld.

★ ★ ★
Use baby's playpen if you are short of drying space in wet weather. Turn the pen on its side and hang nappies, etc., on the rungs. Place in a draught or in a small closed room heated by a radiator.—Mrs. P. J. Ogden, 10 Myimbar Way, Nollamara, W.A.

★ ★ ★
Knit the front bands of a cardigan on stocking needles. You will have a quicker and neater job.—P. Brown, 167 Fomberg Rd., Rosalie, Qld.

★ ★ ★
Colored bath towels make attractive and easily washed cushion covers for your sunroom.—Mrs. Marion Kenyon, 6 Melrose Ave., Springvale, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
For that cold tiled floor at the shower recess in winter: Take a plastic foam bath mat, cut a round hole in the centre for a water outlet, and place under shower. You'll have warmer feet and less mess.—Mrs. G. A. Jansen, 77 Napier St., Taroona, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
If you have open fires or oil combustion fires in winter, save all your empty matchboxes throughout the whole year. When lighting gas and kindling is scarce, three or four opened matchboxes strategically placed in the fire are a great help in keeping the first blaze going.—Mrs. R. E. Stockley, 36 Ormond Ave., Warradale, S.A.

If I had seen all these people at intervals over the years, I might scarcely have noticed how they had changed. More important, I would have compared myself with them, and probably noticed sooner how I have changed.

It was rather painfully clear that all these people, my companions of earlier years, now saw me exactly as I saw them. They began to come over to where I sat with my punch and canape, all full of exclamations.

"It's Cecelia! My dear, how are you? It's been years, hasn't it? Don't you look well?"

Or: "Well, so it's Cecelia! Haven't seen you for how long — ten or twelve years? I'd have recognised you anywhere. Let me introduce my wife."

Or: "Cecelia! More glamorous than ever! You haven't changed a bit. I want you to meet my husband — no, I didn't marry Roger after all. I thought you knew. That's my one, over there — the one with the moustache. We've got four children — it doesn't seem possible, does it?"

And there was me agreeing that nobody had changed a bit, that I would have recognised all of them anywhere, that yes, indeed, we'd all come a long way since the old days.

It had to be Paula, flushed and a little untidy now, who said: "So you haven't married, Cecelia?"

"No," I said. "I haven't." "Isn't that strange? I was sure you'd have settled down years ago. Every time you wrote, I used to think that this time you'd tell me you'd taken the plunge. But no — there isn't anybody?"

"I've had my little offers, of course," I said quickly, because this was a situation that was not new to me. People are inclined to inquire about one's status as if it were an unfortunate ailment. "Perhaps it isn't in my stars or something — getting married."

"Oh, nonsense! A girl with your looks and everything — why, you used to keep us poor souls supplied with your cut-off boyfriends! Do you remember Peter? He's over there somewhere. He married Phyllis, of course, but I never thought they were right for each other. Seems to have worked out quite well, but he would have been ideal for you, I always thought."

I looked for Peter, and he would not have been ideal for me at all. He was baggy in all directions, an arm-waving talker with a voice like a foghorn. He reached in his pockets for cigarettes, and showed the carpet with his tickets, receipts, torn-up paper, pencil stubs, and shreds of tobacco.

It's just one of my little ways, I now see so clearly, that I can't stand personal disorder. I vacuum-clean the linings of my handbags before I put them away. Until tonight, I thought I had done that always, but now I recall that I used to find Peter's pieces under the chairs and didn't think anything of it.

This mood that now possesses me was gathering strength even then. To try to escape it, I turned Paula's questioning.

"Tell me about you," I said. "You look very well and happy."

"Oh, I am!" said Paula, and her tired eyes lit up. "We've been happy all along."

Continued from page 30

It wasn't terribly easy to bring up the kids out there in Africa, and we've never got enough money for everything we need, and children are hell to civilise—but we soldier on. I'm very lucky."

She turned her head as if she hoped she had not been overheard. I thought for a moment that she was worried in case she had seemed patronising. Then I saw that she was looking at Frances, who was at the fireside listening intently to a man who was talking at her.

Paula said quietly: "Have you seen Fran yet? She hasn't been lucky, poor darling. Did you know about her?"

"No. We lost touch after she went to America. What happened to her?"

"She got married, but it broke up. There were no children, thank goodness. That must be dreadful, to be left with kids."

"Frances was divorced? I had no idea."

"Yes, but don't let her know I told you. She didn't take it well, I'm afraid. Look, come and meet her."

Frances performed the difficult manoeuvre of greeting me while trying not to lose touch with the lecturing man. She introduced him to me, so that we made an awkward three.

When he excused himself to fetch more punch, I saw that her eyes followed him through the crowd, even while she was exclaiming about the years, the lack of change in me, and how she had always meant to write but never got down to it.

"Cecelia, you still look just the same! I feel an old bag standing beside you!"

"What kind of talk is that? You look marvellous, but a bit thinner than I remember. It suits you. How long have you been back in England?"

I still don't know how long she has been back, because I didn't listen to her reply. I was thinking that her eyes looked so anxious, set in shadowed patches of almost transparent skin, and they were never still.

I FOUND it difficult to talk to somebody with such restless eyes. She, too, expressed surprise that I am unmarried, and then she said defiantly, "We're wise, my dear, as bachelor girls. Or reformed bachelor girl in my case. I tried it, you know—marriage—and it isn't all it's cracked up to be. You're lucky to have avoided it."

"I didn't exactly avoid it."

"Well, anyway, you've escaped it. You just think of yourself as lucky."

"But all these people — the married ones — Paula — they all seem happy."

"Seem. We can't really know, can we?"

"I suppose not." I didn't want to delve further into the subject. Neither of us seemed quite qualified to discuss it. "That man you were talking to — I thought he might be..."

"Oh, no. Nobody. He just seems to be the only unattached man in the place, that's all."

Her eyes met mine for just an instant. I was surprised to find them so afraid, until it came to me that she was afraid of competition from the only other unattached female in the place. Poor Frances.

She said quickly, "We ought to circulate. We shall be unpopular, standing here in a private hen party. Look, let's meet for lunch soon. Give me your number, and I'll ring you."

Now I had lost her eyes entirely; the urge to leave

TONIGHT I KNOW

me, to find somebody else to talk to who might have something to offer when I hadn't, was somehow degrading to both of us. Neither of us had anything to be ashamed of, but we were acting as if we had.

I gave her my phone number, and she didn't even remember that it was the one we once shared. She didn't write it down, but only repeated it after me, so I knew she would forget it immediately. I was glad of that. It would be the best thing all round.

She drifted away from me, becoming purposeful only when she located the lecturing man. I was still standing by myself at the fireside when she had got him well going in conversation again. If that was circulation, I thought, then let me take root.

I now realise that I should have made my excuses and gone home at that point. It would have saved me this long hour of revelation beneath the bright, carefully angled lamp at my dressing-table.

For next moment Anne was beside me. She, predictably, said that I looked well, was a little plumper in the face, and what a shame it was that we had lost touch. I, equally predictably, said that she, too, looked well, etcetera.

"And not married yet, Cecelia, so they tell me?" she said sharply, as if it were not a malady but a misdeed. "Why's that, then?"

"I don't think I could tell you in so many words, Anne," I replied thoughtfully.

Only then did I remember that Anne had always driven me mad because she prides herself on calling a spade a spade and not a something shovel. There is nobody like Anne in my circle now. I don't like the type.

"I must say, though, you don't seem to be doing too badly for yourself," Anne went on, looking me over as if putting a price to my frock and a brand to my lipstick. "Of course, with all your salary—though how you could stick a solicitor's office for sixteen years is beyond me—I suppose you'd have your wings clipped if you married now."

"Yes," I said, because one can say that monosyllable in a very discouraging way. But, in fact, Anne can only be discouraged with actual violence. "Mind you," she went on, "it wouldn't suit me. I mean, not being married at your age you can't plan ahead much, can you? You don't know whether somebody'll come along suddenly and sweep you off your feet—do you?"

"No," I meant yes, actually, because I was beginning to see dimly what I now see so clearly. But Anne could have laid me down and jumped on me before I'd have told her.

Now followed the display of pictures of her children, two boys and a little girl. I must say they looked delightful, but then I always like other people's children. The little girl was Anne's double, which, I hoped, was not a bad omen. "You're lucky to have such lovely children," I said warmly.

"Yes," said Anne. It was plain that she, too, knew how to get the most out of that word. I knew, as she meant me to know, that she considered me unlucky.

In the exact moment that our conversation languished, Paula brought somebody else through the crush to join us. It was a man I hadn't noticed before—a man of perhaps forty, looking just the slightest bit apprehensive.

"Now, you girls!" cried Paula briskly. "Just you come out of that huddle. There's

somebody here who wants to meet Cecelia."

I have frequently seen people who looked more anxious to meet me, but hostesses with a sense of duty toward unmarried friends are inclined to overdo things and produce tension in their victims.

"Cecelia, this is Desmond Burton. We knew him in Africa, and he's only just got back to London, so he's a bit out of touch. I told him you were the very person to tell him everything that's going on in the Western world!"

Paula delicately omitted to say that Mr. Burton was also unmarried, in the same way that she didn't stress my own unfortunate state, but neither of us was left in any doubt. It was either the look in her eye or the way she took both our hands in her own as she made the introductions.

Anyway, she had a very speculative expression and waited a few moments to see all was well with us. Then, praise be, she took Anne away.

Desmond Burton was a useful man to meet at a party like tonight's. Whatever his background was, I didn't know a thing about it, and he knew nothing of mine. I was more at home with somebody like that. With such a person you can try out subjects until you find something of mutual interest and then stick to it.

"Paula tells me you used to live together? Was that in London?"

"Yes, we used to share a flat with two others. Anne, who was here a moment ago, and Frances—that dark-haired girl over there."

"I've met her. She's lived in America, hasn't she?"

"She's had about seven years in New York. She got the offer of a marvellous job—I believe she did very well."

"And you've always stayed here in London?"

"Yes, I'm with a firm of solicitors."

"I had a little to do with the law in Africa. Are you a solicitor yourself or on the clerical side?"

"Oh, sort of right hand to the principal—you know, not quite secretary and not quite partner—one of those jobs you grow into. What did you do in Africa?"

"One of those jobs you grow out of, I'm afraid. Come independence and they wave goodbye to you."

"Were you sorry to return to England?"

"Not exactly. The job I had was necessarily a dead end, you see. I loved Africa, but..."

Then we were off, because we had found the subject we needed. Just a question here and there kept him going. In between, an interested expression sustained him.

Everything would have been all right, even then, if I had only kept a more careful watch on the clock. As it was, he was still talking when the crowd began to thin out. And it was past the time when one can easily get a taxi.

I saw Frances leaving with the lecturing man. She looked a little happier, I thought. Two and two they were all leaving, and panic came up and stung me.

I had almost forgotten that dying time of evening. Now it came back to me how it used to feel—would the right man offer to see me home, or would it have to be a make-shift group in the handiest car? How badly it had mattered!

But how long was it since I had developed the habit of leaving alone if I had arrived alone because it saved complications? Long enough

To page 38

*****AS I READ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 6.

ARIES
MAR. 21 - APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, blue.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

TAURUS
APR. 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

GEMINI
MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

CANCER
JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

LEO
JULY 23 - AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23 - OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24 - NOV. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, blue, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 24 - DEC. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, black, brown.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 24 - JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, pink, navy.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21 - FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 19.
★ Gambling colors, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

PISCES
FEB. 20 - MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, red, brown.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 43. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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RIVETS



Continued from page 37

for me to have forgotten the other, that was sure. Practice had perfected my exits, but this time I had slipped up.

Paula, obviously trying to loosen the stickers-on so that she could go to bed, came toward us.

"Desmond, you'll drive Cecelia home, won't you? You look as if you've still got a lot to talk about!"

"Of course I will. Shall I get your coat, Cecelia?"

Already, I could have told to a word the inevitable sequence of events. All I couldn't have foretold exactly was this final outcome before my bright mirror.

I knew that Paula would say roughly, "There, didn't I find somebody nice for you? Did you like him?" And she did.

I knew that Desmond would stop his car outside the flats and say, "Here we are, then. May I come in for a nightcap?" And he did.

I knew that he would sit down on my pale green satin-covered sofa and say, "This is a very comfortable place you've got here. Nice for you to have it all to yourself, but a bit lonely, perhaps?" And he did.

I knew that he would nurse his whisky glass between his hands and tell me that he, too, was lonely. And he did.

I knew that when I stoppered the decanter for the last time and remained standing, which is the very last of the gentle hints, that he would say, "Well?" And he did.

Suddenly I felt as tired as Paula

had looked. Equally suddenly I saw as clearly as I see it now what had been stirring in me since this evening began.

I knew for sure, as I had only sensed in the instant that Frances' worried eyes looked into mine, that I was no longer in this game. I am out of the running, disqualified by inclination, by nature or by circumstances, from competing to find myself a man.

I smiled politely at Desmond. Both of us knew what an aging bachelor means when he says, "Well?" like that. He means that neither of us is a chicken any more, that we know our own minds, and that nobody is going to look to see who leaves a bachelor girl's flat at breakfast-time.

I have had this proposition many times. My policy of going home alone if I had gone out alone was the direct result of being rather tired of hearing it. There had also been one or two unseemly scuffles with those who didn't believe I meant what I said.

Desmond did believe me this time. I was a little sorry for him as we shook hands at the door. His eyes, in their own way, had the same expression as poor, searching Frances'. Both of them were still in the running — perhaps it was my duty to have given both of them some sort of hint about the other.

Then I came back into my comfortable, well-ordered, perfectly appointed bachelor-girl flat. For the very first time I saw it for what it was — a spinster's residence. And in the glass here in my room I saw myself for the first time as a spinster, no longer a bachelor girl.

I have been sitting here for an hour, wondering how it happened. Am I, perhaps, a selfish woman? Have I simply grown into self-indulgence to the point where I am not prepared to sacrifice my comfort to anybody else's?

Is it because I am a spinster that I shudder at the thought of being awakened in the night by a demanding child? Would I have been different if I had married Peter or Roger or one of the other three who asked me? Would I then not have minded if my carpets were puppy-chewed, my cushions soiled, and my kitchen like a car-track?

Is it because I am a spinster that I think I would mind, or am I a spinster because I know I would?

And yet I now know that that can't be the whole story. The rest of it lay in Frances' eyes, her restless, watching eyes. I am no longer watching or waiting as Anne thinks I must be. Indeed, I have done as Paula thought I should have done. I have settled down as a spinster.

I haven't given up thoughts of marriage. I never had them. I couldn't have had them or I would have accepted one of my five proposals. I turned them down at the time because I thought each of the men was wrong for me. Now I know that I, with all the seeds of my little ways already germinating, was wrong for them.

O H, I was in love with all five of them in five different ways. Yet even then I had no sense of involvement with any of them. I had no feeling that any of them could have altered the course of my life or made me into a different kind of person.

Perhaps they could have wrought changes, one or other of them, if I had been prepared to let them try. But I was not prepared to let them try. It didn't seem necessary. Maiden aunts have to come from somewhere, and now I know where they come from.

Those women tonight, grand wives and mothers all, thought that I must envy them their luck, but I don't. They only have in their way what I have in mine — happiness, contentment, security. They'd never believe me if I told them, though.

Just after Desmond left I had that quick, cold feeling of shock and wished I had stayed at home tonight. This much later I'm so sorry after all. Now that I know what I know, see what I could have seen before, I am at peace.

If I have a regret it is that I shall have to get up earlier than usual tomorrow — today, rather. The silver badly needs doing, and I must get out the fresh covers for Mrs. Robertson to put on on Monday. I must put clean paper in all the kitchen cupboards, too. I can do that every fourth Sunday, because it fits in with the grocer sending round the monthly order of dry goods.

Mrs. Robertson will know without my telling her that the cutlery I leave on the left-hand side of the dresser is in need of rubbing with plate powder.

I wonder how long Paula and Anne will go on tut-tutting about my state — spinster of this parish. That's out of the Banns of Marriage, come to think of it. How funny that I should think of that — now.

(c) 1964 by Chiquita Sandilands

TONIGHT I KNOW

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TEA-TIME SCONES

2 level cups self-raising flour;
1 teaspoon salt;
1 dessertspoon icing sugar; 1 oz. butter;
1 dessertspoon 'Bonlac' salt & icing sugar together. Lightly rub butter into the sifted flour. 'Bonlac' Powder, salt & icing sugar together. Lightly rub butter into the mixture. Mix thoroughly to a soft dough with water. Knead on floured board shapes out 1" thick and cut into floured tray in a hot oven, 450-475, for 8-12 minutes.

Variation: Date or raisin scones. Add an extra dessertspoon of sugar and 1 cup of dates or raisins cut into small pieces.



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OLD FASHIONED FAVORITES

● In this cookery feature are the easy, ever-popular sweets you'll make for your family many times during the year. Follow our recipes to make them perfectly.

WE tested dozens of recipes for each type of confectionery. Those given in this feature were chosen unanimously — for ease of making, pretty appearance, and downright good eating.

There are melt-in-the-mouth marshmallows, crisp honeycomb, creamy coconut ice, colorful jellies—all the old favorites are included.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

SCHOOLBOY'S TOFFEE

Three pounds sugar, 3 cups water, 1 tablespoon vinegar. Combine all ingredients in saucepan. Heat slowly, stirring until sugar has dissolved. When mixture boils, place lid on saucepan for few minutes to dissolve any sugar which may have adhered to sides. Remove lid, cook quickly until syrup is pale amber color and a little dropped into cold water forms hard ball. Spoon or pour quickly into paper patty cases standing in muffin tins. Sprinkle with colored nonpareils, coconut, or chopped nuts. Allow to set.

CREAMY TOFFEE

Twelve ounces brown sugar, 2oz. butter, 6oz. golden syrup, 1 pint milk. Place all ingredients in saucepan. Heat slowly, stirring until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil. Do not stir after mixture has boiled. Cook until small amount of mixture dropped into cold water forms hard ball. Pour into greased tin, mark into squares when half-cold. Break into squares when completely cold and set.

NUTTY-FLAKE TOFFEES

Three and a half cups crisp corn breakfast cereal, 1 cup chopped nuts, 2oz. brown sugar, 3oz. butter, 1 tablespoon honey. Heat butter, sugar, and honey in saucepan until mixture is frothy. Add corn cereal and nuts; mix well. Spoon into patty cakes, bake in moderately slow oven 10 to 15 minutes.

HONEYCOMB TOFFEE

Eight ounces sugar, 1 dessertspoon water, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda. Combine sugar, water, and golden syrup in large saucepan. Heat slowly, stirring until mixture comes to boil. Boil until mixture is rich honey color or small amount dropped into cold water forms hard ball. Remove from heat, stir in bicarbonate of soda. Continue to stir as mixture froths up, until mixture is light honey color and well blended. Pour into greased tin. Mark into squares as mixture cools. When cold, break up, store in airtight jar.

TURKISH DELIGHT

One and a half pounds sugar, 1lb. liquid glucose, 1½ pints cold water, 7oz. cornflour, extra ½ pint cold water, 1 teaspoon citric acid, 1 dessertspoon cold water, pink food coloring, icing sugar to coat. Syrup: Half pound sugar, ½lb. liquid glucose, 2½oz. water, 1½oz. gelatine, 6 tablespoons rose water. Dissolve sugar in water, bring to boil, add glucose. Combine cornflour and extra water; mix well. Add to boiling glucose and sugar mixture, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add acid dissolved in the dessertspoon water. Cook mixture slowly ½ hour, stirring often to prevent thickening at bottom of pan. Meanwhile, prepare syrup. Dissolve sugar in water and, when mixture boils, add glucose. Continue to boil until small amount of syrup dropped into cold water forms soft ball. Pour in thin stream into main mixture, stirring well. Soften gelatine in rose water; dissolve over boiling water, add to main mixture. Mix well. Color pink with food coloring, pour into lined and greased tin. Allow to stand 24 hours before cutting. Cut into squares, roll in sifted icing sugar.

NEAPOLITAN JELLIES

One ounce gelatine, 1 orange, 1 lemon, 1lb. sugar, 5oz. water, 2 tablespoons sherry, red and green food coloring. Soften gelatine in little of the cold water. Thinly peel half the rind from orange and lemon, cut into small pieces. Squeeze juice from fruit. Place rind, juice, sugar, and water into saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved; allow to boil. Add softened gelatine and sherry; simmer

MARSHMALLOWS can be rolled in coconut, studded with cherries, flavored with peppermint, topped with chocolate. See panel at right.

until gelatine is dissolved. Strain, then divide equally into 3 basins. Color one portion green, another red, leave third plain. Pour red jelly into wetted bar tin, place in freezer to set quickly. Whip third portion until white and commencing to set. Pour evenly over red jelly, then finally cover with green jelly. When set, cut into squares, roll in castor sugar or coconut.

CHOC-ORANGE PEEL

Rind of 2 oranges, water, 1 cup sugar, extra ½ cup water, 3oz. chocolate.

Thinly peel oranges, cut peel into very narrow, thin strips, using kitchen scissors or knife. Place in saucepan of cold water. Bring slowly to boil, simmer ½ hour or until peel is tender; strain. Place sugar and ½ cup water in saucepan, stir until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils; add orange peel. Boil, stirring constantly, until sugar syrup candies round peel (approximately 15 minutes). Remove from pan, cool. Place chopped chocolate in top of double saucepan, melt over hot water. Add candied peel, cook well with chocolate. Place on wax paper on top of cake cooler; separate pieces. Refrigerate until set.

COCONUT ICE

Four ounces solid white vegetable shortening, 1lb. icing sugar, 1lb. desiccated coconut, 2 egg-whites, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pink and green food coloring.

Place coconut, vanilla, slightly beaten egg-whites, and sifted icing sugar into heatproof basin. Melt shortening over gentle heat (it should be warm, not hot). Pour shortening on to ingredients in basin; mix to combine thoroughly. Divide mixture in 3. Color one portion pale green with food coloring. Press into 7in. tin which has been lined with greased paper. Press white portion over top of green layer. Color remaining mixture pale pink, place over white mixture. Press down firmly. Allow to set, then cut into blocks.

SIMPLE TURKISH DELIGHT

Two tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup sugar, grated rind 1 orange and 1 lemon, 1 cup hot water, 1-3rd cup orange juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, coloring.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Make syrup from sugar, rind, and hot water; when boiling, add softened gelatine. Boil gently 20 minutes. Remove from heat, add fruit juices; strain mixture. Color with pink food coloring. Pour into wetted tin, allow to set. When firm cut into squares, using knife dipped in hot water. Roll in sifted icing sugar mixed with little cornflour.

TOFFEE APPLES

Three cups sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, red food coloring, small red apples, wooden skewers.

Wash apples well. (The oil on skin of apples sometimes prevents toffee from sticking to apples.) Dry well. Remove stems, pierce apples with wooden skewers. (These can be obtained from the butcher.) Chill apples while preparing toffee. When the hot toffee meets the cold apple it will set immediately, making coating easier.

Combine sugar, water, and vinegar in small saucepan. Bring slowly to boil, stirring constantly and making sure the sugar has dissolved before mixture boils. Do not stir once mixture has boiled. (Undissolved sugar, and stirring after the mixture has boiled, can cause candied toffee.) Cook toffee steadily and quickly until it turns a deep straw color. The toffee should bubble slowly and thickly, and when small portion is dropped into cold water it should form hard ball. (Undercooked toffee is one of the main causes of failure when making toffee apples.) Add few drops of red food coloring, stir in quickly. Dip apples into toffee, swirl round, coating well. Stand upright on waxed paper to set.

Note: Do not store in refrigerator — this will cause sticky toffee.

RECIPES FROM OUR
LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



MARSHMALLOWS

BASIC RECIPE

Two ounces gelatine, 2lb. sugar, 1½ cups boiling water, 1 cup cold water, 2 teaspoons vanilla essence, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add sugar to boiling water, bring back to the boil; stir to dissolve sugar. Add soaked gelatine, boil steadily 20 minutes. Allow to cool to lukewarm. Flavor with vanilla and lemon juice. Beat until very thick and white. Pour into large, shallow tins which have been rinsed out with cold water. Allow to set. Cut into squares, roll in icing sugar or toasted coconut.

To toast coconut: Spread coconut on baking trays, bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. Shake tray occasionally. Alternatively, the coconut can be put into large, heavy frypan and cooked over moderate heat. Shake pan continually so coconut does not burn, or stir it with fork.

VARIATIONS

Marshmallow Cones: Spoon beaten marshmallow into ice-cream cones. Sprinkle tops thickly with colored nonpareils. Stand cones upright until marshmallow sets. Dust tops with icing sugar.

Peppermint Squares: Beat mixture until thick and white, divide in half. Color one half pale green and flavor with peppermint essence. Spread very thin layer of white mixture in base of shallow tin which has been rinsed out with water. Place in freezer compartment of refrigerator for a few minutes to set quickly. Cover with thin layer of green mixture. Return to freezer. Continue, alternating layers, until all mixture is used; allow to set. Cut into squares, roll in coconut.

Candy Blocks: Divide beaten marshmallow in halves. Color one pale pink and flavor, if desired, with strawberry essence. Pour white mixture into shallow tin, half filling it. Allow to set in freezer compartment of refrigerator a few minutes. Pour pink mixture on top. Allow to set completely. Cut into squares, roll in coconut.

Cherry Marshmallows: Fold 8oz. chopped glace cherries into the marshmallow before pouring into tins to set. Cut into squares, roll in white desiccated coconut.

Choc-Topped Marshmallows: Melt 6oz. dark chocolate and 1oz. white vegetable shortening over hot water. Cut set marshmallows into squares. Dip top of each marshmallow into chocolate mixture. Set aside until chocolate sets.

BUTTERSCOTCH

Two pounds sugar, 2oz. liquid glucose, 1 pint water, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 2oz. butter.

Combine sugar, glucose, water, and cream of tartar in saucepan. Bring slowly to boil. Boil steadily until little of mixture dropped into cold water is hard and cracks and mixture is pale amber color. Remove from heat, carefully stir in butter. Pour into greased tins, mark into squares before it is quite cold.

POPCORN

Half cup popping corn, 1 tablespoon oil, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup water, food coloring.

Heat oil in very large pan. When hot, add corn. Cover immediately and cook, shaking pan continually, until sound of corn popping stops. Remove from heat, allow to cool.

In another saucepan combine sugar and water. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves; bring to boil. Cook until small amount of mixture dropped in cold water forms soft ball; remove from heat. Pour syrup quickly into 4 separate basins. Color each a different color with food coloring. Divide corn equally into colored syrups. Stir each until syrup crystallizes round corn. Combine the different colors.

Continued overleaf

SIX FOOT TWO



In his football boots
Big, brave, bonny and bold
Hope of his team was
Timothy Toots
Pity he caught a cold.
The coach grumbled, groaned,
Panted and raved,
"Take Woods' my boy — and
The game will be saved!"

Woods'

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Steak is cooked Chinese style



GREEN PEPPER STEAK, flavored with soy sauce and celery, makes a satisfying, tasty dish for the family in winter. See recipe.

● This week our \$10 main prize is awarded for a recipe for steak cooked in Chinese style. Serve it with hot rice.

CONSOLATION prizes of \$2 each are awarded for a delicious hazelnut biscuit with a chocolate topping and for a moist steamed fruit pudding. Level spoon measurements are used in all these recipes.

Share your favorite recipe with our readers. A weekly cash prize of \$10 and consolation prizes of \$2 are to be won. Submit entries to: Recipe Contest, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

GREEN PEPPER STEAK

One and half pounds round steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soy sauce, 1 crushed clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, oil for frying, 2 green peppers, 1 onion, 4 or 5 stalks celery, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup extra water, plain boiled rice, tomato wedges.

Cut steak into thin strips. Slice onion finely, chop celery into diagonal pieces, cut pepper into strips. Combine water, soy sauce, and garlic. Marinate meat in this mixture 15 to 20 minutes. Drain, reserve liquid.

Heat little oil, brown meat well on all sides, cook until meat is just tender. Push meat aside, add onion, peppers, and celery. Cook until vegetables are tender but crisp. Mix reserved marinade with cornflour and extra water; blend until smooth. Add to meat mixture and cook, stirring continuously, until mixture boils and thickens. Serve on plain boiled rice garnished with tomato wedges.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. K. Minett, 102 Wharf Street, Tuncurry, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE HAZELNUT FUDGE FINGERS

Biscuit: Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped hazelnuts, pinch each of salt and nutmeg.

Icing: One tablespoon milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Biscuit: Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add egg, beat well. Sift together dry ingredients, add to creamed mixture with nuts. Spread mixture into greased slab tin. Bake in moderately slow oven approximately 20 to 25 minutes. While still hot cover with icing.

Icing: Gently heat together all the ingredients, spread evenly over biscuit base. Leave until cold. Cut into fingers to serve.

These biscuits are best kept in the refrigerator. Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. N. Harvie, 17 Baldwin Ave., Noble Park, Vic.

OVERNIGHT PUDDING

One cup plain flour, 1 cup mixed fruit, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 1 egg.

Sift flour and bicarbonate of soda into basin. Add butter cut into pieces, fruit, and sugar. Pour over boiling water, mix lightly. Cover, leave overnight. Next day beat in egg, turn into greased basin, cover with greased greaseproof paper, steam 2 hours. Serve hot with custard or cream.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. K. Harrington, 80 Lincoln St., Lindisfarne, Tas.

OLD-FASHIONED FAVORITES

... continued from previous page

NUTTY CHEWS

Two ounces blanched almonds, 2oz. walnuts, 2oz. stoned dates, 2oz. mixed peel, 2oz. chopped glace cherries, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter or substitute.

Chop almonds, walnuts, peel, and dates, mix with cherries and lemon juice.

Melt syrup and butter in saucepan over low heat, then boil 2 to 3 minutes or until golden brown. Remove from heat, stir in remaining ingredients until all are well coated with the toffee. Place teaspoonfuls of mixture on greaseproof paper and leave until set. When hardened place in confectionery paper cases.

FRUIT AND NUT CHOCOLATE

Half pound solid white vegetable shortening, 1 cup icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered milk, 4 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4oz. chopped raisins, 2oz. chopped nuts, 1oz. chopped glace cherries.

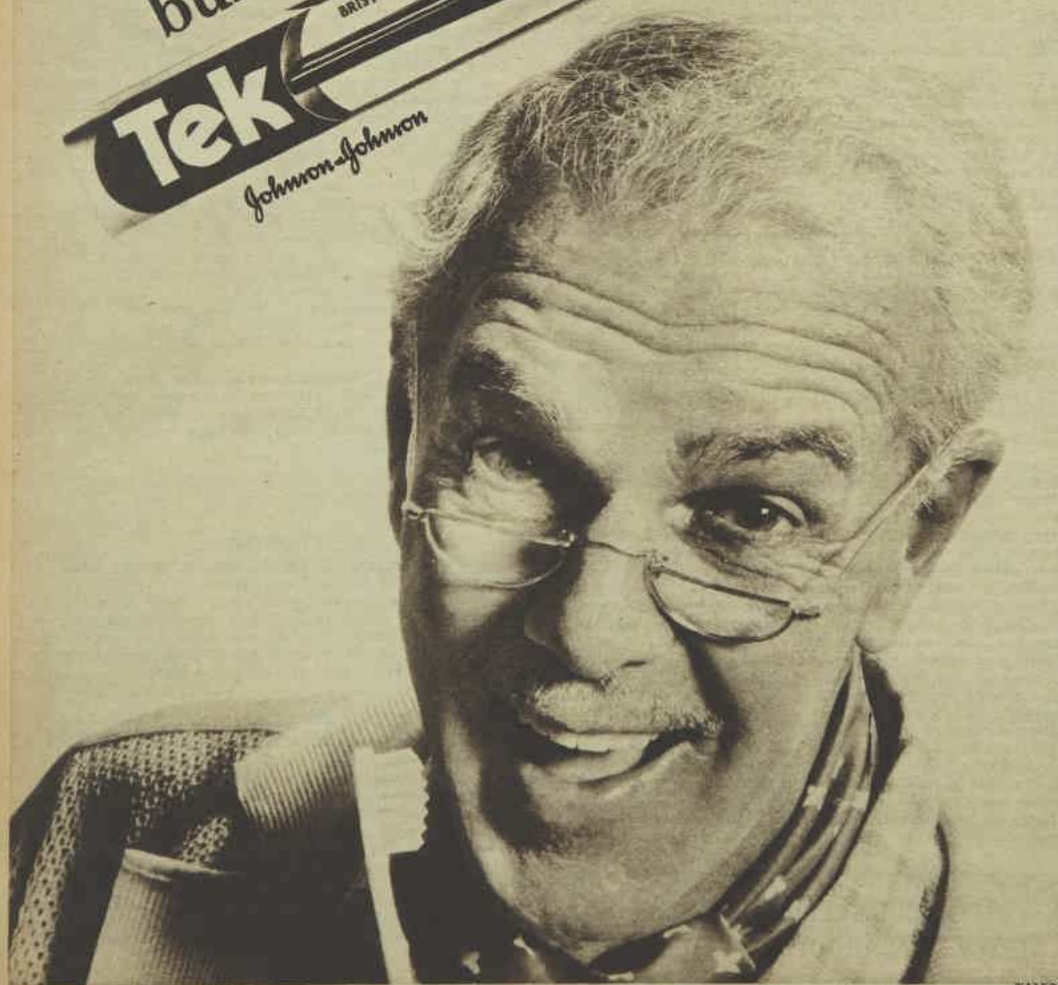
Melt shortening over gentle heat (it should be barely warm). Sift dry ingredients 3 times. Place in basin with nuts, raisins, cherries, and vanilla. Add melted shortening, mix until well combined. Line shallow 7in. square tin with greaseproof paper, pour in chocolate mixture and spread it level. Put aside in cool place to set (in hot weather keep in refrigerator). To serve, cut into squares or break into bite-sized pieces.

CREAMY CARAMELS

One can condensed milk, 8oz. brown sugar, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons golden syrup.

In heavy saucepan, mix all ingredients together thoroughly. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture is rich golden color and of caramel consistency when tested in cold water. Pour into oiled or greased tin. Cool, mark into squares. When cold and set, cut into squares.

Special people (you) deserve a special toothbrush (Tek). Only Tek has Anti-Germ: built-in germ-fighting action!



A SPECIAL PLACE IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE

● "I think I'm the luckiest granny alive!" writes an elderly widow in response to our invitation to readers to tell how they coped with settling elderly relatives in with the family. "Every woman must be mistress of her own home," she says, "yet living in separate quarters one can still take an active part in the life of the family." Many other readers agree. Here are some of their replies.

WHEN I married I had a widowed mother whom I could not leave to her own devices. She had given up such a lot to look after me and make my future secure.

My mother, at 48, had migrated to Australia with me, a schoolgirl. The thought of coming to a strange country, not knowing the language, and having no profession except "housewife," would have deterred most women — and she had the added responsibility of a school-age child.

My husband's mother, also a widow with a daughter, had followed her son to this country, where the customs, language, and many minor difficulties only a migrant can appreciate were so strange to her.

My sister-in-law married and moved away. So here we were, four people with different backgrounds, different ways of life.

My husband and I needed time to adjust to each other's personalities, let alone cope with in-law problems.

The first year of our marriage was unbearable, one great mountain of trouble. We nearly separated.

There was one solution. We had to sell our communal home and buy a house with a flat and space to build another.

We trudged from estate agent to estate agent. We were told what we required was impossible to find, or the cost prohibitive.

This was it!

Then we saw this advertisement: "Six - year - old house, three bedrooms, etc., large terrace, with one-bedroom flat, 5 miles city."

We eagerly contacted the agent. The house was what we had dreamt of—modern, in a bushland setting, a pleasant suburb, the most suitable flat, room to build on. This was IT.

The house is built on a very sloping block and the flat underneath is just right for my mother. It has a kitchen, bedroom, and bathroom. She is happy there.

Upstairs there is a wide terrace. There we built a large bed-sitting-room, bathroom, and kitchen for my mother-in-law, furnished to her own taste. She is happy.

My husband and I have a three-bedroom house — and our privacy. We are happy.

There is no more bickering, fighting, resentment, or cold war. Our mothers get

on famously, since they, too, have their privacy and are not obliged to make allowances previously necessary.

At times they have their meals together, watch television together, but the knowledge that they can close their door and be by themselves has made the atmosphere very pleasant.

During the weekends we have a meal together in "my house," or with them in either of "their houses."

It is very pleasant when I get home from the office and they drop in for a cup of coffee and a chat before my husband arrives home.

Oh, yes, I still work. This was my donation toward this achievement of peaceful co-existence. However, we hope it won't be much longer before we have a family. We feel we can afford it now, in more ways than one. — "Happy Now," Sydney.

♥ ♥ ♥

I CAME from Scotland seven years ago, and lived with my son and his wife until I decided to take a housekeeping job. I did not want to be an encumbrance to my children.

But I am well over 60, and soon felt unable to do strenuous housekeeping. I came back to my son and his wife, but I knew that to keep their love and friendship I had to do something about it.

We talked it over. I said how happy I would be with a little place of my own, to be able to put my own key in the door, and relax. We decided to build a flat in my son's backyard. At Christmas I moved into my little home. I have never felt happier in my life. I can have my friends in, be independent.

I have a good son and a wonderful daughter-in-law, who is willing to help me out in any way, and we visit each other occasionally for meals. Young people need the privacy of their own home and have a right to lead their own lives. — "Happy Scot," Vermont, Vic.

♥ ♥ ♥

WE are one of the many families who share a home with Grandpa. We came here 14 years ago to care for him and try to make his remaining years happier.

Before this we lived in a modern flat which, unfortunately, did not have an extra bedroom. Relatives frowned on our decision to move, and wanted Grandpa

to let part of his house to strangers, but we felt strangers could not be expected to care for him when he was ill. It was our responsibility to care for him in his old age as he had cared for us when we were children.

I am sure at times we must have been difficult, too, but because we were his family he didn't relegate us to a separate part of the house so we wouldn't get underfoot. He accepted us as we were, with tolerance and understanding.

Grandpa is deaf, his sight is not good, and he has a strong will. He grows our vegetables and has made improvements to the house. We have a game of cards with him one night a week and he watches sport on Saturdays. Our son drives him on outings and to church.

He shares our meals, our ups and downs, our home, and our love, because Grandpa is "family," and is assured of our love always. Many of us will have a longer old age, and may be a problem to our own children. — "Elizabeth," Sydney.

♥ ♥ ♥

WIDOWED early, and having worked about 40 of my 62 years, I was rapidly nearing the stage where I'd "had it."

I talked it over with my family, as we are very close, and share our problems.

My daughter and son-in-law suggested I have a bungalow built in their yard, to be ready when needed.

So I found a builder who helped me design my 18ft. by 10ft. weatherboard home with three big windows, light and three power points, and a 6ft. by 10ft. veranda at one end. I latched this in at both ends for outdoor living.

The cost was £345, including interest spread over three years. A concrete patio, 12ft. by 12ft., cost another £20, but was well worth it.

I painted, laid lino in the kitchen end and carpet at the other end, then made blinds and frilly white curtains, cushions, and bedspread.

I then made a little garden right round, with a 12in.-high white picket fence, and planted climbing roses against the lattice.

These jobs were all done on my days off from my housekeeping job, and I got such a thrill doing them and going to auction sales to buy

just what I wanted for my little house, which by now was showing something for the hard work put into it.

Ten months after it was started I was brought home with a severe attack of rheumatoid arthritis, and couldn't return to my job.

So here I've been, in what my family laughingly call my "sulking seat," for 12 months. And I'm loving every minute of it.

I have everything I need — TV, radio, rocker, a comfy bed with plenty of bookshelves above it, and a beautiful cast-iron briquette stove to keep me warm.

I am quite independent. I manage on my pension, and Tawny, my ginger Persian, keeps me company, but my family are close by if I need them. And, of course, it works both ways, as I am a built-in baby-sitter if required, but they don't play on that part. Anyway, it is nice to feel wanted and appreciated. — "Mater," Glen Waverley, Vic.

♥ ♥ ♥

I OFTEN think I'm the luckiest granny alive. When I was widowed my son-in-law bought a large old house with plenty of garden space and built at the back a small, modern flat. I helped a little with finance.

I have a lovely outlook on lawns and well-grown fruit trees through a large landscape window, and my son-in-law had an electric bell installed over my bed in case of sickness or emergency, giving an added feeling of security.

I do my own cooking and find my life very full, going to the theatre and keeping in touch with friends.

Every woman must be mistress in her own home, yet one can still take an active part in the life of the family, living in separate quarters. — "Happy Granny," Melbourne.

♥ ♥ ♥

TWO women should never be put in a house together. I found this out when I came to live with my elderly grandparents, at their request.

They were becoming too old to look after themselves. They built a big "bed-sitting-room" in the backyard, and have their own TV.

I gave up my home to live with them. What a mistake

I made. Before this they used to visit me three times a week, and I was pleased to see them — but not now.

I have six children, 18 months to 15 years, and like any healthy children they make some noise. But if they bang a door, you'd think the whole house was going to fall.

If they have friends to play in the backyard, Grandma orders them out. They are told repeatedly it "isn't their home," and if they make a noise in the house, Grandfather goes down to the bungalow, but not Grandma. She loves making rows.

I suppose it was her home, but we can't do anything right. Nothing my husband does for them is done "properly."

Two women, two genera-

tions, should never be put together in one home, especially if there are children. — "Mistaken," Victoria.

♥ ♥ ♥

WHEN my mother-in-law died last year we were faced with finding a new home for Pa. Although 65 and retired, he is active, interested in charity work, and very capable of looking after himself.

He accepted our hospitality until he got over the first shock, then decided he would like to live alone — and in the district where he had always lived among his friends and interests.

We helped set up the flat

Continued overleaf

DANDRUFF problems are ended by ... enden



Only Helene Curtis dares make this promise!

Used regularly, Enden dandruff treatment shampoo guarantees to end the problems of itching scalp and unsightly flaking dandruff. Helene Curtis developed Enden not only to wash your hair and leave it clean, soft, manageable, but also to control dandruff between shampoos. Enden works because it contains one of the most effective anti-dandruff medications known. One person in three has a dandruff problem. If there's dandruff in your family, end it by Enden! Creme or Liquid, from 79c. Available at Chemists, Department Stores and Hairdressing Salons.

WOMEN OF AUSTRALIA UNITE!!!

Heard the good word? There's been a revolution in irons — a revolution that can give you more ironing pleasure and leisure than you ever dreamed possible! No longer need ironing be the toughest half of wash-day! There's a new day dawning, sisters! Out with the old! In with the new — a 1966 General Electric!



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Modern fabrics demand a modern iron! Can your present iron cope with all of the new synthetics?

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AGE 11294

A SPECIAL PLACE IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Continued from page 41

and it is an unqualified success. I usually manage to clean through every two or three weeks. Pa manages well in between, takes the heavy washing to the laundry and the personal things to me. He baby-sits (the children adore him), but we don't take his services for granted. He visits us, we visit him.

At times he feels lonely and visits us, staying a night or two. We keep a bed ready and he appreciates this.

Pa is right in refusing to be uprooted from his friends and environment. Now his only wish is that we move to where he lives, so we are only a few minutes apart instead of 20, and this may soon be possible. — "Solved," Perth.

♥ ♥ ♥

THE problem of aged parents comes to most of us, and while I think "Anonymous," of Victoria, has the best solution — adding self-contained rooms — the time must come when the aged one is no longer able to take care of himself.

We delude ourselves that it is up to us to have our parents living with us when they cannot care for themselves, when a home is actually the right place for them.

Constant caring for an aged person often leads to the ill health of the daughter or daughter-in-law, while the aged parent remains in the best of health because of the good care taken of him or her.

I have seen the happiness in old people's homes, and the unhappiness of three generations attempting to live together, the disagreements when other members of the family refuse to take their share of looking after Mum.

If my husband and I are left alone, unable to look after ourselves, a home is the place for us. I know I shall experience heart-break as my own home is broken up, but I will still try to remember the times I found household chores a burden, the times I wished someone would take over and "do" for me, as they say. Many old people consider

it a disgrace to live in a home, a public acknowledgement that one's children no longer want them, but I consider it shows pride and independence not wishing to be a burden to one's children. — "Independent," Brisbane.

♥ ♥ ♥

IN my family I have grown up with an elderly relative living with us. When my grandmother died I was three, so to me we always had granddaddy living with us. He was an extremely active man, having worked on the land all his life. He was marvellous with children, and we spent much time in his company poring over stamp collections or learning to play chess.

My mother didn't lack the problems of having an elderly relative in the household, but she coped without complaining.

All granddaddy wanted was a small room for himself. Many people seem to think that when a person is old he becomes useless and a burden. This is not true. All old people need is to have something to keep them occupied, to keep their minds active.

My grandfather was into his eighties when he died, and the house seemed empty without his wise words around it. A few years later my mother's father died, and we had a new member of the family, my mother's mother. Grandma was not as active as granddaddy, but she kept busy mending, by her own choice.

Life has settled down again, and on winter evenings I sit in front of the fire and listen to the stories of her youth.

It should never be said that older relatives are only to be tolerated. What they need most is love, to feel they are wanted and needed, not just a burden, which they are not. You will grow old some day, and would like your children to treat you as you have treated your parents. — "Old-fashioned," Parramatta, N.S.W.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 439. — DRESS
This attractive frock is available cut out to make in olive, red, and royal silk-finish corduroy. Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, \$5.50 (23/15/-); 36 and 38 in. bust, \$6.75 (23/17/6). Postage and dispatch 40 cents (4/-) extra.

No. 440. — TRAYCLOTH AND SERVIETTE
Traycloth and serviette are available cut out to embroider on white, cream, and green pure Irish linen. Price is 75 cents (7/6), plus 5 cents (10d.) postage and dispatch.

No. 441. — BABY'S SLIP
Baby's slip is available cut out to make in white, pink, and blue flannelette. Infants' size only. Price is 95 cents (9/6), plus 10 cents (1/-) postage and dispatch.

* Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344-S Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



'I won't eat any'

What to do when your child refuses food

When a good-eater turns finicky, suspect childhood constipation. A simple answer is chocolate Laxettes, given at bedtime. Children actually like taking Laxettes. Laxettes contain an exact dose of a gentle laxative, but all the child can taste is the chocolate. While your kiddie sleeps, Laxettes work gently to correct irregularity. Next morning the constipation attack is over. Keep Laxettes handy. Only 3/6 (35 cents). Always fresh in the air-sealed packet.

LA 13



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keep your skin clear & healthy with the Gamophen* 2-Step Plan

STEP 1: Gamophen Soap with Hexachlorophene cleans deep down in the pores of the skin— fights the three external causes of blemishes: dirt, excess oil and surface bacteria.

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Make the Gamophen 2-Step Plan your daily skin beauty treatment. The continued use of these two products helps guard against the return of blemishes.

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Page 43

Mrs. H. WIFE



"... and what's wrong with yesterday's leftovers?"




• Wedding in Goroka. Joylene and Murray, with Mrs. C. Slack and Mr. M. Bladwell; right, bride's mother, Mrs. D. Maynard.


A BRIDE IN

• Joylene Thompson, complete with wedding dress, flew from Adelaide to the eastern highlands of New Guinea to marry a schoolteacher. Here she has a warning for any girl who sees herself in a long dress and train on her wedding day: Don't get married in New Guinea in the wet season. Joylene writes . . .

NOW three flowers has an elegant new look

The elegant new look of Three Flowers was created by Donald Deskey of New York in cool white and floral pink to match its mood. The elegant new design incorporates a new symbol — a classic Roman figure three, in gold with a pink flower set upon each stroke.  denoting the three fragrances blended together which make Three Flowers the truly feminine tale. Three Flowers in its elegant new look is the super soft talc for young women of all ages. Three Flowers talc available at chemists and stores 39 cents and 79 cents.



 three flowers for young women of all ages

A FEW years ago the extent of my knowledge of New Guinea didn't go much beyond that it was situated above Australia. Then I was swept off my feet by a handsome young man in Adelaide who said, "Marry me and come to New Guinea."

Two days after my engagement to Murray Thompson, he left for Rabaul to do a teachers' training course, and was posted to Duman, a small village 12 miles from Kundiawa and 60 miles from Goroka.

It was there, almost ten months later, that I met him again.

My mother travelled with me to New Guinea for the wedding, and I shall never forget the trip and our arrival in Kundiawa.

I felt very smart in my slim-fitting mustard suit, wide-brimmed straw hat, and long green gloves.

How was I to know that what is smart in Australian cities looks hilariously out of place in casually dressed New Guinea!

Needless to say I was very excited during the trip and found it difficult to sleep on the aircraft. Also, my long separation from Murray had left me a little dubious. I couldn't help wondering if I was doing the right thing. By this time I could barely remember what he looked like.

Oppressive heat

At Moresby when the aircraft landed we were greeted by oppressive heat. Later we transferred to a DC3 to continue our journey to Goroka, where we fell out of the aircraft up to our knees in mud.

The pastor who was to officiate at the wedding, met us at the Goroka airstrip. He and his wife gave us lunch, and allowed me to leave my wedding paraphernalia at their house. Then they tried to get an aircraft to take us on to Kundiawa.

When I, too, explained to the airline company that I had come all the way from Adelaide to get married, no one seemed very impressed.

"Might go to Kundiawa this afternoon, might not go until next week," they said.

This casual attitude was my introduction to "the land of wait a bit." However, after I burst into a flood of tears they agreed to go that afternoon.

The tiny Cessna which was to take us did not seem big enough to hold one person, but it did, in fact, fit in our 10 pieces of luggage, three bags of mail, two native passengers, Mother, myself, the pilot, and assorted groceries.

As we taxied on to the strip before taking off, the door against which I was pressed, sprang open. The pilot leaned across, closed it, and said nonchalantly, "I wouldn't lean on it if I were you. It does that, you know."

I did not know, but I tried to smile bravely.

It was pouring rain when we

NEW GUINEA

ouched down at Kundiawa some 15 minutes later.

I was half expecting a brass band—I felt like a pioneer going all that way to be married—but there was no band, and what was worse, no fiancée.

After making somewhat embarrassed inquiries about Murray, I was told he had walked into Kundiawa that morning, but as we had been several hours late in arriving, had assumed we were not coming, and had hitched a ride back to his school.

A kind man agreed to lend us his Land-Rover and driver to take us to Duman.

Twelve turning, twisting, bouncing miles and three-quarters of an hour later, we arrived. A blast of the horn announced us, and Murray appeared tumbling down some very rickety steps. My front steps!

He shook hands gravely with mother, and, much to my amazement, with me. He was very shy and he, too, had trouble remembering what I looked like.

There were hundreds of native men and women waiting to greet us, which they did with much enthusiasm by feeling our legs to see if we were strong.

The women cried and wrung their hands, a sign of joy, I was told later. The din was deafening. Everyone kept shouting "Wogai" over and over again. Translated roughly, it means "wonderful," "terrific."

We were suitably chaperoned by mother for the two weeks we spent at Duman prior to going to Goroka to be married. During this time I learned a little about my future home.

Duman has no shops, just a school. Murray was the only European resident, although there were about 16 Europeans living in the Sinasina area, in which Duman is situated.

Murray, in charge of the school, has two native teachers and an enrolment of 165 children.

We visited the nearby villages and were astounded to find that the men and women do not live together. The women live in attractive round houses, made of wood and thatched with kunai grass, and the men and youths live in long pit-pit (plaited bamboo) houses, also thatched with kunai.

However, as there are children of all shapes, sizes, and ages in the villages, obviously east and west do get together occasionally.



• Murray Thompson standing beside the school sign which he painted. The school has 165 native pupils.

We also were fascinated to see pigs everywhere. Little ones, big ones, immense ones. They are left to forage for themselves and do much damage to gardens, are a road menace, and the cause of unsightly messes in the villages.

But the people are fond of them and know each one by name. Pigs are taught to respond to commands like dogs, and trot along behind their owners, when told to do so.

On the day before our wedding we drove to Goroka. What an eye-

opener it was for mother and me, fresh from the city.

We clutched each other in terror as the car roared down the perilous slopes, were certain it would never manage the tortuous ascents, prayed madly as we peered over the edge of the narrow road at a void hundreds of feet down to the valley floor.

Three hours after leaving Duman we arrived in Goroka.

At the pastor's house we discov-

• To page 47



• Joylene Thompson with schoolchildren in Duman.

NEW CLINICALLY BALANCED NESTLÉ'S FEEDING PROGRAMME



why a good baby food should do more than just feed.

1. Why a good baby food should gently develop a baby's sense of taste.

2. How the new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme will help your baby

Right from the start, baby can distinguish the four basic tastes—sweet, sour, salty, spicy—but because his taste buds are so tender and underdeveloped, flavours you like will be much too strange and strong for him. To protect his palate and to keep him happy, he needs foods he can accept and appreciate. Very gently and without fuss, you can help your baby to learn to like a growing range of flavours and foods—especially those you know are good for him.

A good baby food can help enormously and that's why it's so important to choose Nestlé's. Because the flavour levels of Nestlé's baby foods have been scientifically graded to suit his developing palate.

With Nestlé's, you can safely train baby's sense of taste in just two easy steps.

First step is at eight to twelve weeks

when you should begin feeding Nestlé's "Strained" foods. If you try some yourself it will taste rather flavourless. But baby will love it. At first, introduce just a few of the varieties available. Then "educate" him slowly to all the new tastes in the range (the Nestlé's Feeding Programme shows you how).

Second step is at about six months, when baby is ready for Nestlé's "Junior" foods. It's terribly important to stay with Nestlé's, because each Junior "flavour" matches exactly the Strained flavour your baby already knows and likes. Junior foods have almost the same flavour levels as normal adult food.

This careful build-up to adult taste makes Nestlé's baby foods right for baby. They do more than just feed.

Last step of all is probably the most rewarding for you—the day when he sits down to a small serving of good adult food. Then you can be confident that Nestlé's specially designed foods have built up good eating patterns which will help him right through his life.

A menu for growing—the clinically balanced-feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change con-

tinually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's tiny digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures. To help you through baby's vital first year, Nestlé's now offer you a book containing complete day-by-day, month-by-month menus. Clinically balanced, they provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continuously changing diet needs. (A sample menu is reproduced at right.)

Complete Manual, free.

The book compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby foods. Because these three are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple. (The book also deals with other aspects of infant feeding and is thus the first truly practical and comprehensive manual available on this vital subject.)

The book is free to all mothers. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Advisory Service located in all State Capitals, or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

Suggested menu 9-12 months

Here is a typical daily menu from the new "Balanced Feeding" manual. There are many more like it in the book which is free on request.

Note: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend that, at meal time, baby be given his bottle before solids, that varieties may be altered for individual infants and that vitamin C intake be further supplemented by ascorbic acid tablets.

TIME	MENU No. 1
On waking	Lactogen Feed.*
Breakfast	3-4 teaspoons Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Egg and Bacon Breakfast. A rusk or small piece of toast may be given additionally later on. Then Lactogen Feed.*
Dinner	Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Chicken Dinner. Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Egg Custard with Rice. Then Lactogen Feed.*
4 p.m.	2-4 ozs. Fruit Juice.
Tea	Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Lamb Liver Dinner with Vegetables. Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Chocolate Custard. Then Lactogen Feed.*
Before bed	Lactogen Feed.*

*Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.

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Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding



PACKED
IN THE SAFETY OF
GLASS

AT HOME ... with Margaret Sydney

- If you have a nice new house and you think books might add something at once posh and solid to its decor, you can buy them by the yard, in solid leather bindings.

If you're an Australian, you may find it a little expensive — so much per yard for the books, plus freight from England.

All the Londoner has to do is pick up the telephone, dial a shop in Pimlico, and order by the yard. The books are unreadable junk, but who cares about that? They have rich leather bindings, freshly polished with beeswax, and they cost you only a

teensy-weensy five guineas a yard. Oh, brave new world!

A New South Wales reader has written to me on the topic of books, but she's more interested in what's inside the covers.

She wrote: "After reading your article in *The Australian Women's Weekly* (8/6/66) about the joys of reading, I had a strong urge to try to recapture the pleasure I used to find in books in pre-television days. That bit about reading something that made you remember how things 'felt

and seemed and smelled' made me remember that's how I used to feel when I read parts of certain books.

"Anyway, I dashed madly to the local library, and then realised that I didn't have any idea what books I wanted and couldn't remember any good authors, so I picked four at random and they were the emptiest, most childish things I had ever tried to read. So could you please let me have a list of some good books? I'm sure I would like the same books as you do."

This is an invitation I simply can't resist. I have a feeling that hundreds of women are in the same position. They used to be gluttons for books, then the demands of small children whittled away their reading time to nothing, so that they lost the habit. Then, as the children grew and they had a little more spare time, television sopped it up.

There's no guarantee that my correspondent — or any other reader — is going to like the same books as I do, since reading tastes are a very individual matter. All I can say of the books that I'm suggesting is that none of them is empty or childish, and none of them is "deep" or highbrow.

Let's start with some of the women. Try Enid Bagnold's "The Squire" and "The Loved and Envied"; try the early Elizabeth Taylor's "A Wreath of Roses," "At Mrs. Lippincote's," or "A Game of Hide and Seek"; read Rose MacAuley's "Towers of Trebizond" and Elizabeth Bowen's "The Heat of the Day"; try Pamela Hansford Johnson's "An Error of Judgment."

Pamela Hansford Johnson is the wife of the English scientist Lord Snow, whose novels are written under the name of C. P. Snow. Read his novel "The Masters" for a start, and if you enjoy it you can go on, because he's written a lot.

The joy of reading

"The Horse's Mouth"

SHORT stories? Read Nadine Gordimer's collection, "Not For Publication," and Joyce Cary's "Spring Song and Other Stories." Joyce Cary died in 1957. He was undoubtedly that rarest of things, a writer of genius. I positively envy you if you can rush up to that local library of yours, take out his "The Horse's Mouth," and read it for the first time.

I'm not too well up on historical novels, but two that I can heartily recommend are Mary Renault's "The Last of the Wine" and "The Bull From the Sea." And if you like history mixed with laughter, on no account miss Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon's "No Bed For Bacon," which is one of the funniest books I've ever read and carries the authors' solemn Warning to Scholars: "This book is fundamentally unsound!"

You should read also their "A Bullet in the Ballet," which is an uproariously funny mixture of ballet and detection, and Josephine Tey's "Daughter of Time," which is a fascinating historical whodunit.

But back to the straight novels. Try "Mine Own Executioner," by Nigel Balchin; "Figures of Speech," by D. J. Enright; "Mr. Stone and the Knights Companion," by V. S. Naipaul. Mr. Naipaul is an Indian born in Trinidad who has also written a magnificent (non-fiction) book, called "An Area of Darkness," about his first visit to the country from which his forebears came.

If you like a touch of fantasy, don't miss T. H. White's "Mistress Masham's Repose" and David Garnett's "Lady Into Fox"; if you like a salty flavor, read George Orwell's "Animal Farm" or Saul Bellow's "Henderson the Rain King." If you like books about the sea, try any or all of C. S. Forester.

Personally, I'm choosy on the subject of animal books because I loathe the they're-little-human-beings-in-fur-coats variety, but three I thoroughly recommend are "Ring of Bright Water," by Gavin Maxwell; "Tarka the Otter," by Henry Williamson; and "My Family and Other Animals," by Gerald Durrell.

I think you would enjoy Graham Greene's books, Nevil Shute's, Monica Dickens', Anthony Powell's, P. H. Newby's. One I'm just reading myself which I can thoroughly recommend is J. R. Wilson's "Hall of Mirrors."

I don't know whether to thank my correspondent for cursing her for asking me this. Dredging up this list of books out of a pretty bad memory for names and titles has left me with a list as long as my arm of things I simply have to re-read at once, now I've remembered them. Obviously there's not going to be much reading or gardening done in this house in the next few weeks.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 13, 1966



It's fun to be slim again

enjoy yourself

in youth, through middle age, keep yourself trim, vital, attractive. Take Ford Pills regularly for the concentrated extracts to keep you regular and a healthy, normal weight. Safe for all the family, gentle and effective Ford Pills will keep you fit without unpleasant side effects.

FREE Send a stamped envelope for your copy of the Ford Pills Diet Chart to Dept. FP4, P.O. Box 31, Arncliffe, N.S.W.

FORD PILLS

Non-Sluggish to Health

Keep 1, 2 or 3 pills with a drink of water as required. Reg. No. 288

In the red & gold plastic tubes, 65c or 38c everywhere.

(from page 45) A BRIDE IN NEW GUINEA

ered, to my horror, that my wedding cake had been carried upside down, and all the delicate lace icing was strewn on the bottom of the box.

However, my guardian angel must have been hovering nearby as a lady arrived to help, miraculously who was a whiz with an icing nozzle. In no time she had repaired the damage, and the cake was even more attractive than before.

If any girl imagines herself as a bride in a long dress with a train, I recommend that she does not get married in New Guinea in the wet season.

After the short walk from the car to the church, my beautiful white shoes and train were splattered with mud.

I was given away by a young clerk from the District Office, Kundiawa. His wife acted as matron-of-honor. One of Murray's college chums was best man and tape-recorder operator.

We taped the ceremony so that my father could share it later.

Murray was absolutely petrified, and had a "let me out of here" look on his face. Instead of giving me his left hand on which to place the ring, he gave me his right, and I was too nervous to notice the difference. When we joined right hands to say a prayer, there glancing at me was his wedding ring!

Later in the vestry, I feverishly tried to repair the damage, and placed it on the correct hand, but wrong finger!

Next morning we farewelled a tearful Mum, and left for a two-week honeymoon in Madang. Because of the heat I became convinced that the coast was not for me, and I was very happy to return to the highlands.

At Duman the climate is perfect — cold nights, with beautiful warm to hot days.

After a couple of months I got a job with the Department of District Administration in Kundiawa, and we bought a small car so I could drive to work.

Driving is the only bane of an otherwise perfect existence. The road is beset with blind corners, perilous drops, and mad truck-drivers.

One morning I had to dig my way through three landslides—two single-handed and the third as one of many travellers who were pitching in to get the road cleared.

During those first months we did not have a patrol officer permanently based in the Sinasina area. This led to a hectic life. The Chimbu people love a good fight, and for a while it was a regular Sunday morning event, with no one getting really hurt.

One Sunday, however, things got a little overheated and the fight turned into a full-scale battle.

When the arrows began to fly we decided it was time to call the police. To do this, of course, we had to drive to Kundiawa.

When we arrived back with the police it was nearly all over, but not in time to save several people from serious injury.

One man subsequently died from wounds received.

I have been called upon twice to act as nurse. Once, when a small boy had been chopping wood, and had almost severed his thumb, and

again when a "meri" (woman) came, clutching her arm, and told us that her husband had hit her with an axe.

Now we have a Patrol Officer on permanent patrol in the area, and the result is perfect peace.

We have acquired a dog called Maski (pidgin word meaning "forget it," "no," or "go away") and a cat called Tini.

Maski is good at persuading the pig population to stay out of our garden, and since the coming of Tini we haven't had one rat inside the house — before that they were frequent visitors.

Life is very happy in Duman.

LULUBELLE



"I find mothers quite easy to understand on the whole, but then, of course, I use psychology."

NEW CLINICALLY BALANCED NESTLÉ'S FEEDING PROGRAMME



this page tells you three important things all nursing mothers should know.

1. Why you should boil bottled milk for three minutes when preparing baby's feed.
2. How to avoid this messy boiling altogether.
3. How the new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme will help your baby

Cow's milk needs special preparation before baby can properly digest it. Firstly, it must be boiled for one minute to sterilise it.

Secondly, it must be boiled for a further two minutes to reduce the size of the curd particles so baby's tummy can handle them without upset. You have to watch carefully all the time so the milk doesn't boil over (and you know how messy that can be).

Thirdly you should add vitamins A, B, C and D.

Why go to all this trouble when with Lactogen, you boil only the water?

When this has cooled you add the Lactogen and stir. That's all! Lactogen is the complete milk formula. There's nothing to add.

This way, you have no mess, no fears about proper sterilisation (or boiling over). And no extra drops! Lactogen already contains all the vitamins A, B, C and D, plus organic iron needed for healthy growth. Because of this, Lactogen should be fed to baby for as long as he is bottle fed—even after he has started on solids. This is the only way you guarantee him all the vitamins and essential minerals he needs.

A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change continually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, proteins and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's tiny digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes

and textures. To help you through baby's vital first year, Nestlé's now offer you a book containing complete day-by-day, month-by-month menus. Clinically balanced, they provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continuously changing diet needs. (A sample menu is reproduced at right.)

Complete Manual, free.

The book compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby Foods. Because these three are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple. (The book also deals with other aspects of infant feeding and is thus the first truly practical and comprehensive manual available on this vital subject.)

The book is free to all mothers. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Advisory Service located in all State Capitals, or write (Box 423 P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

Suggested menu 3-4 months

Here are typical daily menus from the new "Balanced Feeding" manual. There are many more like it in the book, which is free on request. Menus below are freely interchangeable because each daily menu is clinically balanced.

Note: Your doctor, clinic, sister or hospital may recommend that at meal time, baby be given his bottle before solids; that vitamins may be altered for individual infants and that vitamin C intake be further supplemented by ascorbic acid tablets.

TIME	MON.-TUES.	WED.-THURS.
6 a.m.	Lactogen Feed.*	Lactogen Feed.*
10 a.m.	2 1/2 teaspoons Baby Cereal mixed with Lactogen. 2 1/2 teaspoons "Egg and Bacon Cereal." Lactogen Feed.*	2 1/2 teaspoons Baby Cereal mixed with Lactogen. 2 1/2 teaspoons "Creamed Fish." Lactogen Feed.*
2 p.m.	2 1/2 teaspoons "Bone and Vegetable Broth." 2 1/2 teaspoons "Egg Custard." Lactogen Feed.*	2 1/2 teaspoons "Lamb and Vegetables." 2 1/2 teaspoons "Choc. Custard" and "Pears." Lactogen Feed.*
4 p.m.	Orange Juice†	Orange Juice†
6 p.m.	2 1/2 teaspoons Baby Cereal mixed with Lactogen. 2 1/2 teaspoons "Lamb, Liver and Vegetables." Lactogen Feed.*	2 1/2 teaspoons Baby Cereal mixed with Lactogen. 2 1/2 teaspoons "Chicken Broth." Lactogen Feed.*
10 p.m.	Lactogen Feed.*	Lactogen Feed.*

*Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.
†Enough diluted Orange Juice to satisfy baby's thirst.

NESTLÉ'S
LACTOGEN

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding



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Jergens
HAND LOTION

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING HAND LOTION



MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

A CONCISE GUIDE TO

Rose pruning

BY ALLAN SEALE

● With practice, pruning becomes easy.

ROSES, which have so many varieties, naturally have varying characteristics of shape and growth. Each is pruned differently, but the basic rules apply.

The purpose of pruning is always:

- (a) To remove dead, diseased, or old wood no longer capable of producing vigorous, healthy growth.
- (b) To cut back healthy wood, forcing the new growth to come from lower down, where the canes are heavier and better able to support it. This also keeps the plants more compact.

In (a), when removing old or dead wood, cut as closely as possible to the base of the plant (crown) or the junction where it meets newer wood that is to be conserved.

For (b), when shortening back healthy wood, cut about ½ in. above a bud pointing in the direction the new growth is desired. Slant the cut slightly downward toward the back of the bud.

Now all that is needed is a little practice. Examine the rose bush and decide which growth to remove or, more important, leave.

New canes are usually smooth and plump, either green or a purplish color. Old wood usually has dull, grey-brown,

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slightly scaly bark. If it has outlived its usefulness it produces only thin, twiggy growth. This is really the deciding factor.

Some bushes have comparatively few vigorous canes showing. Here you will need to compromise and leave what would be considered sub-standard on another bush.

Other plants will have an excess of new, healthy canes, sometimes three or four coming from each stem. Where there are two or three such stems to the plant, leave only the lowest cane on each stem, unless this cane happens to be growing across the other growth. In this case, shear it off cleanly where it joins the main stem and leave the next one above.

The older main stem is cut away immediately above the remaining cane. A pruning saw will be necessary if the old growth is too thick and heavy for secateurs. Special long-handled, heavy cane pruners are also available.

Shortening Back: From each bud or eye left on the new canes, a flower stem will develop. In turn, the lower buds that form on these flower stems will produce the flowers for the following season, and so on.

Nowadays, it is generally accepted that roses are better if not pruned back too heavily.

Therefore, instead of leaving two buds, as was the practice, it is now recommended that three to five should remain.

Incidentally, a bud (or eye) will always be found in the junction of leaf and stem, or fractionally above where a leaf has fallen.

This, then, is step (b), where the cut is made ½ in. above the bud and slanting back slightly behind it. If it is made closer the bud may die, or the new growth make a poor union with the stem.

When it is made too high above the bud, a "hat rack" or dead section of wood develops, a source of fungus infection that sometimes causes the cane to die back beyond the bud.

Make practice cuts

The secateurs should be held with the sharp, thin cutting blade nearest the bud. The thick, crescent-shaped blade acts only as a rest or table for the cutting blade, and can leave a bruise where it presses against the stem. Naturally, it is better to have the bruise on the section being removed. (Practice these cuts on higher, surplus buds.)

Water Shoots: These are long, sappy growth that comes from low down on the main stems or from the crown head, which is at or just below ground level. Later they will form the new frame of the plant, replacing the old stems.

Unlike the lateral growth from the newer canes, the water shoots normally terminate in a cluster, or candelabra, of flower buds. Do not pick all of this flower cluster, or the wood of the new shoot may not mature. You can pick the centre of the cluster, leaving the two lower branches.

Suckers: At first there may be some confusion between these and water shoots, but where the latter come from the crown head (where the rose was grafted to the briar) or above, the sucker comes from the briar stem below this crown. Usually they can be dis-

tinguished by the thinner foliage, often with seven leaflets instead of five. If in doubt, rake the soil away, and if it is emerging from below the crown, cut it off as close as possible to the stem.

Standards: Standard roses are pruned as bush roses, except that the latter's graft is at ground level and the standard graft is 2½ ft. to 3 ft. above the ground.

Climbers: Most climbers are pruned as for bush roses, removing old canes, tying back new ones, and shortening the laterals to a suitable eye or bud.

Wichuraianas or ramblers (such as Dorothy Perkins): All canes that have flowered are cut back to ground level after flowering.

New roses: Prune lightly, removing as little foliage as possible until the original canes have been replaced by new, matured ones.

Do not strive for uniform shape in your rose bushes. This is not possible, unless they are all of the same variety. For example, Queen Elizabeth, Baccara, Texas Centennial, etc., will always be upright growers, but Crispin Glory makes squat, lateral growth.

This character cannot be changed by pruning, except, perhaps, to cut the squat growers back to an eye pointing upward, which naturally encourages a slightly more upright growth. Weak growers should be pruned lightly.

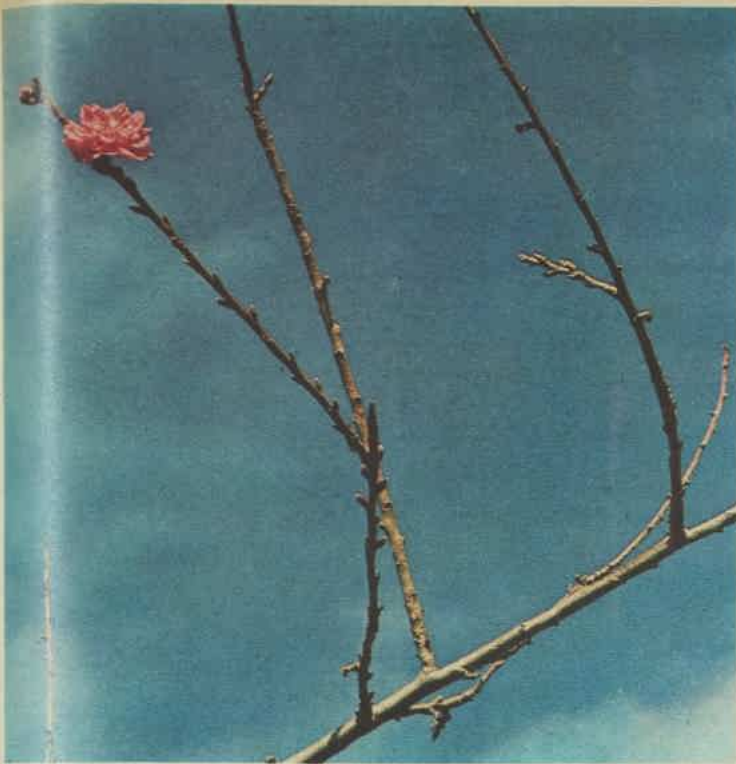
Prevent Disease: Rake up and burn old foliage and prunings, especially where black spot has been prevalent. This will destroy spores that would otherwise affect next season's growth. A thorough spraying after pruning will also pay dividends.

Use a good rose spray, and spray the surrounding soil as well as the newly pruned bushes. Spray with lime sulphur solution or white oil where white loose scale or rose scale is present.

Lime Washing: Carried over from earlier days when lime was thought to be a cure for all plant ills, this has little beneficial effect.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book



FIRST ONE

*The wind is cold, the branches bare,
But there is something in the air,
A quivering, a humming.
I open all the windows wide,
I simply cannot stay inside,
I know that spring is coming!*

*One lonely blossom, frail and bright,
Lifts up its face to catch the light,
It heard that distant humming.
It could no longer stay and hide,
It simply had to come outside,
It knew that spring is coming!*

—INGEBORG BROWN

THE STORY BEHIND IT

● This delightful picture and its poem are by Ingeborg Brown, of the Brisbane suburb of Indooroopilly. She titled the lone bloom "First Blossom of Spring" and writes: "It came out a week before any of the others. I spent a quarter of an hour on top of a wobbly ladder to take its photograph while one of the children patiently hung on to the branch to hold it at the angle I wanted."



Feminine flattery! All yours with simple knitting know-how and wonderful Sirdar Caprine. That's all you need to whisk up this featherweight casual jacket. Sirdar Caprine . . . the luxury mohair yarn spun 'specially for fine garments. Knit this jacket for only \$7.15 (71/6).

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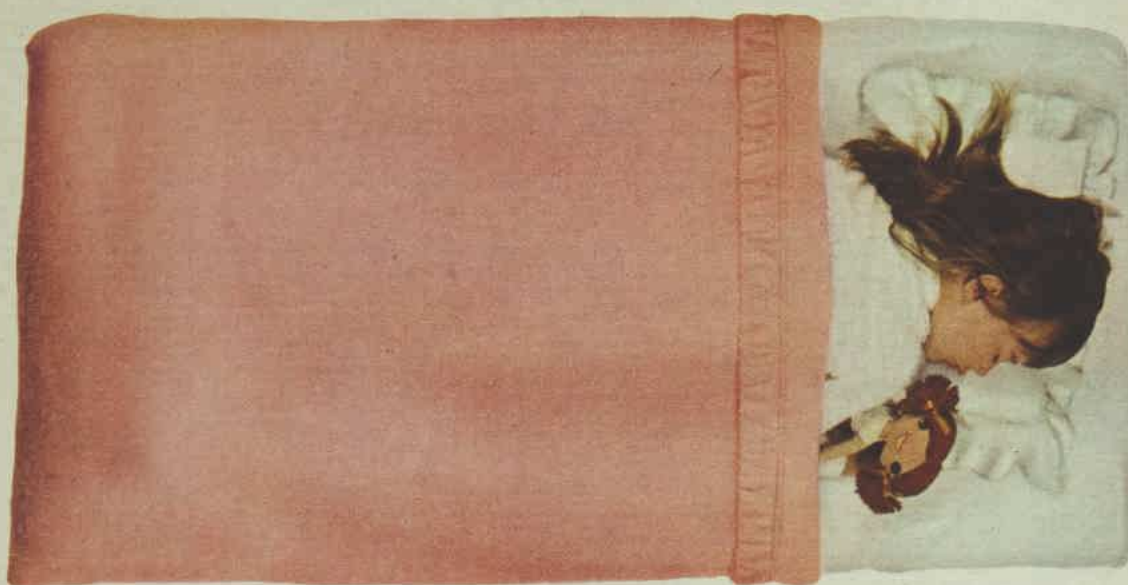
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PART TWO of THE RECLUSE OF HERALD SQUARE

● More than a thousand people were to claim the million-dollar fortune left by Mrs. Ida E. Wood on her death in 1932 in a run-down New York hotel. She was 94 and had lived there for 24 years, pretending to have barely enough money for ordinary needs.

For most of that time two women lived with her — a sister known as Miss Mary Mayfield and Emma Wood, who, Ida claimed, was her own daughter. Both died earlier, and it was Mary's death, at 91, which disclosed some of the enormous wealth

hidden in the junk-filled rooms. People now recalled that Ida Wood was once a society figure, the wife of a Congressman who owned a leading New York newspaper. But to establish her rightful heirs it was necessary to find out where she came from, who her parents were.

Joseph A. Cox, at that time counsel for the Public Administrator of New York County, was given the task; it took him five years, and during that time he and his staff gradually uncovered a curious masquerade.

by



Judge Joseph A. Cox

SHE SENT A LOVE LETTER TO A MILLIONAIRE



IDA WOOD in the eighteen-sixties.

WHO was Ida Wood?

Certain facts about her were already well known, and some others had been searched out. When they were put together they made a portrait of the Ida Wood that New York knew — the public Ida Wood, so to speak.

It was the picture she presented to the world, and the one the world believed until long after she died.

It was known that when Ida came to New York in 1857, she was 19 and lovely enough to make a place for herself in the world without resorting to any more than the usual feminine wiles. But she was poor and alone.

She must have viewed the big city with excitement and wonder. Its surging streets were like a noisy carnival.

Night in New York was a jungle in 1857. Gaslights threw a yellow glare over Broadway until morning. The dull rumble of horse-drawn omnibuses and hackney coaches was never still. Bars, restaurants, and hotels were doing a roaring business, and a new word had been coined to describe some of the men who made them prosperous. The word was "millionaire."

What Ida did at first for a living, where she lived, who her friends were, or whether she had any at all, no one could be certain.

There was purpose in her coming to the city. She had not drifted there merely looking for work as so many restless girls and ambitious young men were doing in those days. Her purpose was to make a place for herself — a prominent place. She was a nobody, but she had studied how to "be a lady," as it proved, and she meant to be one, rich and respectable and admired in society.

Her sensible, direct mind told her there was only one way to achieve such eminence, and that was to marry into it. She cast about for a rich man.

Ida would never have met Benjamin Wood in the ordinary course of events. He

was then 37, a successful businessman whose activities were deeply involved with his brother Fernando's political organisation.

Fernando was Mayor of New York—one of its worst, but his position led him into the gilded society of the city, and Benjamin followed him into those circles.

The evidence strongly suggests that Ida, a girl of extraordinary resourcefulness, took a direct route to Ben's heart after hearing and reading of his exploits as a young man-about-town.

In her effects, after her death, there was found a letter, faded and torn, but written on what would once have passed for personal blue notepaper. It was a letter as direct as Ida always was, and it read, under the date-line New York, May 28, 1857:

"Mr. Wood — Sir, Having heard of you often, I venture to address you from hearing a young lady one of your 'former loves' speak of you. She says you are fond of 'new faces.' I fancy that as I am new in the city and in 'affaires de coeur' that I might contract an agreeable intimacy with you; of as long duration as you saw fit to have it. I believe that I am not extremely bad looking, nor disagreeable. Perhaps not quite as handsome as the lady with you at present, but I know a little more, and there is an old saying — 'Knowledge is power.' If you would wish an interview address a letter to No. (excised) Broadway PO New York stating where and what time we may meet. Yours truly . . ."

The letter was signed "Nellie," with something in parentheses after it carefully cut out, as was the Broadway PO number. The handwriting was Ida's, the letter was found in her private papers, and her mother sometimes referred to her as Nellie.

Taken in the context of New York life and Ida's own incredible story, it is a letter that shows more of her indomitable will than it does of any intended immorality. As a sales letter, it produced immediate results. Ida and Ben met, and, whatever the motivation on either side, they fell in love—or at least Ben did.

He wrote to a friend that Ida came to him as "a noble, artless, beautiful, and virtuous girl, something I had almost despaired of finding." She must have been an extremely skilful actress as well, because Ida turned out to be one of the most artful women of her time.

They were a handsome couple. Ben was a tall, vigorous, commanding man, with a mane of black hair, a black moustache, and bold, fierce eyes. Ida was a slight, dark girl with a fine figure, long hair, an oval face with high cheekbones, and extraordinary eyes.

Her manner was direct and elegant. She spoke in a soft, cultured voice in which there was no trace of an accent derived from the Louisiana plantations of the Mayfields.

FROM the time of their first meeting until their official, recorded marriage ten years later in 1867, the record is confusing, perplexing, and full of contradictions that have never been resolved.

Ben's private life was as mysterious as Ida's. It seems he had a wife, Catherine, who had died in 1850 at their Williamsburg, Brooklyn, home. The census of 1860 listed him as living with his two sons at Manhasset, Long Island. At the same address there was listed a "Delia Wood" and her parents, people named Bowers.

Who was Delia Wood? No one knows; no one ever

found out. She next appears in what is assuredly one of the most baffling episodes in the entire perplexing saga of Ida Wood.

On August 19, 1867, in the pages of the New York "Daily News," a paper then owned and published by Ben which he had acquired six years earlier, there appeared a death notice of "Delia Wood, wife of the Honorable Benjamin Wood."



FERNANDO WOOD, Ida's brother-in-law, who was Mayor of New York in 1855-58.

Perhaps his political enemies had maliciously inserted the death notice. Or could it have been a clever device of Ida's to induce him to marry her? It is not impossible. In any case, that was the result, although the next day the "Daily News" published an indignant refutation of the death notice.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wood (meaning Ben and Ida) lived on West Fifty-fourth Street, the item said, and were at that moment absent from the city. (They were, in fact, summering at Newport, along with the rest of New York society.)

Two months later Ben and

Ida were married at the Paulist Church on Fifty-ninth Street in New York City.

Ida had asserted in the last months before her death that she had been married in Philadelphia in 1857. We were unable to find any evidence of this wedding, and came to believe that it was as a mistress, not as a wife, that she lived with Ben from 1857 until their authenticated marriage ten years later.

During part of this time, in fact, Ida was calling herself "Mrs. Harvey." Whether or not she was ever really Mrs. Harvey (and there is not the slightest evidence of it), and whether or not Delia Bowers or Delia Wood was ever Mrs. Wood, Ida and Ben were inseparable from the moment they met.

Ben was a talented and careless spender. His passion was gambling. It was his only diversion, and for years he spent most of his spare time playing cards for very high stakes. Once he wagered the "Daily News" itself—and fortunately won.

There were several different stories about how Ida dealt with this passion of her husband's. One was that she often waited outside his club in her carriage to be certain that if he won she would be on hand to get a percentage of his winnings. If he needed to borrow money to gamble again, it was said, she charged him interest.

Another story was that Ida had agreed she would not interfere in any way with his gambling if he would give her half of everything he won and take the losses himself. Three years after this agreement, so the story went, she owned nearly everything he had.

There was a curious memorandum Ben made in 1872, when things were not going

well for him financially. Found in Ida's effects, this declared that properties he supposedly owned on West Eleventh Street and in Williamsburg did not really belong to him but to Mary E. Mayfield.

To add further to the confusion, the house at 175 West Eleventh Street was purchased, so it was disclosed, in the name of "Mary E. Maifeild" (one of the variant spellings of Mayfield found in Ida's notes), but the Williamsburg property was bought by "Mary E. Walsh" in September, 1868.

It was still in that name when Ben wrote his 1872 memorandum. Five years later, however, it was transferred from Mary E. Walsh to Mary E. Mayfield for a consideration of one dollar. Ida was a witness to this puzzling transaction.

FURTHERMORE, when the census reports for these later years of Ben Wood's life were examined, there were strange statements made in them which indicated that the census takers were either haphazard or must have been given erroneous information.

In the 1870 census, when the Wood family was living at 45 Fifth Avenue, the age of every member was given incorrectly and not all the family was included.

Ben was listed as 45 (he was 50), Ida was given as 40 (she was 32). Three children were recorded: Emma, Henry, and Benjamin. Emma's and Henry's birthplace was given as Kentucky, Ida's as New York, Benjamin's as Louisiana.

Henry's age was listed as ten. This was inaccurate on two scores. In the first place, it is known that there were two Henrys living in the Wood household at the time; one was Ben's son, the other Ida's brother. Secondly, both were 21.

By 1880, the family had moved to 175 West Eleventh Street. The head of the house was now listed as Ida's mother. Ben was recorded as a son-in-law, aged 59; Ida

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From page 53

as a daughter, aged 32 (she was 42); Emma as a granddaughter, aged 14; and Henry, a son, aged 26 (he was 31). This was Ida's brother Henry.

Their birthplaces had changed, too, in the intervening decade. Ida gave hers as New Orleans, Emma's as New York, Elizabeth's and Henry's as New Orleans.

Curiously, another resident in the Wood household was recorded in these returns—a girl named Delia Watson. She is first heard of in Manhasset, where she was supposed to be the child of Delia Bowers, or Wood. After that Delia's death, the little Delia apparently came to live with Ben and Ida.

In the census of 1870 she appears as a 15-year-old child, living with Ben's family, but ten years later she is listed as Delia Watts, aged 27. In 1880, when she lived in Ben's Long Island home, she was listed as Delia Wood.

To confuse matters further, her presumed adoptive mother was listed also in that census as Delia Wood rather than Bowers.

Who was Delia Watson? We were never able to learn. She may well have been a child born of the unexplained relationship between Ben and Delia Bowers. Or she may have been a child of Delia Bowers by some other man, a child whom Ben undertook to care for.

For Benjamin Wood was not entirely a bad man. He was a

sharp businessman, but probably no worse than most of his contemporaries in a freebooting, unregulated era.

No more touching proof could be offered of his devotion than the case of Emma, whom he stubbornly presented to the world as his own daughter because Ida wished it.

Ben, in the course of making a will, in which he was setting up trust funds for his children, included one guaranteeing Emma ("my daughter") \$6000 a year.

He made 18 wills or codicils during his lifetime. But when he died he left no estate, so his last will was not probated. Consequently there was no occasion on this account for Emma being told that Ida was her sister and not her mother, if that was the case. Was she ever told? There is no record that she was.

Ben evidently lost some of his proficiency at the gambling table as he grew older. He began to lose so heavily that in 1897 creditors who had lent him large sums

threatened to petition him into bankruptcy. He was compelled to find some means of obtaining a large loan.

There was only one person in the world he knew with a lot of money whom he could trust, and that was Ida. She had managed to save a fortune in spite of his extravagances, and so he turned to her. It was a business deal. Ida gave him the money and in return he sold her his controlling interest in the paper.

A year later, accompanied by Ida, Mary, and Emma, he was off to Europe and Egypt for a trip which occupied nearly another year before they came home in December, 1899. He was in poor health and died soon afterwards.

As a woman who was accustomed to having her own way, Ida imagined that she could operate the "Daily News" as well as anyone. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

She was interested at first only in the business side of the paper, but she soon discovered how completely interconnected it was with the editorial side, and it was not long before she was sitting in the editor's chair.

In little more than a year she alienated the entire staff and ruined a once valuable newspaper property. The "Daily News" was bought from Ida in 1901 for \$340,000.

Characteristically, she insisted that the money should be paid in thousand-dollar bills. There was a bizarre little ceremony at her hotel, in which every dollar of the money was counted before her eyes.

Left without Ben, but in possession of enough money to do anything she liked, she spent several years in travelling with Mary and Emma.

As she grew older, Ida's dread of dying in poverty gripped her in a strangling fear. One day, as she was walking along Fifth Avenue, she met one of her friends, a banker. As they talked, he told her he was concerned about the country's financial situation (it was the onset of the Panic of 1907), and particularly about the difficulty some banks seemed to be encountering.

That was all Ida needed to hear. She put all her funds in a safe deposit box which she shared at the time with Mary and Emma.

The years of travel had perhaps been symptomatic of Ida's growing lack of interest in her New



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Gemey
talcum & skin perfume
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OUR TRANSFER



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Talcum: 70c and .95c. Skin perfume: 85c and \$1.25. Parfum Concentree (for when you're feeling unusually adventurous): \$1.65. Purse-size 85c.

HERALD SQUARE

York surroundings. Slowly there developed in her a desire for society. With Mary and Emma, she moved to the Herald Square Hotel in late 1907.

There the three women slowly withdrew from the world into the twilight domain of the recluse. Death found first poor Emma in 1928, then Miss Mary in 1931, and at last the strong-willed Ida herself on March 12, 1932.

With Ida's death, the legal drama became more tense.

The legal role of her nephew by marriage, Otis Wood, had come to an end. He had been appointed "committee in charge" of Ida during the last months of her life when, following the death of her sister and the discovery of Ida's fortune, her sanity had been questioned by her husband's relations.

On March 17, 1932, the O'Brien firm, as Otis' attorneys, offered for probate the will she had made on July 9, 1889. The will was written in her own hand. Her signature, "Ida E. Wood," had been witnessed by Ben, who signed "B. Wood," and by one R. F. McCormack.

Beneficiaries were named as "my sister Mary E. W. Mayfield" and "my daughter Emma Wood" — both now dead.

Two Wood factions were still at odds. When Otis filed his application for probate of the will, the other faction, led by Mrs. Shields, petitioned the court to have one of their group appointed temporary administrator of Ida's estate. On April 23, 1932, over the protest of Otis, Surrogate Foley granted temporary letters of administration to Ben's great-grandson Henry Wood, jointly with the Bankers Trust Company.

This victory for the Shields faction was inevitable. The faction consisted of the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of Ben by his first wife, Catherine Davidson, who died before he married Ida. Though not blood relations of Ida, they were Ben's direct descendants, and as such they were nearer in relationship to her than nieces or nephews who were collateral relatives, including nephew Otis Wood.

It was now my job as counsel to the Public Administrator to find out who Ida E. Wood really was.

The Surrogate turned over to our office more than 500 letters the court had received from people claiming to be related to her. Each letter was read and a card index system was established, setting forth the name and the claimed relationship.

All the papers found in Ida's rooms and trunks had been taken into custody, and my associates and I went through every one.

We also read the records compiled by the nurses of what she had said to them in the last year of her life.

Everywhere we looked, as we examined these records and other clues, contradictions appeared, along with tantalising views of Ida's real past.

For example, the records showed clearly enough that Ben Wood had married her in 1867. Emma's death certificate contained a statement as to her date of birth, which would make her ten years old at the time. Yet here was Ida in her 1889 will referring to Emma as her daughter.

I examined the original record of the marriage. The register had been signed "Ida Ellen Walsh Mayfield." This was a startling disclosure. How did the name Walsh fit into the picture of Ida's background?

Other puzzling documents picked up in her rooms linked her to that name. One was an undertaker's receipt given to a Mr. Thomas Walsh for the burial of his son in September, 1846, in a cemetery in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Another was a similar receipt, given to Mother Russell, of the Sisters of Mercy in San Francisco, for the burial of a Thomas Walsh in Mount Calvary Cemetery there in November, 1864.

Two sheets of paper, both in Ida's handwriting, commanded my attention. I would not realise for some time how important they were in unravelling the mystery of identity. The writing on each sheet seemed similar in content, but there were differences.

The first sheet, a blank piece of paper, read as follows:

May 17th, 1881
This paper is a copy taken from an old memorandum. E. Sunday between 2 & 3 p.m. — Jan. 14/1838

Old
La
M. Monday afternoon May 11/1840

Lee
York
M. Friday night between 12 & 2 December 7/1850

Salem
L. Tuesday Noon April 7/1852 Cambridge

E. Wednesday Morning between 2 & 3 Feb. 10/1857 Ma

The second sheet of paper was stationery from the Caux Palace Hotel at Montreux, Switzerland. At the top of the sheet was a picture of the hotel. Ida wrote:

This paper is a copy from old memorandum.

E. Sunday between 2 & 3 p.m. Jan. 14th 1838 — O

M—Monday afternoon May 11th 1840—Lee

MJ—Friday night between 12 & 2 o'clock Dec. 7th 1850—S

L. Tuesday noon April 7th 1852 —C

E. Wednesday morning between 2 & 3 o'clock Feb. 10th, 1857 — M

We had no way of knowing whether both sheets were written at the same time. We sensed they contained important information, and we referred to them so often that we came to call them the Old Memoranda.

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Which Campbell's tomato soup will your family like best?



The one we make thick and smooth with real dairy cream and butter?



...or the one where the fresh tomato taste is the biggest thing about it?

If you haven't tried them both you don't know what you're missing. Only Campbell's makes two completely different, completely delicious tomato soups!



Campbell's Soups
made to a recipe—not just a price!

*Reg'd trade mark

THE RECLUSE OF HERALD SQUARE

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There seemed sufficient basis for speculating that these memoranda could be a record relating to Ida's family. Could it be, we pondered, that the initials at the beginning of the first two lines were those of Emma and Mary?

There might be, we thought, a correlation between the word "Cambridge" in one of the sheets of the Old Memoranda and the receipt given to Thomas Walsh for the burial of his child in a cemetery in Cambridge, Massachusetts. So we sent an investigator there.

The cemetery custodian verified that the location indicated on the receipt did, indeed, refer to a portion of the cemetery. But when the site was examined, it was found to be covered by tufts of grass and earth. Our investigator gave us the discouraging report that no gravestone was visible.

I read again some of the conversations the nurses had remembered, and here was Ida saying, "My mother was married to Mr. Mayfield, and Mary and I were their children. But my father went with other women — oh, he was a rascal! — and so my mother divorced him. When I had money of my own, I gave him enough to go out to California, and he died out there."

That cast some light on the reason Ida had kept for almost 70 years the receipt given to Mother Russell for the burial of a Thomas Walsh in San Francisco. I concluded this clue should be followed up at once.

An examination of hospital records in San Francisco showed that a man named Thomas Walsh had, indeed, died there in 1864. His birthplace was given as County "Mead" (obviously meant to be Meath) in Ireland.

WHILE these and other investigations proceeded, I was all but overwhelmed by an ever-increasing number of letters, mounting into the hundreds, from various places in Louisiana, written by persons who asserted they were relatives of Ida. I, therefore, asked my associate, Joseph T. Arenson, to go down to Louisiana. Soon afterwards we were informed that a later will of Ida's had been discovered in Louisiana. This news, of course, came as a bombshell, and Arenson at once investigated.

The will, in pencil with many misspellings, was written in the back of an old bible found in a trunk in a small country town. It was signed "Ida Mayfield Welch Wood, New York, Sept. 15th, 1896," and it left half her wealth to "Truader Carpenter . . . a cousin to my Comon law Husbin Thomas Welch" and the other half "to New York City."

If one were to accept this as Ida's will, he would have to believe that she was illiterate.

A comparison of her authenticated signature with the handwriting of the

Louisiana document satisfied us that they were not written by the same person.

Whoever was behind the Louisiana will had been clever indeed. "Truader Carpenter" proved to be Mrs. Truader Carpenter Hammond, of Ponchatoula, Louisiana, now dead. The will had been found by one of her descendants.

Handwriting experts cannot tell the age of a writing in pencil as they can with one in ink.

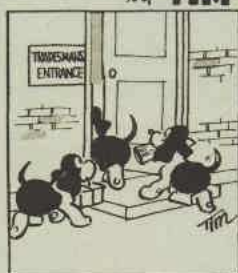
Perhaps the most artful touch, however, was the bequest to the City of New York, thus ensuring that the

Arriving there, she behaved in the determined fashion that characterised her life. Cutting her way through Scottish red tape, she had the body exhumed and brought back to New York.

It was in the rose-colored notebook that we also found a notation which bore an obvious relation to the receipt for the burial of Thomas Walsh in San Francisco, found in Ida's room. The entry read: "Father arrived in California August 6th, 1862. Died Nov. 9th at 10 a.m., 1864. Buried November 10th in Mount Calvary Cemetery, California."

FOR THE CHILDREN

WUFF, SNUFF & TUFF



claimant would get free representation from the largest law firm in the world, the city's Corporation Counsel.

We employed an expert in paper, parchment, and similar materials, who told us after a careful examination that he was able to recognise the watermark on the paper, showing that it had not been manufactured until several years after the 1896 date of the will.

The will was a forgery. I could now turn my attention once more to the search into her puzzling past.

One of the most valuable documents we found in Ida's belongings was what came to be called "the rose-colored notebook." Like the Old Memoranda, it was undated.

The rose-colored notebook told the story of the death of her mother, and in telling it provided valuable clues to Ida's identity. "Mother," she wrote, "died one p.m. mid-day July 6, 1883 Aitkins Hotel Room No. 16 114 Argyle St. Glasgow Scotland. Buried in Del Beth Cemetery Glasgow Tuesday July 10th. Mother's remains were removed from Scotland to New York, placed in the receiving vault at Calvary until the monument was finished in Nov 1884 then placed in our plot Section 9, plot 41 on the 15th of Nov. 1884."

It seemed that in 1883 Ida's mother, then living with her daughter and son-in-law, expressed a wish to see her relations, and prepared to make the trip—but not to Louisiana, supposed home of the Mayfields. She sailed for Scotland and suffered a heart attack shortly after arriving there.

A Glasgow death certificate showed that her maiden name was Crawford and said she was the widow of "Henry Mayfield, sugar planter."

As soon as Ida learned of her mother's death, she and Ben left for Scotland.

This was an important clue, indeed. The entry confirmed the burial receipt, and both appeared to indicate that Ida's father was really a man named Thomas Walsh. But over in Calvary Cemetery in New York City, the family history she had caused to be engraved on the monument stated, equally plainly, that Thomas Henry Mayfield was her father.

Of all the clues the trunks and notebooks and documents yielded up, one of the most important was at the outset the most obscure. That was a letter written to Ida in 1866, when she was living in the house on West

in Massachusetts," the one Ida had talked about in her rambling conversations with the nurses before her death? There must surely have been two brothers.

I re-examined the rose-colored notebook: "Louis died May 21st, buried May 23rd, 1865." The receipt for the grave in the Cambridge Cemetery, on the other hand, had been dated 1846. Louis, then, could not be Ida's brother whom Thomas Walsh had buried in Cambridge in September, 1846, according to the burial receipt which had been found in Ida's room.

We tried the files of the Boston newspapers, and in

ate boy was Ida's brother, Louis Walsh.

Returning now to the Old Memoranda, we concluded that "L. Tuesday afternoon, April 7, 1852," followed by "Cambridge" in one of the sheets and by "C" in the other, referred not to Louis' death but to his date of birth. Louis was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on April 7, 1852, and died by drowning in Cambridge on May 21, 1865.

I was convinced there must be some further proof of Ida's identity lying in that place where at least one Walsh child had been buried. Louis, I believed, was also buried there. I meant to find the headstone if it were there. The 1846 receipt specified that a boy had been buried in Lot G. 14 R.I. East.

Families kept their burial receipts in those days as title deeds, to be used when there were later burials in the same family. Eighty-five years after the 1846 receipt was issued it had turned up in Ida Wood's room in the Herald Square Hotel after her death. It was this document which led me to Cambridge.

The inscription on the toppled tombstone we found hidden by earth and grass read:

Erected by Ann Walsh in memory of her husband Thomas Walsh who died in San Francisco Nov. 8, 1864, aged 54 years. Thomas Walsh, died September 11, 1846, aged 11 months. Also an infant son, died 1847. Margaret Walsh, died August 28, 1859, aged 60 years. Louis N. Walsh, died May 21, 1865, aged 13 years.

Thomas Walsh was the man Ida had referred to in her rose-colored notebook as

to the account of his death in the Boston newspaper, his parents were living at the time in Edgeworth, a part of Malden.

All this seemed to confirm that Ida must have been a Walsh, and we remembered that she had signed her marriage register as Ida Ellen Walsh Mayfield.

Now we turned to the "Margret" Walsh on the stone. Comparing the date of her death with that of Ida's father, Thomas Walsh, indicated that "Margret" could very well be Thomas' mother, Ida's paternal grandmother. This assumption seemed to be confirmed by what we found on shortly thereafter from people living in Malden.

We sought out anyone who would have been likely to know the Walsh family, and, incredible as it might seem, there were old friends and neighbors still living who remembered them.

ONE of them was Mrs. Margaret O'Reilly. "I remember there was a baby in the family named Emma," she said. "And there was Mary Ann, and Louis, and, yes, there was another brother named Michael. My, I remember the day Louis was drowned."

"A young woman used to come up from New York and visit the Walshes, a very pretty young woman. She had the most beautiful dark eyes I ever saw, and long dark hair. All the Walshes called her Ellen, but when they talked about her to us and the other neighbors she was always 'Mrs. Harvey'."

"I used to go to the Walshes after the new baby was born. Mrs. Walsh would let me watch her bathe and dress little Emma. There was something wrong with that child, I noticed right away — something wrong with the poor little thing's back."

This, we had reason to believe, was the same Emma whom Benjamin Wood had taken into his home ten years later and passed off as his and Ida's child.

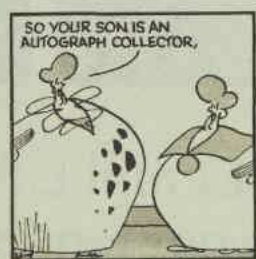
We asked Mrs. O'Reilly what she could tell us about Michael, the other boy in the Walsh family she had recalled. There her memory failed her. We had to look elsewhere for Michael, and we found him in the register of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Salem, Massachusetts.

There was recorded the baptism of an infant named Michael, child of Thomas Welsh and Mary, his wife, on December 16, 1849. According to the register, the child was one week old on that date. In the notation in Ida's Old Memoranda the date recorded was December 7, 1850.

These were puzzling discrepancies. Although the month in the register was the same, there was still the matter of a year's difference in the dates and the fact that the mother's name was given as Mary, not Ann.

The fascinating thing about this discovery, how-

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



Fifty-fourth Street as Mrs. Benjamin Wood, a year before her church marriage.

This letter, written by the Superior of the House of the Angel Guardian, in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, thanked Ida for a gift and acknowledged receipt of ten dollars "for Michael."

We followed up this clue immediately. A letter to the Mother Superior at the Massachusetts school, asking for information about a "Michael" registered as Mayfield, or possibly Walsh or Welch, brought a quick reply.

Yes, wrote the Mother Superior, there had been

one of them, dated May 22, 1865, this obscure paragraph was found: "Drowned. A boy named Welch, about twelve years of age, was drowned in a creek, rear of the rubber factory, at Malden, yesterday afternoon. His parents reside in Edgeworth."

With this information to guide us, it was no task to find in the State House in Boston, among the vital statistics, official confirmation of the story: "Welch. May 21, 1865, Louis, 13 years. Born in Cambridge. Parents, Thomas and Ann Crawford Welch."

In spite of the variant spellings, it seemed fair to conclude that this unfortun-

"father." It also seemed clear that Ann Walsh, who had put up the stone, must be her mother. If not, how could it possibly be explained that the Ann Crawford Welch who was Louis' mother was someone different from the Ann Mary Crawford, mother of Ida and Henry, who was named on the New York monument?

The stone further confirmed that Louis, the drowned boy, whose death had caused the monument to be erected, was indeed Ida's brother. He was the "L." in the Old Memoranda, born April 7, 1852, in Cambridge, and, according

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Cheddar Pizza

Australian Cheddar and your good cooking combine to produce Cheddar Pizza — delicious, low cost, high protein pie that's packed with flavour, energy and goodness! Did you know that one pound of natural Cheddar Cheese gives as much protein as 1½ lb. raw beef, 1½ lb. raw fish, 1½ lb. raw mutton or 18 eggs? And it's rich in calcium, essential for building bones and teeth in children and young people. Australian Cheddar is cheap! Serve it often! Here's one easy, wildly popular recipe that makes a lunch main course for eight.

CHEDDAR PIZZA RECIPE

Standard 8 oz. measuring cup is used.
Spoon measurements are level.

SHORT CRUST PASTRY:

10 ozs. plain flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon baking powder
5 ozs. butter
water to mix.
a little beaten egg.

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Cut butter into small pieces and rub into flour. Add a little cold water, mix to form stiff dough. Turn onto lightly floured board, knead and roll out to cover buttered 11½" pizza pan. Brush edge with beaten egg. To prevent pastry rising, place sheet of greaseproof paper in pie shell and fill with uncooked rice or macaroni. Bake in mod. hot oven (G. 425°) for 10 minutes. Remove filling. Turn oven to mod. 350° and bake until light golden brown.

FILLING:

½ oz. butter; 1 small onion, chopped;
1, 15-oz. can tomatoes, drained;
2½ ozs. tomato paste; 1 teaspoon sugar;
salt and pepper; oregano;
1 clove garlic, crushed; 1 bay leaf;
3½ ozs. can tuna; ½ lb. Australian Cheddar Cheese;
anchovy fillets; stuffed olives.

Melt butter, fry onion until tender and golden. Add drained tomatoes, paste, sugar, salt, pepper, little oregano, garlic and bay leaf. Simmer 20 minutes, cool, add tuna. Place filling in pie shell, decorate with sliced Cheddar Cheese. Garnish with anchovies and olives. Bake in mod. oven (G. 350°) until golden brown. Serve piping hot with tossed salad.

Discover Australian Cheese



MOZZARELLA

Traditional Italian cheese may be used as a topping for pizzas. Substitute ½ lb. chopped tuna with Italian Sausage for authentic flavour.



PARMESAN

A tablespoon of grated Parmesan cheese sprinkled over pizza before cooking imparts a full piquant flavour. Add a chopped green pepper for additional interest.



SWISS

For a sweet nutty flavour top the pizza with slices of Swiss cheese in place of Cheddar. Sardines may be used in place of tuna.



ROMANO

A full sharp flavour is obtained by sprinkling grated Romano cheese over pizza. Dot with sliced champignons.



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board

Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamor of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

THE RECLUSE OF HERALD SQUARE

From page 56

ever, was that it led to the linking of Ida's brother, "Henry Mayfield," with Michael Walsh. They were apparently different names for the same person.

Michael's school record showed that his age was the same as that of "Henry," and the birthplace of both was given as Salem. He was listed as Michael in the Malden census of 1855 as five years old, living with his mother and father, Thomas and Ann, his sister, Mary Ann, his brother "Lewis," and his paternal grandmother, Margaret.

It was Louis' death in 1865 that finally ended the Walsh era in Malden. Less

than a month after he was drowned, Ida's sister Mary sold the house, and, with her brother Michael, her sister Emma, and her mother, came to New York to live, and there the Walshes were transformed in a manner and for reasons we did not yet understand into Mayfields.

Thus, by 1872, Ida's mother, Ann Walsh, widow of Thomas, a hawker or itinerant trader, had become Mary E. Mayfield, widow of Henry, New Orleans sugar planter; her daughter Mary had become Mary E. Mayfield, and her son Michael had become Henry Mayfield.

Our investigation turned up the last photograph known to have been taken

of Ida's mother. This had been enlarged and colored, and a good artist had painted a portrait of Ida's mother from it, undoubtedly at Ida's instigation.

The old woman emerged as a grande dame who looked as though she might well have been the widow of a rich Louisiana sugar planter named Mayfield.

Thus the Old Memoranda, the rose-colored notebook, the undertaker's receipt given to Thomas Walsh for the burial of his son in 1846, and the record of Louis' drowning had given us documentary support for our growing belief that Ida Wood was not a Mayfield but a Walsh, and had been born Ellen Walsh, the name

which appeared in the middle of her marriage-registry signature.

We thought we were getting closer to the real facts about her identity, and when we had those we might be able to explain the great deception that had been her life.

We still did not know where Ida was born, or where her sister Mary was born, or where Ida lived before she came to New York.

"My father was Irish and my mother Scotch," she had declared on one occasion. "Her father was well known in Dublin, and everybody knew him as a good man."

On another night she had remarked to a nurse, "I remember my old aunt, my mother's sister Mary. She had a baker's shop in Dublin."

There were other fragmentary pieces in Ida's conversation about Patrick Crawford, her mother's father, who was a Dublin baker. She talked, too, about a pair of Crawford cousins of whom she was fond. They were children of her "Uncle Patrick," she said, who had been left in the care of her "Aunt Eliza in Salem."

AT this stage in our investigations a journalist conceived the notion of running an advertisement in the Boston "Globe" and a feature story in connection with it about Ida's case.

The piece was given prominent display in the Sunday edition; the advertisement running in the same edition employed the photograph of Ida's mother taken about 1870. The story itself carried a picture of Ida and two of her mother.

The article disclosed to the Boston public for the first time that the Walshes were involved in the Wood case. All the previous stories had favored Mayfields and Crawfords.

The response was what one might have expected: a deluge of letters from people named Walsh and Crawford everywhere in New England. Nearly all of them were obviously of no value. Then came a letter from a lady in Salem named Katherine J. Sheehan, which fulfilled the Walsh expectations.

Mrs. Sheehan wrote: "In answer to request in Boston 'Globe' . . . for pictures of Ann Crawford, wife

of Thomas Walsh, present my claim, having picture identical with earlier one, as my grandmother named Eliza Crawford O'Connor is her sister. She married Thomas O'Connor and came to this country with my mother Eliza Jane and two other children, namely: Mary Ann and Winifred, and lived at Newburyport and Salem, Mass.

"There were six more children born in this country, namely: Emmaline, James, Thomas Francis, Michael, and two Catherine. My grandmother lived many years with my mother and as a child I heard many stories from her about the bakery in Dublin, and her sister Ann and children Ellen and Mary."

A lawyer from the O'Brien firm went up to see Mr. Sheehan immediately, taking with him photostats of the daguerreotypes of Ida's mother, Ann Walsh, for the purposes of comparison with the one she possessed. When they were compared, there was no doubt. Ann Walsh was the lady in both pictures.

The lawyer had also brought along a rather large tintype of two elderly women. If one of these women was Ann Walsh, as he believed, the other might be her sister, Eliza Crawford O'Connor.

Mrs. Sheehan exclaimed, "There's Grandma!" and pointed to the figure beside Ann.

That "bakery in Dublin" was a strong link in the chain. No doubt Ida had never said anything about it as long as she was a member of New York society. It would hardly have fitted in with the background of one who was, according to the newspaper accounts of her wedding to Ben, a "descendant of the Earls of Crawford."

The search for Ida Wood's real identity as Ellen Walsh, which we would need to prove later on in court, inevitably led to Ireland, and to England as well, because it was there that many of the events described by Mrs. Sheehan took place and supporting documents, if any, would be found.

To be concluded

● From "The Recluse of Herald Square," published by Dent, London. World copyright Joseph A. Cox, 1964.

Forget those sticky spillable cough syrups!



Pholcogel, the unique non-spill jelly is here!

When coughs come round this winter, use new Pholcogel: the quick-acting cough suppressant in a tube. Squeeze the tube, and out comes a good-tasting jelly that stops coughs in next to no time. Knock the tube over, and out comes nothing at all . . . new Pholcogel can't spill. Kids love the raspberry flavour too. Ask your chemist for new Pholcogel. It costs just 96 cents.

Pholcogel
Non-spill cough suppressant

REGD. TRADE MARK

PP4 314

Modern plastic tube with self-standing top.

THE BOYFRIEND



"Isn't this better than sitting at home in a warm, stuffy room watching television?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 13, 1964

THE WET LOOK



Slickers from the In Shoppe, Sydney.

● Rain gear gets the color treatment this winter in the latest "Wet Look" fashions. No more do rainy days mean dull and dreary outfits. You can look as fresh and fashionable as on any bright summer's day. Known as slickers, these gay coats (available in average and mini length) team with a swingin' range of hats and bags. Featuring the latest zipp-front, slickers hail from the London rain scene, where everyone raves, too, about matching plastic dresses and mini skirts. The coats cost \$24, the hats \$5, and the bag \$2.50. Add another \$10 for a pair of leather boots and for a total of \$41.50 you have a fabulous rain outfit. However, if you can't afford that much, here (at right) is the answer: A schoolboy's raincoat, available from department stores for approximately \$8.50, rubber gum boots \$4.35, and for \$2 a sou'-wester from a disposal store. Slick move? Try it — and make a splash!

Teenagers
WEEKLY





Q.A.

Why does she feel at ease in any company any time of the month?

Because she uses Tampax internal sanitary protection. It's the modern way, the "feel-fresh" way, the invisible way, the comfortable way, the better way! After all shouldn't it be the only way?

TAMPAX Internal Sanitary Protection

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 7d. (6c) in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

Advertisement

Beauty Hint For Winter

Keep the forehead beautifully smooth by using vitalizing cream every night. Firmly coax the nourishment into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements. To smooth out vertical forehead lines and to give the forehead smooth beauty, place both hands on the centre of the forehead with the fingertips interlocked, then pull the fingers apart, smoothing the Ulan vitalizing night cream right across the forehead to erase those unwanted lines.

— Margaret Merril

Thoughts on modern music

MANY people, including teenagers, criticise new pop songs because they "can't understand the words." They are like the people who stand in front of an abstract painting with either an amused or disgusted expression on their faces, and say: "What is it?"

"Abstract" in art means general or universal. It is not meant to show a particular or concrete object. It is meant to call up a mental image — an idea, or a feeling.

Music is the most abstract, emotional form of art there is. In pop songs the instruments and voice together create a special feeling, which is usually excitement and sincerity — "soul."

People who criticise pop music as an insult to the intelligence should listen to it with a different attitude, appreciating it from the point of view of sound, arrangement, and the emotion it inspires. — Jane Michel, Clarinda, Vic.

AS a lover of pure jazz, which I consider one of the most expressive forms of music, I loathe its current perversion by so-called pop "artists."

What emerges from the confusion of frustrated cadences and jangling instrumental accompaniment to the primeval mutterings of a "singer" bears no relationship to pure jazz, which has taken years to develop.

BEATNIK



It would be a relief if some of the groups currently inflicting their most unmusical talents on the community would just "fade away." — "Just Beat," Berriedale, Tas.

Aspects of being a teen

I AM tired of being labelled "obnoxious teenager." It is a term used by many older people and brands me, and all others between the ages of 13 and 20, as irresponsible.

I enjoy all types of music, though generally listen to the hit parade. I am interested in fashionable clothes, though I haven't got many, and am not "square."

But I have the ability to think and reason things out, have an opinion about politics, religion, and social problems. I make mistakes and am quite happy to be corrected by people with more experience.

ROUND ROBIN

OUR LOVE IS HERE TO CHAY!

• I see that shorthand is supposed to be a helping hand for romance.

A RECENT London report suggests this while detailing the plight of a secretarial college principal.

The principal said she had to segregate boys and girls learning shorthand.

She said that romances that sprang up in mixed classes interfered with studies.

The idea of a romance in shorthand interests me . . .

I imagine the most popular girl is one with a neat outline. That's probably the best way to get a boy initially hooked.

Another good way would be to show-off abbreviations — such as mini-skirts.

I suppose a boy-girl get-together at shorthand is an example of the doubling principle.

Similarly, a break-up would represent the halving principle?

And imagine a lovers' tiff. The girl would sneer: "Are you a Pittman or a mouse?"

Marriage could result from a shorthand romance.

Sort of a case of when the diphthong is ended the medley lingers on.

Picture a young man saying to the father: "Sir, I'm asking for your daughter's shorthand in marriage."

But marriage is such a big step that both boy and girl could do well to look before they leap.

Of course, the London problem is not all that new. Cleopatra's romance with Mark Antony was a shorthand one.

It ended when she was bitten by an aspirate.

Robin Adair

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

Flat life

I DISAGREE with Ridgley about girls living in a flat. My girlfriend and I, seeking jobs and more social life than our country towns could give, moved to the city. After more than ten months in a flat we are still very happy, and haven't had one disagreement.

Between us we do our own cooking, washing, ironing and shopping, and still have plenty of time left to go out and enjoy ourselves.

Also we have learnt to become reasonable cooks and economical shoppers. We have found that living in a flat has taught us how to get on with another person, and to be independent and self-reliant. — Jennifer Murphy, Brighton, Vic.

Paying board

I AM only a 12-year-old schoolgirl, but if, and when, I am asked to pay board, I am sure I will feel an outcast from my family.

My parents do not really need money, so why couldn't I put the money in the bank for when I get married. Instead of paying board, I could do the week's shopping for my mother, also the washing and ironing. I would be prepared to cook the weekend meals and to give my mother a rest, and take over the responsibility for cleaning one room other than my bedroom.

It would give me experience for when I get married, and I think would amply cover my board. — Gail Lucas, North Balwyn, Vic.

Go-go lunch

I GO to a private girls' school where the rules are fairly strict, one of them being that no one may remain in the classrooms during lunch hour. Now that the weather is cold a group of about 15 girls in my class plucked up enough courage to ask if we could borrow an old record-player and take it into the gymnasium during lunch hour. To our surprise we got a friendly smile and the answer: "Of course, if you are prepared to pay for any damages." Now we all bring records, and get plenty of exercise trying out new dances. We found out that our headmistress is not as square as we thought. — "With It," Sandy Bry, Tas.

Girl mechanics

I AM very mechanically minded, especially about cars, and I have often wondered why it isn't usual for girls to train as apprentice mechanics. After all it is not thought unusual for boys to train in fashion or culinary arts, both primarily female fields. — Annette Hohenhaus, Warwick, Qld.

Dieting

I AM 18 and have always had a weight problem. However, by constant dieting I have managed to maintain a good figure. Here is how I resist the temptation to eat too much:

1. Instead of sitting home by the cookie-jar, I go for a walk.

2. Instead of thinking of bread and cakes, I think of myself in a bikini.

3. I remember how depressed I get if I put on weight. — "Weight Conscious," Hobart.

Life at 80

TWO people I admire very much are my grandparents, who are both 85. My grandfather, who is nearly 86 and almost totally deaf, is still very active. My grandmother manages a large house and until this year didn't have any help in the house at all. I think that many young people don't realise just how difficult it is for people to carry on normal life when they become old and disabled, and I am proud to say that after 60 years of marriage my grandparents are not letting their age take the upper hand. — R. Hardley, North Shore, Vic.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 13, 1966



Normie Rowe



Carmen Duncan



Harry Lavington



Tanya Binning



Gary Wallace

● It's always a hot time in the old town of Rotorua, New Zealand, with its boiling mud pools, spurting geysers, and steaming water pools—but the pace was hotter still when Australians Tanya Binning and Normie Rowe were there this year for the filming of "Don't Let It Get You."

TANYA, who has had parts in "Carry On Cleo," "Mondo Cane," "Runaway," and "Funny Things Happen Down Under," has what she describes as a "sort of Hitchcock part" in this film.

"I just keep popping in and out all the time," she said. "It's a gas part, though. It left me plenty of time for surfing at Mount Maunganui, 55 miles away."

Tanya is very much an outdoor girl, and says she would consider movies a full-time occupation if all of her roles could be outdoor ones!

Normie's part

Normie sings two specially written numbers in the film, in which he plays himself. There are 13 other songs by New Zealand soloists and groups.

Female lead is another

Australian, Carmen Duncan, who was "Actress of the Year" in 1965. This is her first big film role and she plays an attractive young Australian on holiday in New Zealand with her mother.

Drummer and comedian Gary Wallace plays Carmen's screen romance. He acts a near-real-life Australian drummer who suddenly gets fed up and decides to dig the scene in New Zealand.

He happens to fly across on the same plane as a beautiful girl (Carmen)... a flight destined to lead to a number of drastic situations!

Handsome, and an extremely versatile entertainer, Gary Wallace was born in Invercargill, New Zealand, and for years has travelled the world working at his profession. Australian night-

N.Z. FILM HAS AUSTRALIAN FLAVOR (NORMIE'S IN IT)

clubbers will know him as the zany drummer with N.Z.'s Quin Tikis.

Howard Morrison, a Maori, is another personality well known to Australians, having led the "Howard Morrison Quartet" through ten years of concert, TV, and nightclub work, before striking out on his own a year ago.

Maori "host"

Rotorua is Howard's home town, and he plays himself in this film, acting as a host to Gary, Carmen, and all the others who eventually congregate in Rotorua.

In many scenes, Howard is seen showing them around his favorite haunts — the lake, the pig-hunting areas of the bush, the golf course, the squash court, and his own home.



TANYA visited a buried village and, for fun, was dressed up as a Maori chieftainess.



CARMEN and supporting actor Harry Lavington rehearse a scene near a trout stream.

NORMIE shares some chips with Howard Morrison and his baby son.



PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



I WONDER IF THE PETROL PONYTAIL'S BOY FRIENDS USE WHEN THEY BORROW MY CAR TO TAKE HER OUT IS DEDUCTIBLE.



WANNA DANCE?



WE CAN'T, DONALD... DADDY IS WORKING ON HIS INCOME TAX.



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Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

She turns beetroot

"I'M 16 and one of my biggest flaws is my capacity to turn bright red at practically nothing. For instance, when I get on a bus and see a sea of faces I'm almost too scared to look hard to see if a seat is vacant down the front. If I have to sit facing others I usually transform into a beetroot within half a minute. I blush like mad at the slightest thing. Is there some formula I can work on to get rid of this problem? I'm also worried about giving speeches, as I become quite nervous and pathetic."

"Beetroot," Qld.

Ask your mother if you can take some sort of course (such as beauty

and deportment) or join a debating group. These would give you agonies of embarrassment at first, but would help to cure you of the selfconsciousness that causes the blushing. Your shyness will decrease, anyway, as you get older, especially if you remember that other people are usually too busy worrying about how they feel and look to pay too much attention to anyone else. Ask your doctor, too, if there could be any physical reason for your tendency toward blushing so easily.

Babysitting jobs

"WE are both 14 years old and would like to earn some pocket-money. We want to know

how to arrange jobs babysitting. We know people who have children and who can't go out because they don't have babysitters. They would all trust us. We would like to know how to approach them."

"Babysitters," Vic.

You could speak to them directly and ask them if you could babysit for them sometimes. But a better way is to ask your mother to help you approach them. This would give your offer more authority.

High-living parents

"I AM 18 years old and have a problem. My parents are not very old and they are very sociable. They are well off and arrange all sorts of social outings for me. However, I am a loner and never enjoy these outings. How can I tell my loving parents that I hate this social life? I would just as soon spend my evenings reading, because the people who come to my parties are not true friends. Please help me, as I would offend my parents if I suggested not holding so many functions."

"Gadabout," Qld.

Loving parents would not be permanently offended if you explained to them that you prefer books and quiet evenings to people and parties. They are probably only organising a gay social life for you because they think you like it. Suggest to them that the social activities are cut down and that you concentrate on people you really like — but don't cut out parties altogether. You need to get out and about a little bit, at least.

It's his move

"I AM a 15-year-old girl and I go to work. There is a boy at the office I like very much, and I have been told that he likes me. He always says 'Hello' and makes a bit of conversation. I would like to get to know him well and was wondering if I should ask him if he could come to my place one night to meet my parents and play records. He is 17."

"Wondering," Vic.

Wait until he makes the first move. Don't rely on what you have been told or the "Hello" and the conversation to assume that he is interested in you. He may well be, but for the time being leave it to him. If he asks to see you outside office hours, THEN you could suggest going to your place. The only way you could ask him home is with a group of others from the office, and even then everyone, including the boy, would guess what you're up to.

He cut it once!

"I AM 15. My father has forbidden me to see a boy who lives near me because he has long hair. My parents seem to think that he is not respectable because of his longish hair. I told him how they felt and he had it cut, but when he came round to see me my mother told him that it was not short enough and that he isn't welcome until he gets it cut again. He is one of the nicest boys I know and he is very respectable and decent. I love him very much. How can I convince my parents to stop being unreasonable?"

"Sad Girl," Vic.

Could you point out to your mother—with humor, not nastiness—that the fashions of her youth probably seemed outlandish to her parents? I think your boyfriend has shown himself to be quite respectful by giving way to their wishes and getting his hair cut once. He sounds a nice boy, but your parents may have more against him than the length of his hair. Discuss it with your mother.



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3275.—Young Jun. and Teen Co-ordinates. Easy-fitting jacket with three-quarter-length sleeves, sleeveless overblouse, front-buttoned blouse with tie collar, A-shaped skirt with centre-front pleat. Sizes: Young Jun., 30½, 31½, 33in.; Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- or 50 cents includes postage.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 13, 1966

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

IN the Cobra's hideout, Lothar overcomes the Bull and races to Mandrake's aid. The Cobra has disappeared and suddenly there's a blast and a rocket rises into the sky. NOW READ ON.



WHAT IS IT? AN EXPLOSION?



WITH A LAST LOOK AT THE BOLING INFERNO OF FLAMES, THEY RUSH FROM THE COBRA'S LAIR.



FASTER, LOTHAR! THIS WHOLE BUILDING IS GOING UP IN FLAMES!



THEY CAN ALL ONLY STARE IN STUNNED AMAZEMENT



A LAST VIEW OF THE MYSTERIOUS HOODED FIGURE IN THE SILVER MASK--



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A modern bravo when he fell into the water (3, 9).
8. Devil take rest with earnest-money (7).
9. Dot it; it is the same thing (5).
10. Woman's name starting with 45 inches (5).
11. Bury (5).
12. Units of heat (6).
14. So pigs are making tittle-tattle (6).
17. I take malt in a Dravidian language (5).
19. Eject with a complex pellet (5).
21. Extend, at the end every one separately considered (5).
22. It bars a man well-versed in an Eastern language (7).
23. It is very hard to describe him, even if you are an H. G. Wells (9, 3).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Angers is the capital of this department of France (5-2-5).
2. Kingdom in the Himalayas (5).
3. S.E. Asian country hiding a Sicilian volcano (7).
4. Hold back (6).
5. They say in France and here, too (2, 3).
6. Withdraws (7).
7. I stop cool man (anagr., 12).
13. Draw after in a rent (7).
15. Above everything a protective garment (7).
16. Caustic soda is a chemical compound of this type (6).
18. Leader of the Mohamedans, who is to appear in the last days (5).
20. Famous king of Troy (5).

Solution will be published next week.



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The CRIME DOCTORS

DEAD men do tell tales — as shown by these stories of British murder trials. But it still surprises the intelligent average man that there can be a conviction for murder on the evidence of a hair, a fleck of blood, a tiny bruise, the saliva on a cigarette end, the position of a wound, or the chemical content of a fingernail.

The men responsible for these apparent miracles are the pathologists, more widely known as the "crime doctors" who practise forensic medicine. They are not to be confused with the police surgeons called on first to do the preliminary bread-and-butter work when serious and not-so-serious crimes are committed.

Forensic medicine, the specialty of pathologists known as "legal medicine" in America, is still so much a misunderstood term that only a few years ago, in what became known as the Case of the Welsh Mummy (see page 12), the judge asked the Crown pathologist for a definition of the term. Dr. Gerald Evans replied that forensic medicine was the application of the knowledge of medicine and disease to violent death and to the investigation of violent death in the courts of law.

Hard task

The facts that a pathologist can discover from a dead body, or from parts of a body, are so numerous that if they

were not authenticated by professional men of integrity the non-medical mind would refuse to credit them.

The task of the crime doctor becomes progressively harder the longer the body remains undiscovered. But, provided the long bones of the arms or legs are found, the pathologist can assess height to within an inch or two by using tables devised at the end of the last century by a doctor named Karl Pearson.

Many guides

Age is a little more difficult to tell with any accuracy from the mid-twenties until the early forties, but in the young and old there are many guides to follow. Bones will tell whether the dead persons limped, if they were right- or left-handed, the race to which they belonged, and very often the diseases from which they suffered or had been treated for many years before.

Not all these facts become apparent at a glance even to the most experienced crime doctors. Some emerge only after long examinations and reconstructions in the "palaces of truth," as the pathologists grimly call their mortuaries, or in the forensic laboratories after tests by their close allies, the forensic scientists.

The crime doctors are not, as is often supposed, types of superscientific detectives working under the direction of the police, but there are two immediate matters on which they can and do give

By
ROBERT JACKSON

(Condensed from the book "The Crime Doctors," published by Frederick Muller Ltd., London.)

the police invaluable assistance. First, there is the all-important point of how the person became a corpse. It is surprising how often appearances and facts are different.

One classic is the case which the late Sir Bentley Purchase, the most famous coroner of his day, used to talk about with gusto. He arrived at his mortuary one morning to be told that a man had been found burnt to death

● Continued overleaf

★ TRUE STORIES OF SCIENCE v. MURDER



● Continued from p. 1

after a shed fire. Suicide clues had been picked up and Sir Bentley, who had the suspicious as well as the inquiring mind of a good pathologist, asked exactly where the body had been discovered. On hearing that it had been seated on a stool, he made a remark which passed into forensic medicine legend. He said he had never heard of a man sitting on a stool and waiting to be burned to death! "Turn the body over," he commanded. As he had surmised, there was a bullet-hole in the back—a circumstance which set off a countrywide hunt for a murderer, once the crime doctor had performed a post-mortem.

In cases of violent death the police always rely on the advice of the crime doctors as to the time that death actually occurred.

Broad, general principles and signs have emerged over the years, for instance, that the forehead of a dead person feels cold after four hours and the body is quite cold within 12 hours of death; fat people cool more slowly than thin, and adults more slowly than children.

Gunshots

The interpretation of gunshot wounds is a matter in which crime doctors take a lively interest. They can tell in a post-mortem examination where a bullet entered the body and where it left. There is no room for arguments about entry and exit points. They soon know whether the barrel of the murder weapon was held against the skin or near, or, if the gun was fired from some distance away, they can calculate from the amount of skin blackening at what distance it was fired.

The teeth of a dead body are a help in assessing age. The real assistance here that crime doctors can give to the police is in association with dentists, who usually keep detailed records of the dental plates they make for patients. Taken together, the records and the pathologist's notes of surviving teeth and roots have helped the police to identify many unknown bodies.

Human hair has many secrets to yield. The crime doctors, using their microscopes, can say whether a hair has come from a man or a woman, and from which part of the body. Within limits, hair reveals age and sometimes the trade a man works at. It survives when most fleshy parts of the body have returned to matter.

There is even a school of thought that believes the new nuclear reactors, available to some universities where an interest is taken in forensic medicine and science, will in the future mean that identification by hair may become as exact as by fingerprints.

Blood clues

Blood and bloodstains inform the pathologist of a number of incontrovertible facts including an indication of the weapon used in an attack. They may even indicate how the attack took place.

The skilled pathologist is able to tell whether wounds or bruises on a dead body have been caused before or after death. The reason is that during life the ordinary pressure of blood sends it round the body, and therefore out of a wound, for as long as an injured person continues to breathe and live.

—ROBERT JACKSON

GUNSHOT wounds are often as revealing to the doctor who specialises in crime as fingerprints and palmprints are to the professional policeman.

In a case of murder by bullet, the skilled pathologist can usually deduce the make of the gun used, the distance from which the bullet was fired, the angle at which the bullet entered the body, and, if two shots were fired, which was the first and which was the killer shot.

But bullets and the telltale traces they leave behind must have been far from the thoughts of William James Croft, thirty-two-year-old flying-officer of the little RAF station at Predannack in Cornwall, when he first noticed early in 1943 dark-haired, bright-eyed Welsh Corporal Joan Nora Lewis, one of the WAAF contingent on the station.

Service rules were strict. Friendship between officers and "other ranks" was frowned on, and forbidden if the relationship became more than an exchange of normal pleasantries during on-duty hours. This applied even when the officer and "other rank" were single.

In isolated stations, of course, the rules were often broken, and before long Croft and Miss Lewis were spending evenings off together as a prelude to staying at hotels on odd nights during leaves.

Croft was not happy about the situation. He was already married and the father of two children and he was dithering about asking his wife for a divorce. He scribbled on a note to Miss Lewis that life was such hell he thought of suicide. "If only I were not married," he wrote. "Always that 'if.' If only I had the courage to go through with a divorce."

The mood had changed in another letter. "... you see, Joan Lewis, how you have me. I am dreadfully happy. I could sprout wings and fly about." "With the love we have," he wrote later, "I think we could be even happy on a mountainside in Wales."

The girl had answered with a touch of Welsh insight into the future. "I feel as though you are holding a pistol at my head, which is liable to go off at any moment . . . I love you so much, so

much. When this war is over there will be no more of us but just memories. Let us prolong this happiness as long as we can."

Miss Lewis had other boyfriends and she told Croft how one had asked her to meet him in London. She had refused. "Something has happened to me since I have known you," she wrote. "I have no interest—in any other man. As long as you go on loving me and wanting me, that is how it will be."

Many wartime romances of the same sort sprang up between men and women in the Services, and that of Croft and Miss Lewis was not the first in which the authorities took a hand.

Miss Freda Catlin, the woman officer in charge of the girls on the station, heard what was happening between one of her corporals and Croft. As station commander, Croft was Miss Catlin's senior, but she tackled him. She said it was an intolerable situation for morale and discipline. The affair must stop, and, to make it easier for both Croft and the girl, she suggested that one or the other should be posted away.

The chastened lovers reluctantly agreed, and, when Croft's superiors refused to

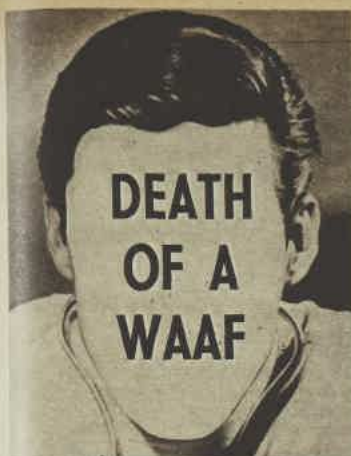


listen to his request for a posting, the WAAF authorities, who had dealt with that kind of situation many times before, agreed that Miss Lewis should go to a station in Devon.

Cornwall's crime doctor, Dr. Denis Hocking, roused from his bed by an urgent police telephone call, arrived at the RAF-requisitioned Housel Bay Hotel about dawn on a cold October day in 1943. He was shown at once to the summer-house.

Lifting an officer's greatcoat, he found Joan Lewis dead on the floor. Blood spots showed that she had been sitting on a leather-upholstered couch in the corner. Her face and hair were covered in blood and a dark stain above her left breast had already discolored her pullover and tunic. On a table near her was a heavy Webley revolver.

Croft had filled in the details already. The thought of parting had seemed feasible



DEATH OF A WAAF

enough at first. On the last night before Miss Lewis' posting they had both realised it was impossible and had begun to talk of suicide, either by jumping over a cliff or by shooting. They decided on shooting, and he went to the mess for his loaded revolver.

Croft arranged to meet the girl in the summer house after "lights-out," and she was there when he arrived. "We sat on the settee and dozed a while," he said to the police. "We awoke about four-thirty. There was a moon, but the light was obscured by clouds. We could just distinguish each other. It was raining heavily and blowing a gale.

"I placed the gun on our laps and then clasped our hands together. We arranged that whoever felt like making the first move was to take the gun, use it, and the one left was to use it in turn."

Croft's story was that the girl had made up her mind to die about five o'clock in the morning. He felt the weight of the gun taken away. A shot awakened him and he found the girl clasping her breast. "It is hurting me," she gasped, "go and get help."

Croft had climbed out of the window, meaning to fetch help, but almost immediately he heard another shot. The girl was dead on the floor when he returned.

Croft described his own feelings and actions. He said he did not look at the girl again but picked up the revolver, put

it to his head, and tried to pull the trigger. "I could not," he confessed.

He said he went to the window, looked out at the cloud, and said to himself, "This is the last time I shall see this."

"I then lay on the floor alongside the windows. I thought that if I shot myself standing up I should hurt myself in falling. Lying on the floor, I put the revolver to my head again and tried to pull the trigger but could not. I lay like this for some time. I then got up, held the striker of the revolver, pulled the trigger, let the hammer down quietly, and put it on the table."

If Croft's story had been true, it was not a good defence against a charge of murder in such circumstances, though on the strength of it a sympathetic jury might have found him guilty on a lesser charge. But was it true?

"One difficulty is that when Croft telephoned Flying-Officer Page, the duty officer, he definitely said that he had killed the girl," Superintendent Tom Morcumb, Head of Cornwall's CID, said to Dr. Hocking. "Later he changed his tune and said the girl had shot herself. Can you reconstruct what happened? I should like to know whether Croft shot the girl, or did the girl shoot herself?"

The crime doctor's first step was to find out which of the two bullets had actually killed the girl. The bullet through her head had gone in above her left eye and out above the right ear. It had caused dreadful damage. But had Miss Lewis been alive when it was fired?

Dr. Hocking decided that she had. When a bullet enters a body, ordinary pressure of blood pumps out blood from a wound—as long as the injured person is alive.

Dr. Hocking explained to me that he found the bullet in Miss Lewis' breast had torn the muscles of her shoulder and must have caused her considerable pain. But the amount of blood she had lost and surrounding bruising meant she had lived for a few minutes after the shot was fired.

"Women, in my experience, don't like to disfigure themselves and, in fact, don't often use guns to commit suicide," the Cornwall crime doctor explained to me. "It could just have been possible—though I don't think it happened—that the girl fired the revolver into her chest."

His tests showed that the revolver had been fired six or eight inches from the girl's chest. By using an abnormal grip it could just have been done. But the kick of the heavy revolver would have certainly bruised the girl's fingers and Miss Lewis' were not bruised.

What, then, of the head wound? "That bullet was fired from the left to the right side. I could tell that from the girl's skull," said Dr. Hocking, "because the entry wound is neat and, where the bullet came out, the hole is splayed."

"No," was Dr. Hocking's verdict. "The girl didn't fire that bullet. The muzzle



of the revolver was probably between 12 inches and 18 inches from her head when it was fired. Even a contortionist couldn't have got the gun round to fire such a shot with her right hand."

"But why couldn't the girl fire the gun with her left hand?" I inquired.

"The reason I'm sure the girl didn't fire it with her left hand," answered the crime doctor, "was that the first shot wouldn't have killed her, but it tore her shoulder muscles so much that she couldn't have lifted the gun high enough to fire from a downward position. Besides, when she was found, the girl was clutching her left breast with her left hand, as would be natural. In such an attitude, the left hand could not have held the revolver to fire a shot which caused instantaneous death."

"My opinion was and is," said Dr. Hocking, "that she fired neither of the shots. She lived a few minutes after the first shot hit her and was killed by the second shot through the head."

At the trial, the famous gun expert Robert Churchill attended to give evidence for Croft, but his views supported Hocking's theory and he was not called.

At his trial at Winchester Assizes, Croft's own counsel, Mr. Humphrey Edwards, a firearms expert himself, did a valiant best to show that Miss Lewis had fired the two shots herself. He suggested an entirely new theory—that the girl had gripped the revolver with both hands to fire into her chest.

Then, in her agony, he suggested she had slumped forward with her right thumb still on the trigger guard. When the heavy revolver hit the floor, her right thumb was on the trigger guard and discharged the bullet into her head and killed her.

Mr. Edwards had a Webley in court and performed a splendidly executed acrobatic piece of mime to show how it could have been possible, but the judge and jury preferred to believe what the professional expert said.

Croft, a Post Office worker before he had joined the RAF as a regular airman, did not cut a very gallant figure in the dock. He had begun immediately after the tragedy with a statement that he had killed the girl, but when he had had a little time to think he said the girl had done the shooting herself.

At Helston police station he changed his story again and said that "it" came over him. "I feel as if there were a wheel spinning in my head at terrific speed which tries to lift me and then I am not master of myself. I'm saying this as a relief to get it off my mind," he told the police.

In court, he reverted to the story that there had been a suicide pact. He said the girl had shot herself but he was forced to admit that, if the story were true, he had not carried out his part of the bargain.

A plausible explanation is that his nerve failed at the last moment, but it must be remembered that Dr. Hocking's opinion was that several minutes elapsed between the first and last shots. Did Croft's nerve fail again after the second shot, when the time had come to kill himself?

The Crown pressed home the case of murder against Croft. "You provided the revolver. You provided the ammunition. You agreed with her that she should die. I suggest that you did everything to procure this young woman's death!" said Mr. John (later Judge) Maude, who prosecuted him.

Croft did not reply. He was found guilty and served a "life" sentence in prison. The judge and jury believed the doctor's reconstruction of the crime rather than that of the only man who could have known exactly what did happen. ★

MOST people find a strange fascination in country murders. Usually, though not always, a woman is at the heart of the trouble and the rivalry of men involved brings strong, elemental feelings to the surface. As a rule, the murder weapon is in everyday use — a gun. And when the cards are down the victim is dispatched with a brutality usually seen only in war.

The murder at the lonely, white-walled Saxton Grange near Sherburn-in-Elmet, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, contained all the ingredients of a spine-chiller: The killing of an unsuspecting employer by his strange, insanely jealous groom who was in love with the employer's wife; a night of terror for the wife and her young maid-companion; the cut telephone wires; the spatter of pellets against a window; the creaking stairs in the early hours; the fire to cover up the crime; and the flight of the frightened women across the fields to safety.

Ernest Brown, the groom, like many a murderer before him and since, thought he had committed the perfect crime. He might have succeeded but for the expert knowledge of a pathologist and a forensic science professor, the latter's evidence being the first of its kind to be given in a British court of law.

The household at Saxton Grange was full of hidden stresses. Fred Morton, father of a two-year-old daughter, was a hard-working, hard-drinking farmer whose business was selling cattle and horses on hire-purchase. He was often out late at night, partly because his work took him all over the North of England and partly because he liked the friendly atmosphere of public-houses.

His wife, Dorothy Louisa, the daughter of a prosperous Huddersfield woollen manufacturer, was not good-looking but she was always elegant, whether in riding kit or ordinary clothes.

The third member of the triangle, the Heathcliffe-like Brown, was as strong and headstrong as an ox and his surly temper made others on the farm watch their step when he was around. All three were in early middle-age.

Brown had known Morton since he was a lad of 13 and had worked for him in



various parts of Yorkshire before tragedy involved the unhappy trio in 1933. Earlier that year, Morton had settled at Saxton Grange, which is in the eastern part of the West Riding. If Brown was to be believed, he and his employer were on good terms there, and always had been, though they disagreed from time to time in a friendly way about the way the work on the farm should be done. That, if true, could only have been because Morton had no idea that Brown and his wife were lovers, whenever the opportunity occurred during his absences from home.

Mrs. Morton had embarked on the affair without much thought but it was not long before she came to her senses. Whenever her husband was away on business she avoided Brown as much as possible and tried to make sure that her maid-companion, Ann Houseman, remained at her side. Brown responded vindictively to the change. He used force and threats to make love. His jealousy of any other men Mrs. Morton knew was always bursting out.

Even Brown at last found the situation intolerable and decided to leave. The pretext came when Mr. Morton told him to mow the front lawn. "That's not a groom's work, boss," Brown protested.

"Do as you're told, Ernest, or you can have your cards," said Mr. Morton. Brown took his employment cards and left.

He was not away for long. One day

when Morton was in Carlisle buying cattle, Brown appeared at the farmhouse door and asked for Mrs. Morton. "I want my job back," he told her.

Ann, her companion, was in the kitchen and Mrs. Morton, though frightened, put on the best face she could. "I don't think Mr. Morton will have you back," she said, noting that Brown's foot was in the door to prevent her from shutting it.

"I know he's away," said Brown, insolently. "Ring him up. You must get me back, or else . . ."

Brown was so sure of himself that he made a gesture to suggest that he would strangle her if she refused. The unhappy woman telephoned her husband. Next day, Brown began working at Saxton Grange again at his old wage of fifty shillings a week. Mr. Morton wanted no further trouble about mowing lawns. He specifically engaged Brown not as a groom but as an odd-job man.

Morton, immersed in his own pressing business affairs, was away from Saxton Grange more often than he was there, and noticed nothing. Mrs. Morton, naturally, kept quiet about her troubles. Times were hard for farmers and many of them were defaulting on hire-purchase payments due on beasts they had bought from Morton. Sometimes Brown, sent to repossess animals, came back with reports that there had been trouble in getting hold of them.

But Brown was not worried much about trouble over animals. His mind was more and more on Mrs. Morton. He had a good opinion of his own looks and attractiveness to women and it infuriated him that Dorothy Morton was avoiding him so obviously. He was not jealous of Morton, though in an intemperate moment he had threatened to "clout the little so-and-so one of these nights." But that apparently was because of what he considered were Mr. Morton's failings as a businessman. What made him angry beyond endurance was the fact that during Morton's absences Mrs. Morton was driving off to Weatherby to see another man.

"Where have you been?" he demanded one evening when she returned after a day's outing.

She told him and he pushed her into a

cattle stall, struck her, banged her head on the floor when she fell, and put his hands round her throat. During the struggle, Mrs. Morton shouted frantically for Ann, who fortunately had just come into the farmyard. Before Ann ran up to the stall, Brown told Mrs. Morton roughly to keep her mouth shut about the incident.

It was unlikely that such a situation could continue for long. Ann half-guessed that Brown had some sort of hold on her mistress, and other employees began to notice Brown's talk against Mr. Morton. Either Mr. Morton's suspicions would be aroused and he would throw Brown off the farm or Brown's jealousy would boil over and violence would follow.



On the clear dark night of September 5, 1933, the last act of the drama was played against an ostensibly normal backdrop. Employer and groom were returning to Saxton Grange from different missions — Morton from buying horses across the county border at Oldham and Brown with a repossessed cow in a horse-box.

Brown arrived shortly before nine o'clock. About that time Morton had a drink in a public-house four miles from the Grange and bought a quantity of cattle food from the landlord's son. He was quite sober when he left the public-house and between there and home there were no further pubs to tempt him inside.

At the Grange, the scene was as quietly domestic as could be imagined. The little daughter was asleep upstairs, while downstairs in the kitchen Mrs. Morton sewed busily and Ann made jam.

About three o'clock in the morning, a fierce fire broke out at the garage, which was some distance from the house. Morton had not returned to the house and when the flames were put out the remains of his body, identified by keys, were found in his burnt-out car.

Had Morton been murdered by Brown, as the prosecution later alleged, or had he accidentally set himself alight with a cigarette and caused the fire that killed him?

There was conflict of evidence about what had happened during the late evening and early morning, but the crime doctor and fellow experts, using microscope, camera, chemicals, and forensic science, were able to present unshakable evidence on which a jury could base a verdict.

Dr. Peter Sutherland, the West Riding pathologist, soon dispelled doubts about whether or not Morton had died accidentally. He discovered that he had been shot in the stomach, probably from close range.

The murderer had made an excellent bonfire of Morton's car and body but by one of those fortunate and unforeseeable quirks, the only part of the body that had escaped cremation contained the killer pellets. The murdered man could have stood no chance and the pathologist thought he had died immediately after the shooting.

Morton should have reached home some time after nine o'clock. The anxiously waiting women did not hear his car but there was nothing unusual in that. The drive from the road to the garage sloped downhill and Morton usually switched off his engine on entering the drive and coasted.

Brown seemed nervous and jumpy that evening. He was in and out of the kitchen and as the night wore on Ann thought his manner became very bold. "He looked like somebody very mad," she said at the trial.

The first really frightening incident of the night occurred about nine-thirty when the silence of the farm was shattered by the rattle of shotgun pellets against the frame of the kitchen window. The two women drew together for comfort.

"What was that shooting?" Mrs. Morton asked when Brown entered the kitchen.

"I saw a rat near the kitchen and took a pot at it," answered Brown, putting the shotgun down.

His eyes seemed to have taken on a strange glitter. Earlier, Mrs. Morton had refused to go out into the farmyard to help him pen the ducks. He tried again. "I want to talk to Mrs. Morton alone," he said to Ann. "You go out."

Mrs. Morton watched Ann with a terrified look. "Don't be silly," said the girl

coolly. "You can see I'm making jam and I can't possibly leave it."

Brown left the kitchen again and the telephone, ringing in the drawing-room, caused a moment of panic and then thankfulness. The women realised they were within reach of help if Brown continued to act so strangely. Ann ran to the drawing-room to answer it and almost cannoned into Brown, who was standing in the hall. He let her pass. The caller was a Carlisle business friend of Mr. Morton's, who left a message that he would ring back in a quarter of an hour, in the hope that Mr. Morton would have returned by then.

The women resumed their work in the quiet kitchen and shortly afterwards Brown came in again, took a white-handled game knife from the kitchen drawer, and left without a word. The women could not imagine why he should want a knife at that time of the night. About ten minutes later, he returned to the kitchen with the knife and put it back in the drawer.

Mrs. Morton had exchanged no confidences with Ann but she felt sure that the girl had become aware that what had started as an ordinary evening had somehow acquired a sinister atmosphere. They



were both waiting in a state of near-trembling tension for the return of Mr. Morton.

The minutes dragged into tension-filled half hours and Brown's creepy comings and goings did nothing to reassure the women. But although they did not know it, the farmhouse had not been forgotten. Morton's Carlisle friend telephoned again and just before ten o'clock another caller tried to get through.

The operator made a note of the times and gave the callers the same answer: "There is no reply from Saxton Grange."

The Crown's case was that by this time Brown had already shot Morton and cut the telephone wire to prevent outside interference when he fired Morton's body and car. Certainly he seemed startled when Mrs. Morton remarked as casually as she could that Mr. Morton had been on the telephone to say that he would be

home shortly. Brown was carrying the gun but made no comment as he cleaned it and put it together again.

About 11.30 p.m., when Brown had left again, the two frightened women heard a car coming down the drive. "It's my husband," said Mrs. Morton thankfully. But no footsteps were heard except those of Brown, who came into the kitchen and said that the boss had been in and gone out again.

To where? Brown did not know. The women were close to panic but with an effort controlled themselves and talked of the horses at the Grange, the pupils at Mrs. Morton's riding school, which was attached to the farm, of the weather — anything except their growing and gripping fear of the handsome and monosyllabic groom, whose actions seemed to be those of a suspicious jailer.

"I'm not going to bed until Mr. Morton comes home," said Mrs. Morton when Brown finally said goodnight to go up to the hut where he had a bed. But Brown did not go to bed.

The atmosphere of the kitchen was beginning to stifle the women and they went upstairs, locked themselves in the bathroom, and watched for Morton's car headlights to light up the drive.

About half an hour later, they caught a glimpse of the shadowy figure of Brown crossing the farmyard. He went into the kitchen but did not stay there, and indeed there was no reason why he should have returned. The Grange was an old house and the stairs creaked badly. The sounds the women heard told them that the groom was coming up the stairs.

After a time of agonised waiting they heard him go down again. Why had he come back to the house? What was he up to?

Mrs. Morton could guess that he was contemplating entering her bedroom but neither she nor the maid had any idea why he had stood silently on the landing before going down again. They thought it might be to terrify them into staying indoors.

At the foot of the stairs, he changed his mind and creaked his way to the top but almost immediately returned. Eventually the women fell into an uneasy doze in the chilly room, thinking that in the

daylight there would be a simple explanation of the mysterious happenings.

The continuous crackling of an unwanted fire at night is one of the most frightening sounds in the world. Some time around three o'clock the women heard the noise and awoke to find the light of flames flooding into the room. It was not the house but the garage that was on fire.

The need for action brought some release from tension, if not from fear. Mrs. Morton ran to the drawing-room to telephone for help. By the time she realised that the line was dead, Ann had brought the baby down. Wrapping the child in rugs, they rushed out into the cold night. "I'm afraid to go over to the fire in case Brown is there," whispered Mrs. Morton. "Let's hide in the hedge for a while before we run over to the bailiff's house."

They heard Brown lope up to the house and call Mrs. Morton's name, but getting no reply he sped away toward the fire. Some minutes later, mistress and maid found the courage to cross the damp fields with the child and reach sanctuary in the bailiff's house, half a mile away at Towton.

Dawn had broken by the time the fire brigade cooled the blackened wreckage of the garage and its two burnt-out cars enough for an inspection to be made. Brown, who had driven in the horse-box to fetch Murray Stewart, the farm bailiff, had remarked as they stood impotently in the heat of the blaze: "If the boss is in there he'll never be seen again."

Brown was right. Only a pathologist could say with certainty that the shapeless remains were those of a man. But it was Brown himself who provided the identification. As the body was being removed, a bunch of keys which had been welded on to the flesh, fell to the floor. "They're the boss's," he pronounced.

Brown, in spite of his humble position and unpredictable ways, was an intelligent man, but he did not realise that great strides had been made in forensic medicine and science in the 'twenties and 'thirties. If he had done so he would have given more thought to his crime.

As soon as the initial shock at the discovery of Mr. Morton's body had sub-

sided at Saxton Grange, Brown made a statement to the local policeman. He said his master had come in about 11.30 p.m. and they had a talk about a heifer. Mr. Morton was drunk—"clever side up," as Brown put it—but had spurned Brown's offer to put the car away and had gone out again. Brown's theory was that Mr. Morton had returned a couple of hours later, gone to sleep in the car with a cigarette in his mouth, and set himself on fire.

It will never be known whether Brown thought he could trust to luck that the crime doctor and the police would not find the bullets that killed Mr. Morton, or discover and inquire into the cut telephone wires, or learn of his strange behaviour just before Mr. Morton's death.

Perhaps he thought that if his story of shooting at a rat was accepted and he could intimidate Mrs. Morton and Ann into silence, the cut telephone wire might be ignored and all would be well.

On the morning of the fire, Superintendent William Blacker of the West Riding C.I.D., a giant of a man with an acute brain, went over to Saxton Grange to look around. He suspected nothing until Dr. Sutherland, performing his post-mortem, found pellets in the body.

It was vital to have at least an inspired guess of the time of death and the pathologist said it would have been about 9 p.m., shortly after Morton was seen, sober and alert, driving toward his home.

Blacker devised an experiment. Between nine and nine-thirty Brown was known to have fired a shotgun. Blacker thought his story about shooting at a rat might have been a cover-up to lull the suspicions of the women waiting in the farmhouse, in case they had heard the shot that had actually killed Morton.

At a set time, with a stopwatch in his hand, Mr. Blacker waited in the Grange kitchen while one of his men fired Mr. Morton's 12-bore Ely shotgun in the garage. Although he was listening specially, Blacker did not hear a sound.

The records of the telephone operator proved beyond doubt that the Grange telephone wire had been cut between 9.30 and 10 p.m. This was the time when Brown had left the kitchen with the white-handled game knife, with which he could

easily sever the wire. The Superintendent commandeered the knife for further experiments.

He sent Brown's suit to the famous Home Office analyst, Dr. Roche Lynch, who found a smear of blood on the bottom of the trouser leg and two smears on his left boot. Later, the analyst found four spots of human blood on the barrel of Mr. Morton's gun. This convinced the police that Brown was standing quite close to Morton when he fired and that, not realising the clue was there, Brown had been careless afterwards when he cleaned the gun.

From a forensic point of view, the police had a strong case when they charged Brown with the murder of his employer, but there was other evidence, apart also from that of Mrs. Morton and her maid.

Brown said he had gone to bed when he left the farmhouse, but his bed had not been slept in.

The farm bailiff, Mr. Stewart, was an observant man and, while dressing and listening to Brown's story of the fire, he noticed that the groom was fully clothed, wearing a collar and tie, with his hair neatly brushed. "I put my collar and tie on while Mr. Stewart was getting up," was Brown's explanation at his trial. "My hair is always well oiled and I merely smoothed it down."

The police also called in a Leeds motor engineer to examine the remains of Mr. Morton's two burnt-out cars. He found that the petrol tank draining plugs were missing. As the plugs were not underneath the cars it was clear that they had been removed deliberately. A bowl which could have been pushed underneath the cars to catch flowing petrol was found in a corner of the garage.

On a cold December day in 1933, Brown, a scowling figure wearing an incongruous canary-yellow pullover, climbed the steps from the cells below into the dock at Leeds, where another notorious murderer, Charlie Peace, had stood his trial many years before. A great crowd, gathered outside the court, seemed to be in no two minds that the real villain of the drama was not the man in the dock but the hapless Mrs. Morton. Her name was to be smeared mercilessly during the trial and the crowd would have mauled her

if the police had not given her protection.

Morally, Mrs. Morton was not a shining example for the young. She admitted that she had once been caught kissing a man in the nursery at Saxton Grange, and that another man, apart from Brown, had been her lover. The only man in whom she was interested at the time of her husband's death lived thirty miles away.

Brown's defence—a watery one, brilliantly expounded by Mr. G. H. B. Streetfield, now a High Court Judge—was that Brown's "successor" in the Morton menage was the murderer.

That wise and worldly judge, Mr. Justice Humphreys, did not think much of the theory and wanted names and details, not innuendoes. "If you can identify him, Yorkshire and, if necessary, all England shall be searched to find him and bring him here," he said.

No name was forthcoming and when the judge summed up he was careful to point out that the jury should not necessarily disbelieve Mrs. Morton because she had been immoral. "What you may think is that she is an angry woman," the judge said, putting the evidence in perspective. "She has said with the utmost frankness



that while four years ago she and the prisoner were intimate — she was committing adultery with him — some time after they ceased to be on good terms and she took a dislike to him. She said he was bullying and unkind."

In the court, judge and jury had been in a position to see the open hostility between Brown and his former mistress. While Mrs. Morton was giving evidence, Brown's face was alive with hate. He denied that he had been Mrs. Morton's lover at the time of her husband's death. He denied that he had ever really been in love with her. It was clear from his venom that he regarded Mrs. Morton as the architect of his misfortune.

But the prosecution was not solely or largely concerned with emotions. The affair between Mrs. Morton and Brown, and Brown's contempt for Mr. Morton,

whose position he obviously coveted, underlined a strong motive.

But the proof of Brown's guilt rested on cold, hard facts. He had lied about the telephone. He told the police he had never thought of going to the telephone when the fire broke out, forgetting that he had informed Mr. Stewart as they stood watching the blaze that the telephone was out of order at the Grange. He had lied, too, about the horse-box, which he said he had backed through the garage doors in order to get help. The doors bore no trace of damage.

Probing into the events of the evening before Morton's death, Superintendent Blacker heard the story of Brown's strange but open departure from the kitchen with the white-handled game knife and decided to call for expert evidence from Professor F. G. Tryhorn, a scientific expert from Hull University, whose experience of the behaviour of metals was unrivalled.

These days it is accepted that with the possible exception of files, tools that work by impact, shearing, cutting, or levering are likely to leave a "trade mark" on materials to which they are applied. The metal expert's work is similar to relating a bullet to a particular weapon and involves microphotography followed by matching of photographs.

Cases that came to Professor Tryhorn's mind when he explained the process to me were proving that stolen metal had been cut by a given guillotine or cutting shears; power cables sliced by a pair of cutting pliers; gas meters ripped open by given can openers; and hard, steel drills gripped in a drill chuck that had a splinter out of one of its jaws. He recalled innumerable cases in which minute irregularities on a chisel or jemmy matched marks on paint, wood, or metal. One famous case was the Lindbergh kidnapping, in which the timber of a ladder was shown to have been planed on a particular planing machine.

But when Professor Tryhorn was asked by Blacker to conduct experiments with the game knife, the science of physical evidence was in its infancy and it was by no means certain that the judge would find the results acceptable as evidence in a murder case.

Professor Tryhorn had discovered that

a sharp knife might look flawless to the eye but if photographed, and the photograph is magnified, say, one hundred times, the cutting edge of the blade looks more like a saw than a knife. It is full of minute, tooth-like projections separated by notches.

Tryhorn took the white-handled game knife and with a clean, upward thrust severed another part of the leaden-cased telephone wire at Saxton Grange.

If, in magnified photographs of the knife and wire, he found similar marks, he could say as his expert opinion that the game knife had been used to cut the wire. The marks were the same.

At conferences and in the early stages of Brown's trial, Mr. C. Paley Scott, K.C., one of the leading silks of the Northern circuit, who prosecuted, was in doubt whether he ought to use Professor Tryhorn's evidence. He believed it was conclusive in itself but it might be looked on as blinding a jury of blunt Yorkshiremen with science.

His hand was forced by the defence. Brown agreed that he had taken a knife from the kitchen drawer for the purpose of freeing the head-rope of a horse that had broken loose. But he said he had used a black-handled kitchen knife, not the white-handled game knife.

Tryhorn was given the black-handled knife for another experiment and, applying the same tests he had used with the white-handled knife, concluded that as there were no systematic matching marks it could not have been used for cutting the wire.

The evidence was not quite as convincing as fingerprint evidence, but Tryhorn said that he had never found two knives making the same scratch marks, provided a fair length of the blade was used.

"It is difficult to prove," inquired Mr. Paley Scott, "that there cannot be in the universe two knives which do produce the same marks?" Professor Tryhorn agreed.

"It is a question that is somewhat similar to fingerprints?" "Yes," was the answer. "The case comes down to probability."

The court was impressed and corroborated.

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tion came from a most unexpected source — the prisoner himself.

The trial had gone on for four days. Brown was fighting for his life but was so obsessed by his hatred for Mrs. Morton that he cannot have remembered all the details of the scientific evidence. It may be that he did not fully understand the significance of some of the evidence. When his turn came to go into the witness box he spoke of how he had taken the black-handled knife to cut the harness rope of the horse he was freeing.

"Show the jury how you did it," invited the judge.

Brown held an imaginary rope and, in mime, severed it with a quick, upward movement. Mr. Justice Humphreys smiled enigmatically. It was precisely the same movement that Professor Tryhorn said must have been used when the telephone wire at Saxton Grange was cut.

Humphreys was one of the best criminal judges of his day, but he was old-fashioned enough to look at novel scientific evidence with some suspicion. Twenty years later, after he had retired from the Bench, he was kind enough to give me information about a judge whose biography I was then writing. In reminiscing about his own cases, the name of Ernest Brown cropped up.

"Professor Tryhorn's evidence was damning, but I could not let the jury convict Brown solely on the strength of it," he mused. "I treated it as corroborative evidence. It was as far as I could go. But, of course, I had a shrewd idea that the jury thought Brown was a murderer, and that was my opinion, too."

The scientific evidence, as the "Yorkshire Post" said in commenting on the most sensational North Country trial for many years, made certainty more certain. Brown's appeal was dismissed.

But Brown's behaviour had been so extraordinary and foolish that the Home Secretary asked two mental specialists to examine him after he had been found guilty. The specialists said he was sane and the Home Secretary, ignoring a petition signed by 10,000 people, refused a reprieve. Brown passed the time reading and playing dominoes while waiting for the hangman. ★

P EOPLE in Queen Victoria's time knew better than we do that phosphorus is a deadly poison. It was used to make matches and those who came in contact with the substance developed a horrible disease called "phossy jaw."

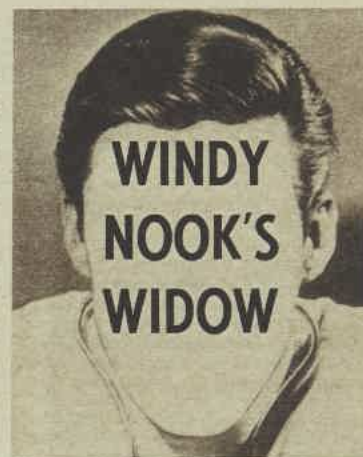
Oliver James Leonard and Ernest George Wilson, two men in their seventies from the industrial slum called Jarrow, in north-east England, had probably never heard either of phosphorus or "phossy jaw," but all the same they died from phosphorus poisoning in 1956 and 1957 respectively.

No one could say with certainty how they took it, but it must have been heavily disguised, because, as Professor Camps said, a person would have to be blind or have no taste and smell to take phosphorus raw. The chances are that it was given either in tea or cough mixture.



What is certain is that the woman who gave it to them was their wife—Mary Elizabeth Wilson, a harridan living in Windy Nook, which is a corner of Felling-on-Tyne in Durham County.

The source of the poison is also certain



—rat or beetle poison, which can be bought over the counter of any chemist's shop as a proprietary brand.

Mary Wilson was sixty-six years old when she stood her trial at Leeds Assizes in March, 1958. She was a dumpy, ginger-haired drab whose life had been hard, but no harder than that of thousands of other women in that part of the world, who refrained from poisoning their husbands.

Mrs. Wilson, originally a domestic servant, first married the son of the house

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where she worked. She and John Knowles had lived together for forty-three years and he probably owed his long life to the fact that for most of the time his wife had had a "steady" lover.

Mrs. Wilson was not charged with murdering her husband and her lover, but those who worked on the prosecution case believed she had done so, and that success had given her an appetite for murdering twice more. The motive was to secure the few pounds her victims possessed—£50 in the case of Leonard and perhaps £150 from Wilson. If she really murdered her first husband, her reward was only £27 and her lover's estate of £6 was hardly worth the trouble of collecting. In the words of Mr. Geoffrey Veale, Q.C., who led for the Crown, she was a "wicked woman."

It is difficult for rational people to understand how Mrs. Wilson ever thought she could get away with murdering the men in her life. All four died within two years of each other. She married Leonard in September, 1957, and thirteen days later he was dead. Ernest George Wilson took her to the same Jarrow register office in October, 1957, and fifteen days later he was dead, too.

If the neighbors had not been inclined to gossip at the coincidence, she gave them ammunition herself. When the undertaker came to bury her third husband, she suggested that as she had already given him so much work, he might quote her a wholesale price. At the small party to celebrate her third wedding, she said with North Country caution that the left-over cakes would come in handy for the funeral, though she modified this thought by saying that perhaps she would give Wilson a bit longer to live.

True, the remarks were tossed off in light-hearted fashion but no one in working-class circles makes jokes of any sort about death. Finally, when she knew her arrest was imminent, she denied murdering the two old men. "I didn't kill them," she said, "they were dead already."

In provincial towns, the police have their ears very close to the ground, and after Wilson's funeral it wasn't long before they heard the rumors that Mrs. Wilson had poisoned her last two husbands. They

began discreet inquiries. The facts they uncovered convinced them that they were on the trail of a conscienceless killer.

As soon as she was introduced to Leonard, she asked his landlady "if the old codger had any money." When she heard that he had a little, she visited him every day. Within a week, he was lodging at her house. The old man, however, was not anxious to part with his money unless Mrs. Wilson would marry and look after him.



"The ink was hardly dry on the marriage certificate before Leonard, who had been hale and hearty, became ill. Neighbors found him on the floor after falling out of bed. He was breathing heavily, white, and speechless. There was no brandy in the house and a kindly neighbor brewed him a cup of tea. Immediately Leonard saw it he knocked it out of the neighbor's hand—proof, the police thought, that he knew he was being poisoned.

"I think he's dying," said a friend to Mrs. Wilson.

"I think so, too," was the reply. "I've called you because you'll be handy if he does." Leonard's face was contorted with pain and he was writhing in agony, but Mrs. Wilson did not call a doctor and Leonard died that night without medical attention. This was significant because the doctor was not called to Wilson when he was dying.

A day or two before his death, Leonard had been to his doctor with a cold and was given cough mixture. It also happened that Wilson was given cough mixture by his doctor. When Mrs. Wilson called at the surgery on the day Leonard died, the doctor remembered the old man and thought it was an ordinary death from senility. He did not see the body—it was not unusual, he said, in cases of that sort—and gave a certificate that death was due to myocardial degeneration and chronic kidney trouble. There was no fuss all along the line.

Mrs. Wilson found it was just as easy to get rid of old Ernest Wilson. They

met first after she wrote to him on hearing he was looking for a housekeeper. Ernest told her it was not a housekeeper he wanted but a wife. He said he had £100 invested in the local Co-operative Society, a paid-up insurance policy worth £150 and a nice home. The part about the home was a lie because Wilson had lived alone since the death of his wife and the old man's council bungalow, rented for 6/6 a week, was dirty and full of cobwebs.

This time, before she carried out her plan, Mrs. Wilson took the precaution of calling in a doctor to see her husband a short time before he died. Mrs. Wilson said he had been ill in the night because he had eaten too much liver, which had disagreed with him. But Wilson was sitting up in bed and smiling. He could not understand what all the fuss was about.

It was a clever move on Mrs. Wilson's part. When the doctor received an emergency call next day he found Wilson dead. He thought it odd that he had not been called earlier because he calculated that Wilson had been dead for some hours. But the Wilsons were old people and he gave a certificate that death was due to myocardial degeneration and cardiac muscular failure.

That day, Mrs. Wilson behaved in a peculiar way for which no explanation could be given. She told the landlord of a public-house that her husband had gone into hospital, although he was already dead at home. Probably because she did



not wish to sleep in the house with the body of the man she had killed, she stayed the night with a friend. She said nothing about her husband's death and seemed interested only in trying to sell his gold watch and guard.

The friend went back with her to the bungalow in Windy Nook and Mrs. Wilson handed her the keys, remarking that she was going to have a shock. The shock duly came when she opened the door and saw Wilson laid out on a trestle for burial. Mrs. Wilson had done her work and gossip did the rest.

The Case of the Widow of Windy Nook is interesting to students of crime for several reasons, including the obvious one that a very distinguished crime doctor differed from several colleagues on the interpretation of the same evidence. It is also an example worth studying of the legal art of making a strong prosecution case on the medical side seem full of holes by starting false trails, and seizing and stressing the unimportant so that for days on end the real issues are in danger of eclipse. The trouble in the widow's case was that the defence had to erect a building without foundations.

Dr. William Stewart, a distinguished pathologist who was present when the two bodies were exhumed and carried out the post-mortems, had seen no cases of phosphorus poisoning before, but this was not surprising because phosphorus poisoning is rare today. His evidence was straightforward, clear and given as an independent witness. Wilson, although elderly, had no serious organic disease. If death had been due to cardio-vascular failure and myocardial degeneration, as his death certificate said, the pathologist would have expected gross changes in the heart muscle and the coronary artery. There were no changes of that sort.

Instead, he found congestion in the gullet and intestines. The liver, normally a chocolate color, was yellow. All were symptoms of phosphorus poisoning.

In the case of Leonard, his heart was normal and had none of the fatal conditions shown on his death certificate. He, too, had died from phosphorus poisoning. The cases were both acute, the pathologist said. Phosphorus, he added, is not found in the human body normally and the only way it gets there is through the mouth.

Another pathologist, Dr. David Ernest Price, qualified the last statement by saying that phosphorus could get through the skin or small wounds in small quantities if a person was exposed to it. To produce death, one or two grains—about a teaspoonful—must be ingested, but the amount of phosphorus found in a body after death was not a guide to the amount taken. It was merely a residue left after death had occurred. The judge, Mr. Jus-

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tice Hinchcliffe, asked him his opinion of the causes of death.

"I think they both died in the first stage of phosphorus poisoning," he said. (Note: In first-stage phosphorus poisoning, death is quick and most painful. In second-stage poisoning, the victim appears to recover for a time before finally dying in five or six days.)

The analysts followed. Dr. Ian Barclay, of the Forensic Laboratory at Gosforth, found not only the phosphorus but wheat bran and concluded that the poisonous substance both men had taken was beetle-killer. He had found phosphorus in the stomach, intestines, and liver. Miss Rose Heilbron, Q.C., who defended Mrs. Wilson, asked whether it was surprising that phosphorus should be found in a body after it had been buried for thirteen months, as in Leonard's case. No, said Dr. Barclay, nor was it very unusual.

An interesting hare was introduced in the cross-examination of Dr. Alan Currie, of the Forensic Laboratory at Harrogate, who said in the witness box that he had never had positive results in testing for elementary phosphorus except in the case of a death from phosphorus poisoning.

Had he ever heard of phosphorus being used in pills? Miss Heilbron asked. "There have been many strange things used in pills," replied Dr. Currie. "But I have never come across elementary phosphorus in them, though it did have some use at the beginning of the century."

The court stirred when Miss Heilbron produced a bottle of damiana pills—they are taken in the North of England as an aphrodisiac—and asked Dr. Currie to smell them. "Yes, there is a little phosphorus in them," said Dr. Currie, sniffing, "at least there is a smell of it."

Phosphorus in sexually stimulating pills, taken by old men who had just married? Well . . . the titillating point had been made even if it was without much basis.

Mr. Geoffrey Veale, Q.C., re-examining for the Crown, brought the court to earth with such mundane questions about the amount of phosphorus found in the two bodies and the amount required to kill. Although a fatal dose of phosphorus is believed to be 1½ grams—some doctors

think it is far less—the small amounts of 2.7 milligrams and 3.8 milligrams were found in the bodies of Wilson and Leonard respectively.

"Supposing you did find phosphorus," said Mr. Veale, "does that help in expressing an opinion whether a large or small amount was ingested?"

"If milligram amounts are found, a very large amount has been taken," answered Dr. Currie.

"Above a fatal dose?" inquired Mr. Veale. Replied Dr. Currie: "Unless death has occurred immediately after taking it, you are very lucky to find one, two or three milligrams. I have never isolated



more than 4½ milligrams in a case of known phosphorus poisoning and in many cases I have isolated none."

So, in the view of the Crown crime doctors and analysts, phosphorus, probably from beetle-powder, had caused the death of the two old men and it was not until late in the trial that the defence, all the time casting a doubt here, making a diversion there, inspiring little scenes whenever the smallest material could be worked on, produced their own crime doctor.

Through no fault of his own, Dr. Francis Camps was a day late, but his formidable reputation had gone before him and though he had not seen the bodies he was prepared to give his opinion on the medical and scientific reports. In the absence of microscopic evidence, he put the causes of death as "unascertainable" but suggested heart-failure in Wilson's case and coronary thrombosis in Leonard's. He was asked about Wilson: "Would you say it must have been death from phosphorus poisoning?" asked Miss Heilbron.

"I don't think so," was the reply. "I think it would be dangerous to say that, because other causes of death have not been excluded."

"What other causes could there have been in an old man of seventy-six on the findings here?" asked Miss Heilbron. "The commonest cause of death at that age is

undoubtedly heart condition," was the reply.

Miss Heilbron asked: "Is diabetes a possibility?"

"No, I don't think it's a possible cause of death but a possible cause of fatty change in the liver. But there are lots of other things which might be a cause of change."

In cross-examining, Mr. Veale drew Dr. Camps' attention to the fact that they were investigating the deaths not of one man but of two, both of whom had something in the gullet, intestines, and liver and both of whom had phosphorus in the stomach. "Is it some form of coincidence?" he asked.

"I don't think the gullet and liver have any significance," replied Dr. Camps. "The only thing I think of any significance which could be interpreted is phosphorus."

Mr. Veale said that Dr. Price had given his opinion that the cause of the deaths was phosphorus poisoning. "Would you agree?" inquired Mr. Veale. "I would not go as far as to say that," said Dr. Camps. Although he had not been in court, Camps said he had read the transcript of the evidence. "I don't think Dr. Price materially differs from me," he said.

The aphrodisiac pills had been bought openly without prescription by the defence during the trial. They were analysed and found to contain minute quantities of phosphorus and a strychnine compound and were quite harmless. But there was no evidence that the two old men had bought pills of that sort and half a dozen pills would have represented the amount found in each body.

"To get a fatal dose," said Mr. Veale to a witness for the defence who gave evidence about the pills, "you would have to take three whole bottles full of the pills (about 150)?" The answer, "That's right," halted that hare in its tracks but it had served a useful purpose.

Miss Heilbron put up a spirited fight but the only solid point in her favor was that no rat or other poison was found at the Windy Nook bungalow and there was no evidence that Mrs. Wilson had bought

it. Miss Heilbron's suggestion that the whole-meal bran found in the bodies was merely wholemeal bread, was rejected. In the end, the evidence of Dr. Camps was not as conclusive as the defence probably had hoped. The damning thing, as Mr. Veale pointed out to the jury, was that the defence crime doctor had not excluded phosphorus poisoning as a possible cause of death.

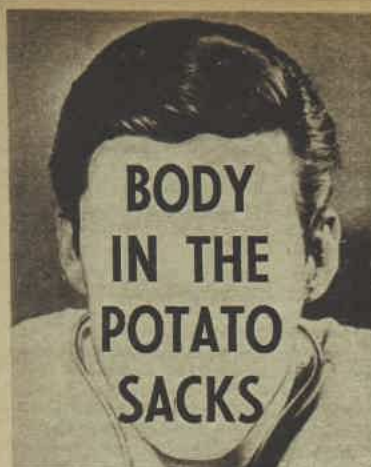
All through the trial, Miss Heilbron had pounced eagerly on the smallest defects in the case against Mrs. Wilson. That the old men had not died from the causes on their death certificates created an opportunity for confusion but it did not alter the fact that four doctors found that Leonard and Wilson had died from phosphorus poisoning. The defence found it a cause for complaint that Dr. Stewart had taken a section from the liver only, in view of the obvious cause of death, but he indignantly denied a suggestion that his post-mortem was incomplete.

On the other hand, the court had Dr. Camps' opinion that "no autopsy in any case of poison can be complete without full pathological examination of adjoining organs."



On Miss Heilbron's advice—and Mr. Justice Hinchcliffe rebuked her for telling the court — Mrs. Wilson did not give evidence. "Has she helped you all she could?" asked the judge in his summing up, and he went on to list a number of ways in which Mrs. Wilson could have helped and had not done so.

Miss Heilbron's undoubted eloquence could not put a gloss on unpalatable facts and did not save the widow. The jury, as instructed by the judge, gave the same weight to Dr. Camps' evidence as to that of the other crime doctors, but it was four against one and not a wholehearted one at that. The odds told. The widow was not hanged as she might have been under the 1958 Homicide Act for committing two murders, but to the end of her life will remain segregated from men in a place where beetle-poison is not available. ★



VERY few of Britain's wartime murders made—the newspaper headlines, although several were sensational and gruesome enough and the work of the crime doctors and detectives in discovering the murderers merited the description "brilliant."

The Luton Sack Murder is a good example. The tracking down of Bertie Manton, the auxiliary fireman who murdered his wife, Rene, and threw the sacks containing her naked, trussed-up body into the shallow River Lea, warrants a place in any collection of notable murders. But when Manton was tried at Bedford Assizes the event passed almost unnoticed.

In 1944, a crucial year in the war, few people had the time or inclination to attend murder trials and Manton's trial must be one of the few ever held at which the judge—Mr. Justice Singleton—passed sentence in a half-empty court.

The body was wrapped in several potato sacks and the murder was discovered by two Luton Corporation sewermen, Gore and Cook, while testing the level of the water on the foggy afternoon of November 19, 1943. They saw the bundle in the stream—really little more than a brook—and hauled it to the bank. The bundle had been seen in the morning from the footpath by scores of men going to work at the nearby Vauxhall motor factory, but

none of them found time to investigate or report that it was there.

The body was not a pleasant sight when Dr. Keith Simpson arrived at the Luton and Dunstable Hospital to find the cause of death. "I don't think her own mother would recognise her," remarked a detective. The woman's ankles were fastened together and the legs were tied up to the stomach, presumably to make a more manageable parcel. The woman was dead when she had been put in the water. The face had taken a hammering and was almost shapeless. The skull had been smashed by a heavy blow and an attempt had been made to strangle her. The woman's false teeth were missing and she was nearly six months pregnant.

Full rigor mortis had set in and Simpson thought she had been dead for about twenty-four hours. Simpson noted an appendix scar. He put her age at about thirty-five and as she had had children before, he told the police they might assume she was married.

Not many middle-aged matrons, as distinct from young girls, vanished without a trace in wartime and, with the generous number of clues provided by the crime doctor, Chief Inspector (later Superintendent) William Chapman ("The Cherub"), of Scotland Yard, was reasonably confident that before long he would know who the dead woman was.



The potato dealer named on one of the sacks was contacted, but as he had hundreds of customers and his bags passed from hand to hand after they left his premises, he could not help. Superintendent Fred Cherrill took finger-prints from the dead body but she had no criminal record. The names of more than four hundred missing women bearing some resemblance to the dead woman were scrutinised, but one by one they failed in some vital way to match her features.

Plaster casts of the woman's jaws were taken so that dentists could be consulted when the woman's name was found. The dead face was "touched up" and the best side was photographed. The photographs showing the woman's profile were taken

round by policemen to every house in the area of outer Luton in which the body had been found. Enlargements of the photograph were flashed on Luton's cinema screens and posters were displayed at police stations. But the unknown woman remained unidentified.

On several occasions, Chief Inspector Chapman thought he was on the verge of success. A good photograph taken in life can be misleading and photographs of the dead, especially when some restoration has to be done, are at best just better than nothing. Thirty-nine people went to the mortuary to attempt identification. On nine separate occasions, men with missing women relatives declared that the photograph was of the woman they knew and actually went as far as identifying the body—to discover soon afterwards that they had made a genuine mistake.

In the course of the house-to-house check, three of the woman's own children, who were between fourteen and seventeen years old, were shown the picture but failed to see that it was their mother.

One of the children did go as far as to say that the picture was a bit like Mummy, but Manton quickly dispelled the idea. "It can't be her," Manton said, "she called here the other day to fetch some clothes." Rene Manton had been away before and the children were satisfied.

Meanwhile, the search went on for further clues. The river was dragged and the banks were searched carefully for a long way on both sides. Policemen went to the Vauxhall works and took away the gatekeeper's book, which recorded the names and addresses of every lorry driver who had visited the factory in the twenty-four-hour period during which the woman was believed to have died. The Army co-operated and every soldier in nearby camps who had been outside the camps during the same time was interviewed. Luton factory workers who had missed a day's work on November 18 were questioned about their movements.

Altogether more than three thousand statements were taken, checked and cross-checked. It represented a tremendous effort on the part of Chapman and the Luton policemen assigned to the case but

the net result was that, two days before Christmas, when the woman's body was buried in a pauper's grave, the police position was exactly the same as it had been on the morning of November 19, the day the potato sacks were opened.

In retrospect, it seems extraordinary that no one connected the body in the sacks with the missing Mrs. Manton. But it must be remembered that Bertie Manton had a plausible explanation for her absence—she was visiting relatives—which satisfied both her children and neighbors.



By the middle of February, the only line of inquiry which had not been followed to the limit concerned the dead woman's clothing. She was naked in the sacks and the detectives reasoned that the murderer would try to get rid of her clothes, if he had not already done so. Visits to all the second-hand clothes shops in the district were fruitless.

On February 21, a Luton detective had a lucky break. He saw a dog gnawing at a piece of black cloth which it had pulled from a rubbish heap. He shoed the dog away and picked up the cloth. The detective was twice lucky. The piece of cloth contained a dyer's tab, and although it was weather-worn, police laboratory workers were able to decipher the number. It was easy, if tedious, to trace the cleaner who had dyed the coat—for a funeral as it happened—and his books yielded the name the police had sought so assiduously for three months—Mrs. Rene Manton, aged 35, the mother of four children, who was expecting a fifth.

No part of this exhaustive search was made public in court, since it did not concern the actual murder. Nor was the case plain-sailing yet for Chief Inspector Chapman.

Bertie Manton was on duty at the fire station when Mr. Chapman went to his home. Little Sheila Manton opened the door and Chapman realised at once he was at the dead woman's home. The girl was a miniature edition of her mother. "Mum's away with friends but Dad will be home soon," she said. While the

detective waited he filled in time by asking a neighbor when she had last seen Mrs. Manton.

The neighbor, Mrs. Parr, was able to fix the date within a couple of days. She remembered talking to her on November 17. On November 19, she dropped in for a chat but found she was not there. "She's gone to her mother's," Bertie Manton said. "Her mother's not well." The next day, Manton told her his wife had gone to her brother's house.

Manton, a shortish, cocky, and confident man, admitted at once that his wife had left him. "We had a quarrel and she slung her hook. But I know she's all right, Inspector, I saw her walking out of Luton market in December," he said. "Besides, she's written three or four letters from London to her mother and one to the woman from the Welfare who's been looking after her." Asked what the quarrel had been about, Manton replied succinctly, "Other men." He looked at the photographs Chapman produced. "No, that's nothing like my wife," he said.

A detective was dispatched to the home of Mrs. Minnie Bavister, Rene Manton's mother, who fortunately had saved the letters her daughter had written. "Such a pity she and Bertie don't get on as well as they should do," she said as she handed over the letters. "I haven't seen Rene since she went away. But it's not the first time she's left him, you know. She stayed here four or five months the year before last."

The detective asked Mrs. Bavister if she was sure the letters came from her daughter. "Oh, yes," she said firmly, "my eyesight is bad and I can't recognise the writing, but one of my other daughters had read them all to me! They are from her all right."

Chapman found the letters of great interest. Mrs. Bavister had kept the envelopes in which the letters had arrived and Chapman saw from the London postmarks that if they had come from Manton's wife the unknown woman in the pauper's grave could not possibly be Rene Manton. One of the letters had been posted as recently as a fortnight before. The question was whether the letters were genuine and, if they were not, who had written and posted them?

Chapman visited the National Fire Service station where Manton worked and asked to see his leave record. He found, as he expected, that the dates on which the letters had been posted in London coincided with the periods when Manton had been on leave. It was therefore possible for Manton to have gone to London, posted the letters, and got back home probably in the space of an afternoon, and certainly before blackout time.

But Chapman, in reading the simple letters, spotted a more important fact still. In two of them, the name "Hampstead" had been spelled without the letter "p." Manton was brought to the police station again, and after going over his story again in a general way, Chapman asked casually if he could have a sample of his handwriting. "What shall I write?" asked Manton.

"Well," said Chapman off-handedly, "write this." He dictated a short sentence which contained the word "Hampstead" and found, without surprise, that Manton had spelled the word "Hamstead." What other explanation could there be than that Manton had written the letters?

Many a murder case has been decided on less evidence, but Chapman, now sure he had the murderer cornered, took steps to augment it. He called Cherrill, the Yard's fingerprint specialist, and other experts to Manton's house in Luton and they went over every room carefully.

Tiny blood splashes on the ceiling, on a door-jamb, and on an old envelope were pronounced to be of the O group, which was the same as Rene Manton's. But the house, especially the kitchen and larder, had been cleaned thoroughly. "Somebody's been reading detective stories," remarked Fred Cherrill. "Everything has been wiped over. Somebody was expecting us."

The house was "dusted" from top to bottom and Cherrill was just beginning to think there was not a single print of Mrs. Manton's in the place when a pickle jar with a single thumbmark on it was found in a cupboard at the top of the cellar stairs. Cherrill compared it with the thumb in the set he had taken from the dead woman. There were fifteen points of similarity and he was satisfied that the body was Mrs. Manton's.

Manton had previously filled in details of his troubles with Rene. He said she had been a good wife and mother until the war began. She had gone out to work for a tobacco company and had started drinking, smoking heavily, and staying out late at night. Whenever he asked her where she had been she told him to mind his own business. He suspected she had been going out with soldiers—many different soldiers. In the end he had thrown her out of the house.



She had been away for five months over Christmas, 1942, but for the sake of the children they had come together again. The reunion had not been a success. Manton could not be absolutely sure that his wife did not continue to go dancing and be "disloyal" to him when he was on duty but suspected it.

With this background added to the evidence he had collected, Chief Inspector Chapman arrested Manton for murdering his wife. Manton did not deny the charge and said he was sorry he had lied before—it was for the sake of the children. He threw in a few more details about the behaviour of his wife. Ever since she returned to him, he said, she had been grumpy and quarrelsome. She was much worse on becoming pregnant, because she did not want the child. For the sake of the growing family, Manton had put up with his wife's bad temper.

He said the quarrel that had resulted in Rene Manton's death had occurred not because of what his wife had done but because of his own activities.

Manton's pay as a fireman was not high and he supplemented it during the early days of the war by running a greengrocery business—the potato sacks had come from one of his suppliers—and later by acting as a part-time barman at the Plume of Feathers at Luton. His pregnant wife could not go out much and wanted his company when he was off duty. Manton gave up the job to placate her, but on the day of the fatal quarrel, when he was on leave, he had said he was going to take it up again.

They had had dinner and were drinking tea by the fireside when Manton told her of his plan to go out that evening. "That's all you think about, going to work among those cows down there," she said, flaring.

With these, and a few filthy words, she jumped up and flung the scalding tea in his face, shouting that she hoped it would blind him. Manton had immediately seized a heavy oak stool and hit her over the head with it several times. In a few dreadful seconds, assuming that Manton was to be believed, all was over. The woman fell back against the wall and sank slowly to the floor near the front-room door.

If Manton had killed in temper he had got rid of the body in a remarkably cool way. It was only just after one o'clock and the children were not due back from school for some hours. After shivering and crying, he stripped the body, removing even the rings. He tied it up in the sacks he had in the house and carried it down to the cellar. The killing of his wife had left plenty of blood about and he spent all the time before the children came home cleaning up the mess.

Darkness fell early and Manton had to get the children out of the way before he could finally dispose of the body. Ivy, his seventeen-year-old daughter, was no trouble; she had arranged to go out with a friend after tea. The other three children, including eight-year-old Sheila, were given money to go to the cinema.

"I brought my wife up from the cellar, got my bike out, lifted her across the handlebars, and wheeled her down to the river," said Manton. "That was the only place I could think of to get her out of the children's way. I then rode home and got the children's supper ready. They never suspected anything."

Manton was very thorough in removing every trace of his crime to make sure that anyone who might be suspicious would be satisfied, too. In the savage attack on his wife, Manton had split the heavy oak stool he had used. On the pretext that they were short of firewood, he told his son Ronnie to break it and burn it.

Mrs. Manton had not been wearing her false teeth when he killed her. He found them in a glass, and as he thought the children would think it odd that their mother

had gone away without them, he hid the teeth and burned them when he was alone.

If Manton's story was true, he deserved some pity for the anguish his wife had caused him. He had explained his callous actions after the murder by saying that he had been concerned solely to protect the children. Provided the jury believed him, there seemed to be a good chance that he might escape on the capital charge. But was his story true?

Crime doctor Keith Simpson demonstrated that it was not completely true. He said that from marks he had found on the woman's neck he was sure that an attempt had been made to strangle Mrs. Manton while she was alive. He thought she had been pinned against the wall, with the murderer's hands round her throat, but had managed to escape. He caught her, tried again, and failed. Only then was she battered to death.

If Simpson's conclusions were correct, Manton's story of picking up the weapon in a moment of blind temper did not stand up.

Another piece of evidence Dr. Simpson was able to provide was that Mrs. Manton was not dead when her legs were tied together and she was put into the sacks. She had lived half an hour to 40 minutes. But Simpson very fairly said that it was quite likely Manton thought she was dead before he tied her up.

Manton had been a lightweight boxer in his youth and though physically insignificant he prided himself on keeping fit. The question the judge and jury were asking was whether it was necessary, even to protect himself from another cup of scalding tea which he said she was preparing to throw, to attack a heavily pregnant woman with a stool?

Manton put himself forward as a long-suffering, meek-and-mild man who had never lifted a finger against his wife before. But Rene Manton's sister produced another picture. She said once she had paid an unexpected visit to the Mantons' kitchen and saw Bertie going for his wife with his fists flailing.

Mr. Justice Singleton, a down-to-earth but quixotic North Country bachelor, was not greatly taken by the attempt Manton had made to blacken his wife's character. "Bear in mind when you are filled with

pity for the man on trial that not much has been said for the one who is dead." He warned the jury, "We have only his account of why they parted. What would the woman have said if she had been alive? You may wonder whether she was as black as he has said."

Manton had had three months to prepare his account of what had happened during the struggle, but even then he did not get his story straight. He was not aware, for instance, that Dr. Simpson had reconstructed the strangulation attempt and Manton's own explanation for the throat marks was not forthcoming until he was in the witness box. He explained rather weakly that it had all been done in temper.

Manton was undoubtedly kind to his children and wept in the dock when his counsel spoke of them. Since the murder he had looked after them well. But had he been kind to his wife? There was one act of omission for which the judge roundly condemned him. As a man of the world, the judge could imagine Manton killing his wife in anger. But when he realised she was dying or dead, the first thing he ought to have done was to rush out for help. All Bertie Manton had done was to bundle up the body and make arrangements to dispose of it.

The judge had less sympathy for Manton than many people who knew little about the circumstances. The jury found him guilty and the judge sentenced him to death. His sympathisers obtained 30,000 signatures to a petition for mercy and Manton was reprieved. In his case, "life" sentence was just that and he died in Parkhurst Prison, Isle of Wight, in 1946.

In most murder cases, small side mysteries are never explained and there were two in the Luton sack murder case. The first is why Manton chose to dump his wife's body in the River Lea at a point where it was certain to be found quickly.

The second puzzle was how part of Mrs. Manton's coat came to be on the waste ground so near the spot where her body was found. Manton said that on the day after murdering his wife he stoked up the copper boiler and burnt her blood-stained clothes. Did he cut up and dispose of the rest of her clothes piecemeal? ★



OF all the people who took part in the murder trial in October, 1960, of Mrs. Sarah Jane Harvey, a 65-year-old Rhyl, North Wales, landlady, the most unremarkable was the woman in the dock.

The Solicitor-General, Sir Jocelyn Simon, Q.C., who prosecuted, was to become President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court; Mr. Elwyn Jones, Q.C., his chief assistant, was picked by the Labor Prime Minister in 1964 to be Attorney-General. Professor Sir Sydney Smith, called the "patriarch" of all forensic experts, and Dr. (now Professor) Francis E. Camps, one of the leading Home Office pathologists for a quarter of a century, attended to give advice to the defence on matters about which not more than a dozen men in the world could have spoken with authority.

Sir Francis Walshe, the great neurological specialist was present, as was Lord Cohen of Birkenhead, the famous physician. Dr. Edward Gerald Evans, Home Office pathologist for North Wales and West Midlands, was the chief prosecution witness and although the defence experts disagreed with his conclusions, they openly expressed admiration for his work.

Not the least remarkable man in court

was the defence counsel, Mr. Andrew Rankin, a rugged figure, an expert in both Scottish and English law and a triple Blue (hockey, swimming, and water-polo), of both Edinburgh and Cambridge Universities who, at thirty-six, took on a formidable team of prosecutors.

Yet the frail, ailing, drab little woman in the court had done something which extraordinary and ordinary people could not think of without revulsion. For twenty years, she had kept the mummified body of Mrs. Frances Alice Knight, her lodger, in a locked cupboard at the top of the bedroom stairs. She was suspected of murder, accused of it, and acquitted.

As her counsel said, she must have gone through hell, knowing the body was there and that, having put it there, she could not turn back. With her secret always in danger of exploding, she walked the streets of the holiday town of Rhyl and except for her few friends nobody gave her a second look.

The case of the Mummy in the Cupboard, as it came to be called, was followed by the public for a number of reasons. To begin with, mummies are not found in cupboards every day of the



week in Britain. The trial when it was heard at Ruthin, the little assize town in Denbighshire, came to an end immediately after exhaustive cross-examination of the Crown's two principal witnesses, but particularly of the pathologist, Dr. Evans. The two defence crime doctors, Sir Sydney Smith and Dr. Camps, were present throughout. They did not give evidence but the knowledge that they were there—and what they would say if they were called—had a profound effect.

There was another fact which made the trial interesting, although it was not revealed at the time. Barristers in murder trials have been experts on guns, poisons, and other technical matters, but the defence counsel, Mr. Rankin, had an unusual qualification. For two years, he had studied medicine at Edinburgh University under one of his own forensic experts, Sir Sydney Smith.

To a large extent, Mrs. Sarah Jane

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Harvey was responsible for her own predicament. Mrs. Knight, the estranged wife of a Rhyl dentist who had gone in 1936 to live in Hove, Sussex, took a 30/- a week bed-sitting-room in Mrs. Harvey's house in West Kinnel Street early in 1940. The exact date she went there was not certain, but a policeman handed her personally on February 27, 1940, the magistrates' order awarding her £2 a week for maintenance at the time she was living in another Rhyl boarding-house.

Mrs. Knight found difficulty in walking from what was first thought to be rheumatism but turned out later to be disseminated sclerosis, a deadly crippling disease. She managed to get to the magistrates' office to collect the first payment. The second payment was made to Mrs. Harvey, who showed the clerk's experienced assistant, Mr. Albert Reveley, a chit signed by Mrs. Knight authorising her to collect the money. She continued to do so until she went into hospital herself with suspected cancer in April, 1960.

The death of Mrs. Knight came to light in an unusual way, too. While Mrs. Harvey was undergoing treatment in hospital, her son Leslie, a taxi-driver, decided to do his mother a good turn. Mrs. Harvey had no lodger, but as she had given Leslie the key he began to redecorate the house. Leslie had lived in the house all his life until two years after he married, when he found a place of his own. It had often puzzled him why his mother had never allowed the cupboard built on to the wall at the top of the stairs to be opened, but he accepted her story that it contained various articles belonging to a former lodger who one day would want them back.

Leslie Harvey decided to make a good job of decorating the top landing and deal with the cupboard inside and out. He forced one of the doors with a screw-driver and peered through the dark, musty-smelling cobwebby interior with the aid of a torch. It was a severe shock when he saw what seemed to be a human foot. His wife was downstairs and he hurried

her off to her father's house. The two men returned together to the house and immediately they had made certain that what was inside the cupboard was a body, they sensibly hurried to the police station for help.

A local doctor was called but realised that the task of examining a mummified body would have to be undertaken by a highly skilled pathologist, and within a few hours Dr. Evans and Dr. Alan Clift, a biologist from the Home Office Forensic Laboratory at Preston, had begun to unravel the mystery of the mummy in the cupboard.

Bodies do not become mummies in a day or two in cold, damp climates and the obvious person to question first was Mrs. Harvey, who had lived in the house for over forty years. Mrs. Harvey was, naturally, shocked to hear of the mummy in the cupboard. She was a respectable as well as a sick woman and the only blemish on her character was a conviction for the theft of £10 in 1942.

Her first reaction when the police called to see her was to feign surprise and say she knew nothing about the mummy. No doubt with thoughts of her own illness uppermost in her mind she forgot any prepared story—if in the course of twenty years living with the mummy she had ever had one clearly mapped out.

But Mrs. Harvey was sharp and knew her way about. She must have realised quickly that the police would not shrug off the finding of the mummy as one of those inexplicable things that happen. They had already questioned Leslie about the lodgers he remembered and the name of Mrs. Knight, a lodger in his boyhood days, had cropped up. Yes, Mrs. Harvey told the police, she knew Mrs. Knight, a crippled lady, who had lived with her until the end of the war. She now lived in Penmaes, Llandudno, with a Mrs. Collins. Mrs. Harvey said she was sure of that because every week she still collected £2 due to Mrs. Knight under a maintenance order and posted it on, either in cash or as a postal order.

The police made a note to look up Mrs. Knight in Penmaes and asked Mrs. Harvey about other lodgers who might know about the mummy in the cupboard.

Mrs. Harvey took her time to answer, but eventually she said she did remember a couple, named White or Wright. They had come to Rhyl at the time the bombing started in the South of England. Mrs. Harvey said they wanted to store "stuff and foodstuff" and she had let them use the landing cupboard. They had the key and went off with it about the end of the war. For two Christmases in succession she had had cards from the couple but they never returned to collect whatever it was they had left in the cupboard.

Mrs. Harvey had furnished streets, places, and names so that the police could trace Mrs. Knight but they were unsuccessful. Mrs. Harvey was being discharged from hospital temporarily, but instead of going home she went, by invitation, to the police station.



She now decided that the time for fencing was over. The police had held her on a charge of obtaining one of Mrs. Knight's weekly instalments of £2 by false pretences and in the cells she began to unburden herself. "Mrs. Knight is in the cupboard," she informed Chief Inspector H. I. Williams. "I will tell you what happened. She died in the bedroom and I put her in the cupboard."

Bit by bit, the secret she had bottled up for twenty years came out. She said that soon after coming to lodge with her, Mrs. Knight became very frail and weak and developed great pains in her knees. Four or five weeks after she arrived, Mrs. Harvey was getting ready for bed in the back bedroom, when she heard Mrs. Knight screaming in her own bedroom. "I went into the bedroom and saw her lying on the floor in her nightdress and coat. I asked her what had happened and she said, 'I am in an awful lot of pain and would rather be dead.'"

Mrs. Harvey said she tried to pick her distressed lodger up but could not manage it. She dressed herself and went downstairs to make tea but when she returned Mrs. Knight was still lying on the floor and was dead. "I was on my own in the house and was scared stiff, so I pulled her along the landing and put

her into the empty cupboard," she said. "I put fly-papers in the cupboard and then locked it. I didn't tell anyone she had died—but I kept trying to keep things covered up. I have gone through hell ever since. I have told you everything now and that is the truth."

The Rhyl detectives now had plenty of clues to follow up—apart from what the work of the pathologists would yield—since it was clear that Mrs. Harvey's story would have to undergo the most stringent tests. Sudden death in a quiet house to a woman on her own can be a frightening experience, but the question in the minds of the police and lawyers was simple: Which was the more frightening thing to do—run into the house of a friendly neighbor and get help or drag a freshly dead body out on to the landing, somehow—remembering that Mrs. Harvey had said she could not lift Mrs. Knight from the floor into bed—get her into the cupboard and wedge her there with a bedspread?

A first thought was that Mrs. Harvey, seeing Mrs. Knight dead on the floor, suddenly realised that if only she could conceal the body she would in effect have inherited a pension of £2 a week. The prosecution at her trial went further and suggested that Mrs. Harvey had done more than that—she had actually strangled Mrs. Knight herself with a stocking so that she could continue to draw the money. The court did not accept the view, but over the years Mrs. Harvey did collect £2099 paid over by Mr. Knight from Hove.

Mrs. Harvey had also taken good care to see that the arrangement was not disturbed. The clerks in the magistrates' office showed an interest in their "clients" and often asked how Mrs. Knight, whom they never saw, was getting on. Mrs. Harvey's replies varied week by week, from "about the same" to "a little better" or "not too good." Occasionally at Christmas Mrs. Harvey negotiated for the money to be paid in advance and when it did not turn up, the clerks were surprised to hear that the invalid would be in a "terrible bad temper" or would "play hell" in consequence.

When the trial took place, Mr. Reveley, one of the senior clerks, was questioned closely by Mr. Rankin about the office



system which had allowed Mrs. Harvey to draw the money for so long. Mrs. Harvey's signed authority could not be found in the files, but Mr. Reveley remembered that she had handed it over. It had never occurred to him to doubt her honesty. "I have known her for forty or forty-five years and have always found her perfectly straightforward," he said.

In 1949, the dead woman in the cupboard must have been very much on Mrs. Harvey's conscience because she sold a black trunk which had belonged to Mrs. Knight and had her initials stamped on it. She remarked to the buyer that she did not think Mrs. Knight would ever come back for it.

Mrs. Harvey had undoubtedly taken trouble to keep inquisitive lodgers away from the cupboard. A miner who lodged with Mrs. Harvey when he worked at a Rhyl colliery was traced to Newark. He said he and his wife were "a bit nosy" when they lived in the house for periods in 1950 and 1951 and had tried to open the cupboard. He lost interest in it when Mrs. Harvey told him that it contained her best linen.

But the most significant discovery which the police thought cast great doubt on Mrs. Harvey's story was a fly-paper found hanging from the roof of the cupboard. Mrs. Harvey said that from the day Mrs. Knight was put in the cupboard in the early spring of 1940, the door had remained locked. This could not have been true. The fly-paper bore a code number and the name of the manufacturer at Derby. That particular batch of fly-papers, the manager said, could not have been on sale before the early spring of 1942—a whole year after Mrs. Knight's death.



Some of these matters could be drowned or at least obscured by the vigorous cross-examination to which Mr. Rankin subjected every witness. But, in the end, the case against Mrs. Harvey depended on the evidence given—or to be given—by the doctors who had treated Mrs.

Knight in life and those who had known her as what Dr. Camps called "a shell of dried skin and bones."

Mrs. Harvey, even twenty years before her trial, had not been particularly robust and part of the Crown case was that she was able to kill because Mrs. Knight was "vulnerable." "You may think that the fact that Mrs. Knight was a cripple is significant in considering whether she would not be an easy victim of attack," said the Solicitor-General, in opening the case.

Mrs. Knight's friend Mrs. Phyllis Rogers partially upset the idea that Mrs. Knight was always miserable, complaining, and by inference, almost helpless. She produced a holiday snapshot which showed Mrs. Knight looking quite happy, though admittedly she walked with a stick. "She was cheerful with a keen sense of humor," said Mrs. Rogers. "She never complained of pain." Mrs. Rogers maintained that though her condition was slowly deteriorating, Mrs. Knight was chiefly worried because she was losing her sense of balance.

Mrs. Rogers had taken Mrs. Knight to Liverpool to see the famous consultant physician, Lord Cohen of Birkenhead, who had diagnosed disseminated sclerosis but anticipated that there would be some improvement in her condition. Mrs. Knight's medical records showed that she was slightly overweight and there was nothing in them to suggest that she would die from natural causes within a short period.

But Sir Francis Walshe, the neurologist, advised the defence on a point in Mrs. Harvey's favor. Her counsel took it up with Lord Cohen, who agreed that Mrs. Knight had been suffering from a kidney infection which, in an acute form, might lead to death. He said anyone predisposed to the infection might fall dangerously ill suddenly and die within a fortnight. So, one of the most distinguished physicians went on the court record with the view that it was possible for Mrs. Harvey's account of Mrs. Knight's death to be correct.

The case reached the beginning of its crucial stage when crime doctor Gerald Evans stepped into the witness box to

tell of the discovery and detailed examination of the mummy. There is a great deal of camaraderie among crime doctors, though they often speak in slighting terms of each other's work when talking privately. But there is no tendency for them to hang together and in most cases the cross-examinations of counsel, usually based on the opinions of other crime doctors, are as a rule searching and prolonged. In the mummy case, Dr. Evans was to be put to the fiercest test.

The mummy, it turned out, was not a "true" mummy, though the difference between "true" and "false" could be appreciated only by crime doctors. Mummification was drying until the moisture was



removed from the tissues, said Dr. Evans. The passage of a current of dry air over the body, day and night, led to mummification and the preservation of the features and contours of the body. It was well known in Egypt.

In the case of the Rhyl mummy, mummification might have occurred because of a freak of chance. For many weeks and months, warm, dry air had circulated up the stairs into the landing and cupboard where the body lay. A small trapdoor above the cupboard may have helped the draughts. Dr. Camps said later that the explanation was oversimplified but he admitted that it seemed to satisfy the jury. Gruesome photographs of the body were handed up to Mr. Justice Davies, who seemed to approve of them on the principle that one picture is worth a thousand words.

It had been late at night when Dr. Evans climbed the carpeted stairs of Mrs. Harvey's house and in the light of police torches began to make clinical observations on the contents of the cupboard. Laymen in the old courthouse at Ruthin listened in a kind of awed wonder.

The sight he saw was not pretty—the fly-paper saturated with flies, the thick cobwebs on the walls to which dead spiders clung in grotesque masses, and the object on the floor that had been a

woman. Here the lacy cobwebs were several inches deep.

A foot was visible, brown and skinny, as Leslie Harvey had seen it. Moving closer into the smell of decay, Dr. Evans gently began to brush aside the cobwebs, mould, and dust. He uncovered what had been a human face with nostrils dilated and lips stretched and distorted. But immediately he had had to retreat on to the landing to cough out the dust that rose in clouds and choked him.

The greatest care was obviously necessary in recovering the mummy and Dr. Evans examined the cupboard to see whether he could unscrew it to take it away. But the cupboard had been built on to the wall and it could not be done. So he began again to stir the dust as gently as possible and after a time he saw the outline of the mummy under a crumbling blue dressing gown and blanket. He had to remove two more types of material before the mummy was completely exposed—the bedspread, which had been packed between the legs, and a long-sleeved nightdress, the V-shaped neck of which could be traced.

The mummy, under the touch of his fingers, was rock hard—an absolute statue, Dr. Evans said in court. It was lying on its back with the thighs bent toward the abdomen and the legs bent or flexed at the knees. The left arm was extended down the side of the body and the right forearm, with a claw-like hand, lay across the chest.

Dr. Evans' experience in removing the crumbling matter other than the body had made him apprehensive about what would happen when he attempted to take the mummy out of the cupboard, but he need not have worried. Far from disintegrating, he could not budge the mummy. Finally, he saw only one solution. He would have to lever it from the cupboard floor. "Get me a spade," he said to the police.

In his own mortuary, Dr. Evans made a detailed examination of the mummy before he put it in a bath containing a solution of glycerine to soften it. The mummy's head was turned to the right and when the dust had been brushed from the neck, he saw a distinct groove

with a localised depression at the front. A great deal was to be heard at the trial about the groove. He tilted the mummy to see whether the groove ran all the way round the neck. It did, and what appeared to have caused the groove—a piece of tape-like material—fell away.

A further piece of the same material was still embedded in the groove and when Dr. Evans had eased it out he saw that it was part of a stocking. There was only a few inches of it altogether—the fragments were exhibited in a test-tube in court—but it contained an undoubted reef knot.

As Dr. Evans said in court, the body was in a "deplorable" condition but the post-mortem on the mummy, and later the examination of the skeleton, produced a very adequate build-up of the sort of person the mummy had been in life. She was a European woman between 40 and 60, nearly 5ft 4in. tall with shapely ears. She was married—her ring finger was grooved but—another minor mystery—the ring was not in the cupboard.

She could not have had children without a Caesarian operation. She was right-handed and dragged her left foot when she walked. In her early teens she had had an illness which had been cured by medicine containing arsenic, lead, or iron.

All her teeth had been extracted but her dentures were missing. Many of the internal organs had been eaten away over the years but the crime doctors did not think she had been poisoned. They had even been able to find her blood group. They compared it with blood groups of Mrs. Knight's close relatives and, if they had been called to give an opinion in court, would have said that Mrs. Knight's group might well have been that of the mummy's.

The defence discussed the possibility of trying to prove that the mummy in the cupboard was not that of Mrs. Knight, relying on a legal objection to Mrs. Harvey's own admission. The idea was quickly abandoned and the line they were to take became apparent soon after the cross-examination of Dr. Evans began.

Dr. Evans had been taken through his evidence-in-chief by the Solicitor-General and had told the court how he had seen

the groove round the neck and retrieved the piece of stocking, with the tightly tied reef knot. When he put the stocking on the post-mortem bench, it remained in a curve and this suggested that at one time it had encircled the neck.

"If you tie a stocking tightly round a person and knot it and take the stocking off fairly soon after, you will get no depression. But if that stocking is left in contact with the skin over a period of time, then, especially after mummification starts, I think it is more than probable that an indentation would remain," he said.

There had been a depression on the side of the thyroid cartilage and he had found a knot in the stocking, but not where the depression was. Dr. Evans found the groove on the left side difficult to associate with a natural fold of the neck and there was nothing in the cupboard which would account for the external pressure.

"Are you able on medical grounds, excluding the fact that you found a stocking, to state what was the cause of death?" asked Sir Jocelyn. "No," was the reply, "I am afraid I cannot do that to help the court."

"So that within your province as an expert, there is nothing to indicate what had happened?" The answer was "No."

Mr. Rankin, impressive and confident, plunged into battle and Dr. Evans told him that it was quite impossible to determine whether the stocking had been put round Mrs. Knight's neck before or after death.



The Judge intervened. "That is your opinion now?"

"Yes."

"In your opinion now, was there or was there not a ligature?" pursued the judge.

"Yes, there was a ligature."

Dr. Evans explained that if there was a collar round the neck of a dead man and the skin became swollen, there would be a groove.

Said Mr. Rankin: "Sir Sydney Smith

and Dr. Camps, whose experience is unrivalled, say that this was never a homicidal ligature."

"I could well understand that," came the wry answer.

"They say that what you saw on the neck was caused by post-mortem changes in the body, there having been before death what I have described as a natural ligature round the neck," said Mr. Rankin. "That is an opinion I cannot agree with," answered Dr. Evans.

"Could a groove made by a collar be mistaken for a homicidal groove?" "Not by a forensic pathologist."

Mr. Rankin commented that "We will see what another forensic expert will say," and Dr. Evans thereupon amplified his answer. "If this body does not disrupt but goes on to a more drying process, I think this groove would disappear and the skin flatten out again."

"You think it disappears but leaves a mark?" queried Mr. Rankin. "Yes."

Mr. Rankin's comment that "the difficulty you are laboring under is lack of experience of this kind of case" brought from Dr. Evans the complaint: "I think you are putting it rather hardly."

It was, as Dr. Evans had admitted, only the second case of a mummy he had dealt with and he had been in no way put out when Mr. Rankin told him that every year Dr. Camps, whose opinion differed from his on several aspects of the case, saw about four cases a year.

"Four mummies twenty years old?" exclaimed Dr. Evans, incredulously. "I am only sorry he has not written up his experiences."

Mr. Rankin justifiably made all the capital he could from the fact that the thyroid cartilage had been accidentally fractured by an ear, nose, and throat specialist to whom it had been sent for an opinion on possible abnormalities—Dr. Evans had made it clear that when he first saw the cartilage, it was not fractured—and also because the neck skin had been cut up into many pieces during Dr. Evans' investigation. Why had this been done, asked Mr. Rankin.

"I thought it was necessary so as to identify any haemorrhages under the skin. But I found none. Laboriously I went on," said Dr. Evans.

"You went on cutting it up into small pieces?" asked Mr. Rankin. "You were doing away with what is regarded as a very important piece from the neck. This very important exhibit, which contains what is said to be a tightly tied knot, was sent by registered post to the forensic laboratory, and in the post things could happen?" "I agree," said Dr. Evans.

Mr. Rankin returned later to the question of the skin collar. "My experts find it difficult to understand why in this case the skin collar does not show a groove running right round the neck," said Mr. Rankin.



Retorted Dr. Evans: "Your experts—and I am sorry this has to be—have not seen the skin collar as a whole, but only a portion of it."

There was whispering between counsel and the defence pathologists. "I am informed by them that they saw a major part of the collar," said Mr. Rankin. "Do you agree?"

"No."

"If it had been preserved, there would have been some degree of certainty?"

Countered Dr. Evans: "Your experts could have had a much better chance of seeing what I saw."

"They have seen enough to be exceedingly puzzled why it was that some of the skin shows no groove marks at all," said Mr. Rankin. "Would you agree that it would be reasonable to conclude from that, that there was post-mortem change with swelling which caused the mark you saw on the neck at the post-mortem?"

Dr. Evans would not agree. "I would rather expect Sir Sydney Smith and Dr. Camps to see the difficulty of this particular case, with glycerine as an additive," he said. A few questions later, he did not conceal his exasperation. "I am trying to be completely scientific and I am not prepared to be dogmatic, as apparently some are," he said.

There was little wonder that after nearly twelve hours in the witness box, Dr. Evans became annoyed at the tone of some of the questions, in spite of honeyed words about his fairness. "You do twist

things, don't you," he exclaimed to Mr. Rankin at one point. "It's very difficult for me to put anything across."

The ligature had been put round Mrs. Knight's neck either by Mrs. Knight herself or by someone else, and the defence developed an ingenious theory that Mrs. Knight was wearing the stocking as a cure for a cold. It was no more than an idea which, according to some observers, made the court murmur in surprise. No doubt. Perhaps the surprise was felt at the idea of the wife of a professional man believing in such an old-fashioned remedy, quite apart from the fact that there was no evidence whatever that Mrs. Knight had had a cold.



Dr. Evans had not excluded the possibility that Mrs. Knight had died naturally for the simple reason that he had very little tissue to work on. He was asked whether she could have died from a heart attack, lung infection like lobar pneumonia, bladder, kidney, or other infection. The answer in each case was "yes" because Dr. Evans had already said that he did not know the cause of death.

Why then, he was asked, was it suggested that Mrs. Knight was strangled with a stocking? He replied that there were six reasons—the neck groove, the depression on the neck, the depression on the thyroid cartilage, the ligature itself, the tightness of the ligature, and finally, the evidence as a whole.

After much sound, fury, and wind, Dr. Evans had conceded little at the end of his cross-examination and the only important point for the Solicitor-General to re-emphasise was how the distortion of the thyroid cartilage had occurred. "Is there any question of it taking place as a result of dissection?" he asked.

"In my opinion, no, or I would readily say so," affirmed Dr. Evans.

The case for the prosecution was con-

cluded with the evidence given by Dr. Alan Clift, the biologist who had gone to Rhyl on the night of the discovery of the mummy. The fragments of stocking round Mrs. Knight's neck were not much to go on, but he said they showed that originally the stocking had been stretched tightly round her neck. Not only had the stocking been stretched but the fragment was the typical shape of a ligature.

He was emphatic that the stretching had not occurred by the natural process of the swelling of the neck. He was asked whether the stretching of the stocking was of a homicidal character and his reply was "yes," with the surprise proviso that he could not rule out suicide.

Mr. Rankin challenged the evidence of Dr. Clift as vigorously as he had done that of Dr. Evans. The late Lord Birkett in the Rouse case had confounded an engineering expert because the expert did not know the co-efficient of the expansion of brass and Mr. Rankin attempted a similar manoeuvre. He drew from Dr. Clift an admission that he did not know how to distinguish between American, Egyptian, and Indian cotton.

Nevertheless, Dr. Clift answered firmly "I do," when he was asked whether he considered himself an expert on fabrics. Dr. Clift agreed that he could find no other evidence on the stocking breaking under tension except that of insect attack.

At this point, Mr. Justice Davies interrupted counsel's cross-examination. "The allegation here is that this stocking was used by the prisoner to strangle this woman. The vital question is 'Has it been unduly stretched?' That is the first question to my mind that should have been asked."

Mr. Rankin bowed to the Judge and asked Dr. Clift whether he would be interested to learn that the defence had been to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce Commercial Testing House and their conclusion was that the stocking had not been abnormally stretched. "I don't agree," said Dr. Clift.

It was clear that not only did the crime doctors disagree about the conclusions to be drawn from the marks on the body but that the fabric experts on both sides would be diametrically opposed.

Mr. Eric Jones, director of the Testing House, had carried out a number of tests at the request of Mrs. Harvey's advisers on how much tension would have been required to strangle Mrs. Knight with a stocking. His conclusion, stripped of non-technical terms, was that there was no evidence that the stocking round the mummy's neck had been under any abnormal tension, although the experts would not go as far as to say that the stocking had never been under an abnormal stretching force.

Dr. Clift, before his evidence was complete, had fainted in the witness box and while the court waited for him to recover, counsel for both sides talked the case over informally outside. The weakness of the prosecution case had been exposed and the Solicitor-General took the decision not to pursue it further.

The Judge was informed in his private room and later, in open court, Sir Jocelyn said that after considering his duty, the state of the case, and the evidence so far, it would not be right to invite the jury to find a verdict of guilty.

For once in the case, the experts—this time on law—agreed. "There seemed to be manifold circumstances of suspicion in the case," said Mr. Justice Davies. "But when one considers the evidence of Dr. Evans, which was given with conspicuous skill, fairness and moderation, it comes to this: He cannot say whether the ligature was put on before or after death and he cannot say that the ligature caused death. If it cannot be proved that the stocking stretched, then the prosecution fails. Without saying any more, because we have not heard the defence evidence, it does appear that the prosecution are in no position to prove that the stocking was stretched."

The money to defend Mrs. Harvey had

been raised privately and Mr. Graham Roberts, the young defence solicitor—like Mr. Rankin, engaged on his first murder case—said that the considerable sum of £3000 had been spent. When the jury had found Mrs. Harvey not guilty of murder, Mr. Rankin applied for costs.

"I appreciate that it could be said that this lady left herself open to this kind of charge," observed Mr. Rankin. "But whatever lies she may have told, or cold, cool, calculating woman she may have been, in the end the prosecution case came down to two witnesses, Dr. Evans and Dr. Clift." The heavy costs incurred by the defence, he said, had been in respect of those witnesses.

The Solicitor-General rose to his feet to resist the application but the Judge stopped him. "I don't think I need trouble you, Mr. Solicitor," he said. "No, Mr. Rankin," he added, dismissing the application.

Two token charges of fraud concerning Mr. Knight's maintenance payments remained to be dealt with and Mr. Justice Davies rejected Mr. Rankin's suggestion that Mrs. Harvey should be allowed to go free after her years of terrible strain.



The Judge said the medical evidence before him showed that Mrs. Harvey was a very sick woman. But taking into account the frightful anxiety she had undergone, the fact that she had been on trial for murder and had been imprisoned for four months awaiting trial, it was still impossible to overlook the case. The sentence was fifteen months' imprisonment.

Sniffing smelling salts, supported by a nurse and a wardress, the inconspicuous figure of Mrs. Harvey passed from the dock, without having said a word about her long and extraordinary ordeal. Nor were the comments of Mr. Knight, the loser, almost by chance, of more than £2000, ever made available. ★

OTHER STORIES OF "THE CRIME DOCTORS" WILL APPEAR IN LATER ISSUES